

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES




3 3433 06254741 3





APV  
(Crockett)  
Kneeland



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation





If Lost or Mislaid, Please Return to

Frank E. Kneeland,

126 Sterling Place,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

or

Searsport,

Maine.

IT LEAST OF WHICH, Please Return to  
Frank T. Kneeling,  
122 East 11th Street,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

OF  
Barnard,  
122 East 11th Street.

THE KNEELAND MISCELLANY

A HETEROGENEOUS COLLECTION

Consisting

of

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S SONGS

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

of

THE CROCKETT AND HEAGAN FAMILIES

and

INCIDENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY

Together With

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

HISTORICAL NOTES REGARDING THE PORTER DISTRICT

&c

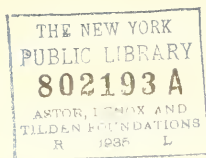
COMPILED

By

BERTHA J. AND FRANK E. KNEELAND

1914-17

(Brooklyn, N. Y., 1917)



THE KENNEDY MISCELLANY

A HETEROGENEOUS COLLECTION

constituting

of

FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S SONGS

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

of

THE GROCETT AND HAGAN FAMILIES

and

INCIDENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY

Together with

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

HISTORICAL NOTES REGARDING THE PORTER DISTRICT

and

COMPILED

BY

BERTHA J. AND FRANK E. KENNEDY

1914-17



All Rights Reserved, 1917

By

Frank E. Kneeland

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, 1917

17

Frank E. Woodland

To

"THE WHOLE DAMM FAMILY"

CT

"YIIMAT MEAC EICOW EHT"

## CONTENTS

	Page
GENERAL INDEX	385-90
INDEX TO/ SONGS	391-92
STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!	v-vi
FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S SONGS-----	1-133
MOTHER'S POEMS-----	134-139
THE CROCKETT FAMILY-----	140-232
THE HEAGAN FAMILY-----	233-247
MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL-----	248-293
HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT--A BAD ACTOR---	294-307
OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT-----	308-320
THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE--	321-340
EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS-----	341-352
PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES-----	353-373
MISCELLANEOUS-----	374-383

CONTENTS

123	GENERAL INDEX
385-60	INDEX TO BOOKS
391-93	STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!
v-vi	FATHER'S AND MOTHER'S BOOKS-----
1-133	MOTHER'S BOOKS-----
134-139	THE GOSWELL FAMILY-----
140-233	THE HANCOCK FAMILY-----
233-247	MY VISIT TO ABOUT 2113-----
248-253	HENRY REMOND GOSWELL--A BAD DOCTOR--
254-267	OUR VISIT TO MR. REMOND-----
268-283	THE POSSIBLE SUNDAY TRIP TO AFRICA-----
284-303	EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS-----
304-323	PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES-----
324-333	MISCELLANEOUS-----

v

STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!

This mess was started as a compilation of Father's Songs--- And look where it ended! After I had gotten well started on the task of copying the songs which Bertha had taken down from Father's and Mother's dictation while she was here in the Fall of 1914 I realized that they might better have been called "Father's and Mother's Songs" --- And later I added a miscellaneous lot which do not much care who sings them! I began with the intention of arranging the songs in Epochs but the recalling of additional ones from time to time soon upset this idea! Nevertheless, the first twenty-seven of them were sung by Father's father and grandfather before him and the same is true of various others scattered through the list! It will be noted that many of them recount happenings in the early days of the Republic, while a considerable number date back to the Colonial period and some were undoubtedly brought from England and Scotland---the "Sinking of the 'Royal George'" for instance---which reminds me to say that as I know the names of but few of the authors I have not attempted to give them! Most of the notations referring to the different songs represent information given me by Mother at the time of transcription! Generally speaking, I have omitted those patriotic and other airs the words of which may readily be found in "Heart Songs" and elsewhere---But I am led to remark of the short sketch regarding the origin of "Yankee Doodle" as given on Page 124 that the air didn't seem so funny to the British under Cornwallis when, on October 19th, 1781, they marched past General Washington and

# STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!

This mess was started as a compilation of Father's Songs--  
And look where it ended! After I had gotten well started on  
the task of copying the songs which Bertha had taken down from  
Father's and Mother's dictation while she was here in the Fall  
of 1914 I realized that they might better have been called  
"Father's and Mother's Songs" --- and later I added a stanza  
more for which do not much care who sings them! I began with  
the intention of arranging the songs in epochs and the recalling  
of additional ones from time to time soon upset this ideal. Nev-  
ertheless, the first twenty-seven of them were sung by Father's  
Father and Grandfather before him and the same is true of vari-  
ous others scattered through the list! It will be noted that  
many of them recount happenings in the early days of the Repub-  
lic, while a considerable number date back to the Colonial pe-  
riod and some were undoubtedly brought from England and Scot-  
land--the "Sinking of the Royal George" for instance--which  
reminds me to say that as I know the verses of but few of the  
others I have not attempted to give them! Most of the notes  
tions referring to the different songs represent information  
given me by Mother at the time of transcription! Generally  
speaking, I have omitted those patriotic and other songs the  
words of which may readily be found in "Heart Songs" and else-  
where--But I am led to repeat of the short stanza regarding  
the origin of "Yankee Doodle" as given on Page 124 that the air  
didn't seem so funny to the British under Cornwallis when, on  
October 12th, 1781, they marched past General Washington and



STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!

his victorious forces to the music of its accompanying strains in the surrender at Yorktown!

After I had copied most of the songs I thought I would include---for reference---such data as I had collected regarding Mother's branch of the Crockett family--in pursuance of which I was not only caused much annoyance by the fact that Great-Grandfather Crockett would persist in having lived (?) in so many different places before coming to an anchorage on Spout Hill but replies to inquiries I had made began to stream in in such volume that I concluded to incorporate a record of the dates of birth, etc., of the descendants of Grandfather Crockett in particular---And before I had finished I realized that they are somewhat numerous!

Grandmother Heagan-Crockett couldn't be left out and, in addition to the general ones regarding the Heagan family, the fact must be recorded that Mother's cousin, the daughter of her Aunt "Sally"(Heagan)Sanborn, was the wife of Brigadier General Cyrus Hamlin, son of Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President of the United States!

Then I made that fateful "V'y'ge to Spout Hill" and felt impelled to record the information which Father and Mother gave me for future reference! Same way with Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Trevett! The article in the Portland Sunday Telegram is constantly referred to by people who have only an indefinite idea of what is in it! A copy of the First Census is not always at hand! And the information which Fred Porter gave Mother and myself nearly ten years ago could not now be obtained from any source of which I have knowledge! Wherefore, this collection of the whole shootin' match!----in which many inti-

STORY!!! LOOK!!! AND DISCOVER!!!

his victorious forces to the music of its accompanying strains  
in the surrender at Yorktown!

After I had copied most of the songs I thought I would in-  
clude---for reference---such data as I had collected regarding  
father's branch of the Crockett family---in pursuance of which  
I was not only caused much annoyance by the fact that Great-  
Grandfather Crockett would persist in having lived (?) in so  
many different places before coming to an anchorage on Mount  
Mill but replied to inquiries I had made began to stream in in  
such volume that I concluded to incorporate a record of the  
dates of birth, etc., of the descendants of Greatfather Crockett  
in particular---And before I had finished I realized that they  
are somewhat numerous!

Grandfather Nathan-Crockett couldn't be left out and, in  
addition to the general ones regarding the Nathan family, the  
fact must be recorded that father's cousin, the daughter of her  
Aunt "Sally" (Nathan) (Sabin), was the wife of Brimley (Nathan)  
Cyrus Hamilton, son of Samuel Hamilton, Vice President of the  
United States!

Then I made that fatal "V'y" go to "Mount Mill" and felt  
impelled to record the information which father and mother gave  
me for future reference! Same way with Henry Travett Crockett  
and Mrs. Travett! The article in the Portland Sunday Telegram  
is constantly referred to by people who have only an indistinct  
idea of what is in it! A copy of the first Census is not al-  
ways at hand! And the information which Great Mother gave  
father and myself nearly ten years ago could not now be obtain-  
ed from any source of which I have knowledge! Moreover, this  
collection of the whole sheetin' match!---in which many inter-

STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!

mate incidents have been included which would have been omitted had they been intended for the eyes of others than members of the immediate family! If I use the possessive "My" over-much-- Imagine it is yourself talking! Then it will fit!

Rather than fill it up with so many names and references as to make it unwieldy I have included in the General Index only such names as we will be likely to wish to refer! Therefore, if you wish to find something which isn't indexed, you will have no choice but to follow the minister's admonition to "go to Helen Hunt for it"!

When I started to copy for ourselves and children the songs which Bertha had compiled, it occurred to me that not only Mother, but my brothers and sister, might like a set of them! I have therefore made a copy for the use of each member of the family! Please don't mention it! My pleasure, I assure you!

F. E. K.

Searsport,  
Maine,  
4/5/1917.

STOP!!! LOOK!!! AND LISTEN!!!

rate incidents have been included which would have been omitted had they been intended for the eyes of others than members of the immediate family! If I use the possessive "my" over-much-

Imagine it is yourself talking! Then it will fit!

Father then fill it up with so many names and references as to make it unweildly I have included in the General Index only such names as we will be likely to wish to refer! Therefore, if you wish to find something which isn't indexed, you will have no choice but to follow the minister's admonition to "Go to Helen Hunt for it!"

When I started to copy for ourselves and children the songs which Bertha had compiled, it occurred to me that not only Mother, but my brothers and sister, might like a set of them! I have therefore made a copy for the use of each member of the family! Please don't mention it! My pleasure,

I assure you!  
H. F. K.

Searesport,  
Maine,  
4/5/1917.

FATHER'S SONGS

Many of which were sung

by

His Father and Grandfather Before Him

Compiled by

Bertha J. Kneeland

Searsport, Maine, August-October, 1914

Transcribed August, 1916

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF THE HISTORY OF ARTS

1911

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL.

1911

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL.



Father's SongsTHE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

He lay upon his dying bed  
 His eyes were growing dim  
 When with a feeble voice he called  
 His weeping son to him  
 Weep not, my boy, the veteran said  
 I bow to Heaven's high will  
 But quickly from yon antlers bring  
 The Sword of Bunker Hill  
 But quickly from yon antlers bring  
 The Sword of Bunker Hill

## 2

The sword was brought, the soldier's eye  
 Lit with a sudden flame  
 And as he grasped the ancient blade  
 He murmured Warren's name  
 Then said, my boy, I leave you gold  
 But what is richer still  
 I leave you, mark me, mark me now  
 The Sword of Bunker Hill  
 I leave you, mark me, mark me now  
 The Sword of Bunker Hill

## 3

'Twas on that grand, immortal day  
 I dared a Briton band  
 A captain raised this sword on me  
 I tore it from his hand  
 And while the glorious battle raged  
 It lightened Freedom's will  
 For boy the God of Battles blessed  
 The Sword of Bunker Hill  
 For boy the God of Battles blessed  
 The Sword of Bunker Hill

## 4

Oh, keep the sword, his accents broke  
 A smile and he was dead  
 But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade  
 Upon his dying bed  
 The son remains, the sword remains  
 Its honors growing still  
 And twenty millions bless the sire  
 And Sword of Bunker Hill  
 And twenty millions bless the sire  
 /And Sword of Bunker Hill

---

-(The above differs slightly from some versions! In the third)-  
 (verse, the fourth word in the first line should be "dread", )  
 ( the fifth word in the third line should be "blade", )  
 ( the sixth word in the seventh line should be "Freedom" )  
 (In the fourth verse, the second word in the sixth line  
 (should be "glory"! Other words differ slightly according  
 (to some authorities! )

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come,  
Thy will be done  
On earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the Kingdom,  
The power, and the glory,  
Forever and ever.  
Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come,  
Thy will be done  
On earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the Kingdom,  
The power, and the glory,  
Forever and ever.  
Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come,  
Thy will be done  
On earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the Kingdom,  
The power, and the glory,  
Forever and ever.  
Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Thy Kingdom come,  
Thy will be done  
On earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread,  
And lead us not into temptation,  
But deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the Kingdom,  
The power, and the glory,  
Forever and ever.  
Amen.

(The above differs slightly from some versions in the third verse, the fourth word in the first line should be "bread", the fifth word in the third line should be "bread", the sixth word in the seventh line should be "freedom", in the fourth verse, the second word in the sixth line should be "glory"! Other words differ slightly according to some authorities!)



FATHER'S SONGSCOME ALL YE BOLD NORTHWESTMEN

## 1

Come all ye bold Northwestmen  
Who plough the raging main  
Come listen to this tragedy  
While I relate the same  
'Twas on the "Lady Washington"  
At Cowper where she lay  
Hard by Queen Charlotte's Island  
In North America

## 2

'Twas on November, the second day  
In seventeen-ninety-one  
The natives of this country  
On board of us did come  
And then to buy their furs of them  
Our captain did begin  
But mark what followed after  
Before it long had been

## 3

Up upon our quarter-deck  
Our gun-chest there did stand  
The keys they being left in them  
By our gunner's careless hand  
The natives they perceiving  
Our ship to make a prize  
Thinking we had no other means  
For to protect our lives

## 4

Up upon our quarter-deck  
Our captain there did stand  
With twelve of those bold savages  
With knives drawn in their hands  
All pointing at his body  
Ready to run him through  
If we should offer to resist  
Great God! What could we do!

## 5

Then into our cabin  
Straightway we did repair  
But to our sad misfortune  
No arms could we find there  
Except it were two pistols  
One gun and two broadswords  
And immediately it was agreed  
Fight them off! It was the word



FATHER'S SONGSCOME ALL YE BOLD NORTHWESTMEN-(cont'd)-

6

Our powder we got ready  
Our gun-room openly  
Our sculd we did commit to God  
Our bodies to the clay  
All standing in our cabin  
Waiting for a sign  
But there could no sign be given  
For fear we should be slain

7

Then with what few arms we had  
We rushed on them with main  
And by our being spirited  
The quarter-deck did gain  
And the number that we killed of them  
Was seventy and odd  
And as many more were wounded  
As since we've understood

8

Come all ye bold Northwestmen  
Wherever you may be  
Trust not an Indian savage  
In North America  
For they are so desirous  
Your shipping to obtain  
That they will never leave it off  
Till the most of them are slain

[illegible]

FATHER'S SONGSPAUL JONES

1

An American frigate  
 A frigate of war  
 With guns mounting forty  
 From Baltimore came  
 To cruise in the channels  
 Of old England  
 Our gallant commander  
 Paul Jones was the man

2

We had not sailed long  
 Before we espied  
 A large forty-four  
 And a twenty likewise  
 Paul Jones then he smiled  
 As he sheered alongside  
 With a loud speaking-trumpet  
 Whence came you he cried

3

Whence came you, he cried  
 I hailed you before  
 Return me an answer  
 Or a broadside I'll pour  
 A broadside it came  
 From those bold Englishmen  
 And the sons of America  
 Returned it again

4

The contest was bloody  
 Both decks ran with gore  
 And ninety bold seamen  
 Lay dead on the floor  
 Paul Jones then he smiled  
 In the height of his pride  
 If we can't do any better boys  
 We'll sink alongside

-(Verse missing)-

5

And now my brave boys  
 We have captured a prize  
 A large forty-four  
 And a twenty likewise  
 May God bless the mothers  
 Who are called on to weep  
 For their sons who are lain in  
 The ocean so deep



FATHER'S SONGSCRUISING DOWN ON THE COAST OF BARBARY

1

Two ships, two ships, from England they came  
 Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we  
 One was the Prince of Luther and the other Prince of Wales  
 Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

2

Our boatswain up in our foretop did stand  
 Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we  
 Look ahead, look astern, look to weather and to lee  
 Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

3

There is nothing ahead, there is nothing astern  
 Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we  
 But I see a ragged wind and a lofty ship at lee  
 Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

4

Ahoy! Ahoy! Our jolly captain cried  
 Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we  
 Are you a man-of-war or a privateer, said he  
 Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

5

I am not a man-of-war nor a privateer, said he  
 Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we  
 But I am a jolly pirate, cruising for my fee  
 Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

6

If you're not a man-of-war nor a privateer, said he  
 Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we  
 It is now to your guns, boys, and we'll show them pirate play  
 Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

7

A broadside! A broadside! Our jolly captain cried  
 Blow high, blow low, and so sail-ed we  
 At length the Prince of Luther cut the pirate's masts away  
 Cruising down on the coast of Barbary

8

----- (Two lines  
 ----- missing) -

We lashed them back to back, threw them all into the sea  
 Cruising down on the coast of Barbary







FATHER'S SONGSANDREW BATTING

1

What thou? What thou? said Andrew Batting  
 What thou that come sailing so nigh  
 We are the rich merchants upon the salt seas  
 Oh please to let us pass by---  
 We are the rich merchants upon the salt seas  
 Oh please to let us pass by

2

Ah, No! Ah, No! said Andrew Batting  
 Such a thing there never can be  
 Your ship and your cargo we'll both take away  
 And your bodies give to the salt sea---  
 Your ship and your cargo we'll both take away  
 And your bodies give to the salt sea

3

Build me a ship, said Captain Charles Stuart  
 And build her strong and sure  
 That I may bring in proud Andrew Batting  
 Or my life I will never endure---  
 That I may bring in proud Andrew Batting  
 Or my life I will never endure

4

We cruised north and we cruised south  
 For the space of three weeks or more  
 At length we spied a ship sailing far off and far off  
 And at length she came sailing so nigh---  
 At length we spied a ship sailing far off and far off  
 And at length she came sailing so nigh

5

What thou? What thou? said Captain Charles Stuart  
 What thou that come sailing so nigh  
 We are the Scotch pirates upon the salt seas  
 Oh please to let us pass by---  
 We are the Scotch pirates upon the salt seas  
 Oh please to let us pass by

6

Ah, No! Ah, No! said Captain Charles Stuart  
 Such a thing there never can be  
 Your ship and your cargo we'll both take away  
 And your bodies give to the salt sea---  
 Your ship and your cargo we'll both take away  
 And your bodies give to the salt sea

7

About! About! and they merrily fought  
 For the space of three hours or more  
 At length Captain Charles Stuart took Andrew Batting  
 And brought him to fair England's shore---  
 At length Captain Charles Stuart took Andrew Batting  
 And brought him to fair England's shore

THE FIRST PART

THE SECOND PART

And when I saw the light  
That came from the great  
And when I saw the light  
That came from the great

And when I saw the light  
That came from the great  
And when I saw the light  
That came from the great

And when I saw the light  
That came from the great  
And when I saw the light  
That came from the great

And when I saw the light  
That came from the great  
And when I saw the light  
That came from the great

And when I saw the light  
That came from the great  
And when I saw the light  
That came from the great

And when I saw the light  
That came from the great  
And when I saw the light  
That came from the great

And when I saw the light  
That came from the great  
And when I saw the light  
That came from the great

## FATHER'S SONGS

### ADIEU YE BANKS AND BRAES OF CLYDE

1

Adieu, ye banks and braes of Clyde  
Adieu to her who's young and fair  
I grieve to leave my own dear bride  
To part from her my heart is sad

Chorus---

I grieve to leave my comrades all  
I grieve to leave my native shore  
My aged parents I do adore the  
And my bonnie, bonnie lassie on the banks of Clyde

2

My barque is hauled out in the bay  
The wind blows fair-I must away  
Away to sail o'er the briny deep-  
Adieu ye banks and braes of Clyde  
-----Chorus:-

3

The sun is sinking in the west  
The birds sit on the mulberry tree  
All Nature seems prepared for rest  
But alas! there's none prepared for me  
-----Chorus:-

4

The drums do beat and the war-pipes play  
The signal's given-I must away  
Away to sail c'er the deep blue sea  
Farewell ye banks and braes of Clyde  
-----Chorus:-

---

### MY AUNT TUCKER, MY AUNT SAL

1

My Aunt Tucker, My Aunt Sal  
Lives way down in Shinbonal-(?)-  
Name's on the gate and number on the door  
Next house opposite the grocery store

Chorus---

Whack your bones, Jimmy crack horn  
In come Sally with the booties on  
Whack your bones, Jimmy crack horn  
In come Sally with the booties on

2

My Aunt Sal is big and fat  
Her face is as black as my old hat  
Her eyes stick out and her nose sticks in  
And her under lip hangs-te-her chin  
-----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSAS I WAS GOING OVER TIPPERARY MOUNTAIN

1

As I was going over Tipperary Mountain  
 I met Captain Evans and his money he was counting  
 Boldly I stepped up to him-I would be brisk and jolly  
 Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver

Chorus---

Singing rowdy, dowdy, dow  
 Row,dow, de, dowdy  
 Row, dow, de, dow, de, dow  
 There's whiskey in the jar

2

It was handed over-It was no foolish penny  
 I put it in my pocket and I took it home to Molly  
 The last words she said to me she never would deceive me  
 But the devil's in the women for they ~~never~~ can be aisy  
 -----Chorus:-

3

Early the next morning, between six and seven  
 A strong guard surrounded me, beside it Captain Evans  
 I jumped for my pistols but, Oh Faith, I was mistaken  
 They were both filled with water and to prison I was taken  
 -----Chorus:-

4

They took me to a prison where the sentry he was calling  
 They took me to a prison where the turnkey was a-bawling  
 Oh, with an iron ball my boys I knocked the sentry down  
 And I made my escape into Liverpool town  
 -----Chorus:-

5

I have two brothers, they're both in the army  
 One's in Cork and the other's in Killarney  
 If I had them here tonight I would be brisk and jolly  
 I would rather have them here tonight than you deceitful Molly  
 -----Chorus:-

REUBEN, REUBEN, I'VE BEEN THINKING

1

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking  
 What a fine world this would be  
 If the men were all transported  
 Far beyond the Northern Sea

2

Cynthia, Cynthia, I assure you  
 If the men should take that trip  
 All the women in creation  
 Would commence to build a ship





FATHER'S SONGS'Twas Early, Early, in the Spring

1

'Twas early, early, in the spring  
 I shipped abroad to serve my King  
 To leave my dearest love behind  
 Oft-times she'd said her heart was mine

2

As I was sailing o'er the sea  
 I took each fair opportunity  
 To write a letter to my dear  
 Not one word from her did I hear

3

At length I came to Her father's house  
 I gave a rap and aloud did call  
 Her father made me this reply  
 My daughter's married more equally

4

My daughter's married, kind sir, you know  
 My daughter's married long time ago  
 My daughter's married for the term of life  
 Go you, young man, seek another wife

5

Curse be on gold and on silver, too  
 Curse be on the girl that won't prove true  
 Curse be on the girl that will promise me  
 Then forsake her vows for such richery

6

Forevermore I do intend  
 The briny ocean to be my friend  
 I'll sail the seas till the day I die  
 I'll split the waves that roll mountains high





FATHER'S SONGSTHE FATED RENA LEE

1

Come ye bold seamen, pray now attend

To read these few lines that have lately been penned  
Concerning the dangers of the salt sea

And the sad destruction of the Rena Lee

-----Oh, the fated Rena Lee!

2

Seven hundred and seventy bold seamen had we

And ninety brass cannon to bear us company

And as we were a sailing to our sad surprise

A most terrible storm did begin to arise

-----Oh, the fated Rena Lee!

3

The waves looked like fire and rolled mountains high

While over the rigging the salt seas did fly

Bear away, said our captain, and do the best you can

For if the storm increases, we're lost, every man

-----Oh, the fated Rena Lee!

4

A few moments later, to our sad shock

Our good ship, the Rena Lee, she struck upon a rock

Had you heart like a Turk, I am sure you'd lament

To have heard the sighs and groans as to bottom she went

-----Oh, the fated Rena Lee!



FATHER'S SONGSTHE SINKING OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE"

-(This song was a favorite of Grandfather and Grandmother)-  
 (Crockett and is among Mother's earliest recollections.)  
 (It is the poem written by William Cowper, commemorating)  
 (the sinking of the British frigate "Royal George", near)  
 (London, on August 29, 1782--It was in the harbor of )  
 (Portsmouth. Besides the crew of 800 men there were 300)  
 (women and children on board at the time. Only 200 were  
 (saved. The plan to raise the ship was not a success. )  
 (The wreck was finally blown up more than fifty years later)-

## 1

Toll for the brave  
 The brave that are no more  
 All sunk beneath the wave  
 Fast by their native shore

## 2

Eight hundred of the brave  
 Whose courage well was tried  
 Had made the vessel heel  
 And laid her on her side

## 3

It was not in the battle  
 No tempest gave the shock  
 She sprang no fatal leak  
 She ran upon no rock

## 4

His sword was in its sheath  
 His fingers held the pen  
 When Kempenfeldt went down  
 With twice four hundred men

## 5

Kempenfeldt is gone  
 His victories all are o'er  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plough the wave no more

## 6

Help weigh the vessel up  
 Once dreaded by our foes  
 And mingle with the cup  
 The tear that England owes

## 7

Her timbers yet are sound  
 And she may float again  
 Full-charged with England's thunder  
 And plough the raging main



FATHER'S SONGSANDREW ROSE

-(This song used to be a favorite of George A. Bowen)-

1

Young Andrew Rose, the British sailor  
 His thoughts to you I will now name  
 Whilst on the passage from Barbadoes  
 Whilst on board of the Martha Jane

Chorus---

Wasn't that most cruel usage  
 Without a friend to interpose  
 How they whipped and mangled, gagged and strangled  
 The British sailor, young Andrew Rose

2

'Twas up aloft the captain sent him  
 Direct beneath the burning sun  
 Whilst the mate he followed after  
 And flogged him till the blood did run

-----Chorus:-

3

Next in a water-cask they put him  
 For seven long days they kept him there  
 At last poor Andrew begged for mercy  
 The captain swore and left him there

-----Chorus:-

4

The captain gave him stuff to swallow  
 Such stuff to you I will not name  
 When all the crew were sick with horror  
 While on board the Martha Jane

-----Chorus:-

5

For thirty days they did ill-use him  
 When into Liverpool they did arrive  
 And the Judge who heard the story  
 Said Captain Rogers, you must die

-----Chorus:-

-(The following is a translation of the original document)-

1. The following is a translation of the original document. It is a copy of a letter from the British Consul to the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900.

2. The British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, has received a letter from the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, regarding the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900.

3. The British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, has received a letter from the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, regarding the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900.

4. The British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, has received a letter from the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, regarding the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900.

5. The British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, has received a letter from the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, regarding the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900.

6. The British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, has received a letter from the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900, regarding the British Consul in the United States, dated 10th March 1900.

FATHER'S SONGSPOLLY

1 1

John has come from Ireland, Johnny's come from sea  
 He brought his ship and cargo across the raging sea  
 But you're welcome home, my Johnny, you're welcome home from sea  
 For last night my daughter Polly lay dreaming of thee

2

What luck? What luck? O, very poor, said he  
 We lost our ship and cargo all on the raging sea  
 But call down your daughter Polly and sit her down by me  
 And we'll drown this melancholy and happy we will be

3

My daughter she is absent and she is gone away  
 And were she at home, Jack, she would not let you stay  
 For she is very rich, Jack, and you are very poor  
 And without this companion you're turned out of door

4

Jack looked up-He looked on them all  
 He looked on the landlady and beckoning he did call  
 Oh, there's twenty shillings of the old and thirty of the new  
 And Jack he pulled out his two hands full of gold

5

The sight of the money made the old lady rue  
 She said, my daughter Polly shall quickly come to you  
 You thought I was in earnest, I declare I was in jest  
 For of all the roving sailor boys, my Johnny I love best

6

Before I'd stay within your house I'd stay out in the street  
 For when I had no money my lodgings I might seek  
 But now I have got money I will make the taverns whirl  
 With a bottle of good brandy and on my knee a girl

5-1/2

In came Polly with a smile on her face  
 She kissed him and gave him a hearty embrace  
 Saying:- The best room is empty and you shall sit with me  
 And I will marry you, Jack, and you shall marry me



111

5-12  
In came Holly with a smile on her face  
and kissed him and gave him a hearty embrace  
saying:- The best room is empty and you shall marry me  
And I will marry you, Jack, and you shall marry me



FATHER'S SONGSYE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND-(During the War of 1812)-

1

Ye Parliament of England  
 You Lords and Commons, too  
 Consider well what you're about  
 And what you mean to do  
 You're now at war with Yankees  
 I'm sure you'll rue the day  
 You roused the Sons of Liberty  
 In North America

2

You first confined our commerce  
 And said our ships sha'n't trade  
 You next impressed our seamen  
 And of them slaves you made  
 You then insulted Rogers  
 While cruising on the main  
 And had we not declared a war  
 You'd do it o'er again

3

You thought our frigates were but few  
 And Yankees could not fight  
 Until brave Hull the Guerriere took  
 And banished from your sight  
 The Wasp then took the Frolic  
 You nothing said to that  
 The Poictiers being on the line  
 Of course she took her back

4

The next, your Macedonian,  
 No finer ship could swim  
 Decatur took her gilt work off  
 And then he sent her in  
 The Java by a Yankee ship  
 Was sunk, you all must know  
 The Peacock, fine in all her plumes  
 By Lawrence down did go

5

Then next you sent your Boxer  
 To box us all about  
 But we'd an Enterprising brig  
 That beat your Boxer out  
 We boxed her up to Portland  
 And moored her off the town  
 To show the Sons of Liberty  
 The Boxer of renown

6

And then upon Lake Erie  
 Brave Perry had some fun  
 You own he beat your naval force  
 And caused them for to run

--Continued--



FATHER'S SONGS

YE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND----cont'd  
 -(During the War of 1812)-  
 -(Tune of John Anderson, My Jo, John)-

Whilst Chauncy on Ontario  
 The lake not known before  
 Your British squadron beat complete  
 Some took, some ran ashore

7

The your brave Indian Allies  
 You styled them by that name  
 Until you turned their tomahawks  
 And savages became  
 For your mean insinuations  
 They despised you from their souls  
 And joined the Sons of Liberty  
 That scorned to be controlled

8

Our Rogers in the "President"  
 Will burn, sink and destroy  
 The "Congress" on the Brazil coast  
 Your commerce will annoy  
 The "Essex" in the south seas  
 Will put out all your lights  
 The flag that waves at her mast-head  
 Is free trade and sailors' rights

9

Lament, you sons of Britain  
 For distant is the day  
 When you'll regain by British force  
 What you lost in America  
 Go tell your King and Parliament  
 By all the world 'tis known  
 That British force by sea and land  
 By Yankees is o'erthrown

10

Use every endeavor  
 And strive to make a peace  
 For Yankee ships are building fast  
 Our navy to increase  
 They will enforce our commerce  
 These laws by Heaven were made  
 That Yankee ships in time of peace  
 In any port should trade

11

Grant us free trade and commerce  
 Do not impress our men  
 Give up all claims to Canada  
 Then we'll have peace again  
 Then England, we'll respect you  
 And treat you as a friend  
 Respect our flag and citizens  
 Then all these wars will end

# THE FUTURE

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION  
THE FUTURE OF THE NATION

FATHER'S SONGSTHERE WAS AN OLD COUPLE AND THEY WERE POOR

## 1

There was an old couple and they were poor  
 Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day  
 There was an old couple and they were poor  
 They lived in a house that had but one door  
 And a poor old couple were they---  
 And a poor old couple were they

## 2

One night the old man went far from home  
 Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day  
 One night the old man went far from home  
 And left the old woman to sleep all alone  
 And a poor old critter was she---  
 And a poor old critter was she

## 3

The old man he came back at last  
 Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day  
 The old man he came back at last  
 He went to the door and it was fast  
 Oh, what's the matter, cried he---  
 Oh, what's the matter, cried he

## 4

Oh, I've been sick while you've been gone  
 Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day  
 Oh, I've been sick while you've been gone  
 If you'd been here you'd heard me groan  
 Oh, poor old critter, cried he---  
 Oh, poor old critter, cried he

## 5

There's one thing more I ask of thee  
 Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day  
 There's one thing more I ask of thee  
 Go bring me an apple from yonder tree  
 And that I will, cried he---  
 And that I will, cried he

## 6

As the old man he shinned up the tree  
 Whack, fol, fiddle, dol, day  
 As the old man he shinned up the tree  
 The priest of the parish he stood near by  
 And that's well done, cried he---  
 And that's well done, cried he





FATHER'S SONGSTHE OLD GRAY MARE

1

Oh, my jolly shepherd, have you seen a man a-riding  
 On an old gray mare and a bob-tailed mare .  
 I'm sure I can't be far behind him  
 And I am resolved now for to find him

2

Oh, yes, said the shepherd, I saw a man a-riding  
 On an old gray mare and a bob-tailed mare  
 And away he went into the air  
 And I see him yet, and I see him yet

3

The old man began to stamp and to stare  
 Saying, you are beside your wits  
 Zounds! said he, I see him yet  
 And I see him yet, and I see him yet

4

The old man began to rub his eyes  
 And at length he began to see more clear  
 In yonder cloud is my old gray mare  
 For I see her tail a-waving through the air---  
 Come back! Come back! Come back, my friend  
 To my wife's first husband me recommend

THE END OF THE WORLD

1

And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,

2

And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,

3

And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,

4

And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,  
And I see the world, the world, the world,



FATHER'S SONGSLANNIGAN'S BALL

## 1

In the town of Athol lived one Jimmy Lannigan  
 He bartered away till he hadn't a pound  
 His father he died and made him a man again  
 With a very fine farm with ten acres of ground  
 He gave a large party to all his relations  
 Who stood by his side when he went to the wall  
 Now if you'll but listen I'll make your eyes glisten  
 With the rows and the ructions at Lannigan's Ball

## 2

'Twas meself had free invitations  
 For all the boys and girls I might ask  
 In less than five minutes I'd friends and relations  
 Dancing as merry as bees 'round a cask  
 There was Jennie O'Hara-a neat little milliner  
 Tipped me a wink and asked me to call  
 And then we arrived at Tim O'Finnegan's  
 Just in time for Lannigan's Ball

## 3

When we got there they were dancing a pol-a-ka  
 Around the room in a gay whirl-i-gig  
 But Jinnie and I put a stop to their nonsense  
 We gave them a bit of a nate Irish jig  
 Oh, Lord! wasn't she fond of me  
 We battered the floor till the ceiling did fall  
 For I'd spent three weeks at Brooks' Academy  
 Learning a step for Lannigan's Ball



FATHER'S SONGSPADDY'S WEDDING

## 1

Now would you hear what roaring cheer  
 Went up at Paddy's wedding, Oh  
 And how so gay they spent the day  
 From church unto the bedding, Oh  
 First, book in hand, came Father Quipes  
 The bride's daddy, the baillie, Oh  
 While all the time the merry pipes  
 Struck up the tune so gaily, Oh

Chorus---

Tid-der-i-I, Tid-der-i-I  
 Tid-der-i-um-um-derry, Oh  
 Tid-der-i-I, Tid-der-i-I  
 Whack for Londonderry, Oh

## 2

Now there was Mat and sturdy Pat  
 And Mary Morgan Murphy, Oh  
 And Murdock Megs and Thurlow Skeggs  
 McLaughlin and Dick Durphy, Oh  
 And all the girls dressed out in white  
 Led on by Ted O'Reilly, Oh  
 While all the time the merry pipes  
 Struck up the tune so gaily, Oh---

-----Chorus:-

## 3

When Pat was asked would his love last  
 The people all roared with laughter, Oh  
 Och! Sure! says Pat, you may say that  
 To the end of the world and after, Oh  
 Then tenderly her hand he griped  
 And kissed it so gin-tale-ly, Oh  
 While all the time the merry pipes  
 Struck up the tune so gaily, Oh---

-----Chorus:-

## 4

And then at night it were a delight  
 To see them all dancing and prancing, Oh  
 A fancy ball were nothing at all  
 Compared with the style of their dancing, Oh  
 And then to hear old Father Quipes  
 Beat time with his shillalah, Oh  
 While all the time the merry pipes  
 Struck up the tune so gaily, Oh---

-----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSFINNEGAN'S WAKE

## 1

Tim Finnegan lived in Walker Street  
 A gintleman Irishman, mighty odd  
 With a beautiful brogue so rich and sweet  
 And to the 'rise of the world he carried a hod  
 But he had a sort of a tippling way  
 With a love for liquor Tim was born  
 And to help him through his work each day  
 He took a tip at the craythur every morn

Chorus---

Whack! Arrah! Bloodhounds, I've sold you  
 Welt the floor! Your trotters shake  
 Isn't this the truth I've told you  
 Lots of fun at Finnegan's Wake

## 2

One morning Tim got rather full  
 His head felt heavy and it made him shake  
 He fell from a ladder and broke his skull  
 They carried him home his corpse to wake  
 They wrapped him up in a nice clean sheet  
 And laid him out upon a bed  
 With fourteen candles 'round his feet  
 And a couple of dozen 'round his head---

-----Chorus:-

## 3

His friends assembled at the wake  
 Mrs. Finnegan called out for the lunch  
 First they laid him tea and cake  
 Pipe and tobacco and whiskey punch  
 Then Mrs. O'Brien began to cry  
 Such a pretty corpse, did you ever see  
 Ah, now, Pat, why did you die  
 Oh, whist your gob, said Biddy McGee

-----Chorus:-

## 4

Then Mrs. O'Connell took up the jar  
 Now, Biddy, says she, you're wrong, I'm sure  
 But Biddy she hit her a welt in the jaw  
 And laid her sprawling on the floor  
 Then in a war they did engage  
 'Twas woman to woman and man to man  
 Shillalah law was all the rage  
 And the bloody eruption soon began

-----Chorus:-

## 5

Then Tim O'Connell rising up  
 When a gallon of whiskey flew at him  
 But it missed his head and broke the jug  
 And the contents scattered over Tim  
 Good Lord! He revives! See how he rises  
 And Timothy rising from the bed  
 And blustering all around like blazes  
 Bad cess to your souls! Do you think I'm dead---

-----Chorus:-

THE

2

1944-1945  
1946-1947  
1948-1949  
1950-1951  
1952-1953  
1954-1955  
1956-1957  
1958-1959  
1960-1961  
1962-1963  
1964-1965  
1966-1967  
1968-1969  
1970-1971  
1972-1973  
1974-1975  
1976-1977  
1978-1979  
1980-1981  
1982-1983  
1984-1985  
1986-1987  
1988-1989  
1990-1991  
1992-1993  
1994-1995  
1996-1997  
1998-1999  
2000-2001  
2002-2003  
2004-2005  
2006-2007  
2008-2009  
2010-2011  
2012-2013  
2014-2015  
2016-2017  
2018-2019  
2020-2021  
2022-2023  
2024-2025  
2026-2027  
2028-2029  
2030-2031  
2032-2033  
2034-2035  
2036-2037  
2038-2039  
2040-2041  
2042-2043  
2044-2045  
2046-2047  
2048-2049  
2050-2051  
2052-2053  
2054-2055  
2056-2057  
2058-2059  
2060-2061  
2062-2063  
2064-2065  
2066-2067  
2068-2069  
2070-2071  
2072-2073  
2074-2075  
2076-2077  
2078-2079  
2080-2081  
2082-2083  
2084-2085  
2086-2087  
2088-2089  
2090-2091  
2092-2093  
2094-2095  
2096-2097  
2098-2099  
2100-2101  
2102-2103  
2104-2105  
2106-2107  
2108-2109  
2110-2111  
2112-2113  
2114-2115  
2116-2117  
2118-2119  
2120-2121  
2122-2123  
2124-2125  
2126-2127  
2128-2129  
2130-2131  
2132-2133  
2134-2135  
2136-2137  
2138-2139  
2140-2141  
2142-2143  
2144-2145  
2146-2147  
2148-2149  
2150-2151  
2152-2153  
2154-2155  
2156-2157  
2158-2159  
2160-2161  
2162-2163  
2164-2165  
2166-2167  
2168-2169  
2170-2171  
2172-2173  
2174-2175  
2176-2177  
2178-2179  
2180-2181  
2182-2183  
2184-2185  
2186-2187  
2188-2189  
2190-2191  
2192-2193  
2194-2195  
2196-2197  
2198-2199  
2200-2201  
2202-2203  
2204-2205  
2206-2207  
2208-2209  
2210-2211  
2212-2213  
2214-2215  
2216-2217  
2218-2219  
2220-2221  
2222-2223  
2224-2225  
2226-2227  
2228-2229  
2230-2231  
2232-2233  
2234-2235  
2236-2237  
2238-2239  
2240-2241  
2242-2243  
2244-2245  
2246-2247  
2248-2249  
2250-2251  
2252-2253  
2254-2255  
2256-2257  
2258-2259  
2260-2261  
2262-2263  
2264-2265  
2266-2267  
2268-2269  
2270-2271  
2272-2273  
2274-2275  
2276-2277  
2278-2279  
2280-2281  
2282-2283  
2284-2285  
2286-2287  
2288-2289  
2290-2291  
2292-2293  
2294-2295  
2296-2297  
2298-2299  
2300-2301  
2302-2303  
2304-2305  
2306-2307  
2308-2309  
2310-2311  
2312-2313  
2314-2315  
2316-2317  
2318-2319  
2320-2321  
2322-2323  
2324-2325  
2326-2327  
2328-2329  
2330-2331  
2332-2333  
2334-2335  
2336-2337  
2338-2339  
2340-2341  
2342-2343  
2344-2345  
2346-2347  
2348-2349  
2350-2351  
2352-2353  
2354-2355  
2356-2357  
2358-2359  
2360-2361  
2362-2363  
2364-2365  
2366-2367  
2368-2369  
2370-2371  
2372-2373  
2374-2375  
2376-2377  
2378-2379  
2380-2381  
2382-2383  
2384-2385  
2386-2387  
2388-2389  
2390-2391  
2392-2393  
2394-2395  
2396-2397  
2398-2399  
2400-2401  
2402-2403  
2404-2405  
2406-2407  
2408-2409  
2410-2411  
2412-2413  
2414-2415  
2416-2417  
2418-2419  
2420-2421  
2422-2423  
2424-2425  
2426-2427  
2428-2429  
2430-2431  
2432-2433  
2434-2435  
2436-2437  
2438-2439  
2440-2441  
2442-2443  
2444-2445  
2446-2447  
2448-2449  
2450-2451  
2452-2453  
2454-2455  
2456-2457  
2458-2459  
2460-2461  
2462-2463  
2464-2465  
2466-2467  
2468-2469  
2470-2471  
2472-2473  
2474-2475  
2476-2477  
2478-2479  
2480-2481  
2482-2483  
2484-2485  
2486-2487  
2488-2489  
2490-2491  
2492-2493  
2494-2495  
2496-2497  
2498-2499  
2500-2501  
2502-2503  
2504-2505  
2506-2507  
2508-2509  
2510-2511  
2512-2513  
2514-2515  
2516-2517  
2518-2519  
2520-2521  
2522-2523  
2524-2525  
2526-2527  
2528-2529  
2530-2531  
2532-2533  
2534-2535  
2536-2537  
2538-2539  
2540-2541  
2542-2543  
2544-2545  
2546-2547  
2548-2549  
2550-2551  
2552-2553  
2554-2555  
2556-2557  
2558-2559  
2560-2561  
2562-2563  
2564-2565  
2566-2567  
2568-2569  
2570-2571  
2572-2573  
2574-2575  
2576-2577  
2578-2579  
2580-2581  
2582-2583  
2584-2585  
2586-2587  
2588-2589  
2590-2591  
2592-2593  
2594-2595  
2596-2597  
2598-2599  
2600-2601  
2602-2603  
2604-2605  
2606-2607  
2608-2609  
2610-2611  
2612-2613  
2614-2615  
2616-2617  
2618-2619  
2620-2621  
2622-2623  
2624-2625  
2626-2627  
2628-2629  
2630-2631  
2632-2633  
2634-2635  
2636-2637  
2638-2639  
2640-2641  
2642-2643  
2644-2645  
2646-2647  
2648-2649  
2650-2651  
2652-2653  
2654-2655  
2656-2657  
2658-2659  
2660-2661  
2662-2663  
2664-2665  
2666-2667  
2668-2669  
2670-2671  
2672-2673  
2674-2675  
2676-2677  
2678-2679  
2680-2681  
2682-2683  
2684-2685  
2686-2687  
26

...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...

2



FATHER'S SONGSA ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS

1

Since times are so hard I tell you, sweetheart  
 I've a mind to leave my plough and my cart  
 And away to Wisconsin a journey to go  
 To double my fortune, as other men do---  
 For here I must labor each day in the field  
 And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield

2

Oh, Collins, I've noticed your sorrowful heart  
 Too long you've neglected your plough and your cart  
 Your hogs, sheep and cattle at random have run  
 While your best Sunday jacket is every day worn---  
 So stay on your farm and you'll suffer no loss  
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss

3

Oh, wife, let us go and don't let us wait  
 I long to be going--I long to be great  
 Where you like some lady and who knows but that I  
 May make some rich lord before I die---  
 For here I must labor each day in the field  
 And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield

4

Oh, Collins, you know that land is not clear  
 Which will cost you the labor of many a year  
 There are hogs, sheep and cattle and all to buy  
 You'll no more than get ready before you will die---  
 So stay on your farm and you'll suffer no loss  
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss

5

Oh, wife, let us go and don't let us stay  
 I have money on hand all ready to pay  
 The hogs, sheep and cattle are not very dear  
 We can feast upon buffalo half of the year---  
 For here I must labor each day in the field  
 And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield

6

Oh, Collins, you know that land of delight  
 Is surrounded by Indians who murder at night  
 Your house and out-buildings they'll burn to the ground  
 While your wife and poor children lie mangled around---  
 So stay on your farm and you'll suffer no loss  
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss

7

Oh, wife, don't talk so, you grieve my heart sore  
 I never once thought of your dying before  
 I love my dear children although they are small  
 But you, my dear wife, I love better than all  
 So we'll stay on our farm and we'll suffer no loss  
 For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss





FATHER'S SONGSA SONG OF '49

## 1

We'll form ourselves for we're all well manned  
 And journey on to the promised land  
 For the gold is there-a plenty in store  
 On the banks of the Sacramento shore

## Chorus---

Then cheer up, boys, young and old  
 Young and old, young and old  
 We'll come home with a bag of gold  
 A bag of gold, a bag of gold  
 We'll come home with a bag of gold  
 From Cal-i-for-nia

## 2

As we roam o'er the dark sea foam  
 We'll not forget kind friends at home  
 Memory kind will bring to mind  
 Thoughts of those we've left behind---

-----Chorus:-

## 3

Don't cry, my love, nor heave a sigh  
 I'll come back again bye and bye  
 We'll cross over to the other shore  
 And fill our pockets with the shining ore---

-----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSTHE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

## 1

I'm lonely since I crossed the sea  
 My mind is never aisy  
 No mortal soul can give relief  
 In troth, I'm getting crazy  
 The burning tears roll down my cheeks  
 And Faith! they nearly blind me  
 I weep and sigh both day and night  
 For the girl I left behind me

## 2

A pretty lass, I courted long  
 She lives in Tipperary  
 Her eyes are like the diamonds bright  
 And they call her dark-eyed Mary  
 On a summer's night I took delight  
 Her beauty so inclined me  
 Ten thousand crowns I'd give to see  
 The girl I left behind me

## 3

In distant lands compelled to roam  
 Yet often think of Mary  
 The dark-eyed lass that won my heart  
 And lives in Tipperary  
 In foreign lands I weep and sigh  
 Without a friend to mind me  
 Bad luck unto the ship that sailed  
 And left the girl behind me

## 4

If e'er I land on Erin's shore  
 I'll haste to Tipperary  
 And there once more I will embrace  
 My lovely black-eyed Mary  
 With her I'll dwell while life shall last  
 She'd roam the world to find me  
 From her I'll never more depart  
 The girl I left behind me

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY

I

It is a story of the life of a man who was born in the year of our Lord one thousand five hundred and six, and who died in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and six. He was a man of great learning and of great piety, and he was a man of great courage and of great strength. He was a man of great wisdom and of great power, and he was a man of great love and of great mercy. He was a man of great faith and of great hope, and he was a man of great charity and of great kindness. He was a man of great honor and of great glory, and he was a man of great fame and of great renown. He was a man of great influence and of great authority, and he was a man of great respect and of great esteem. He was a man of great honor and of great glory, and he was a man of great fame and of great renown. He was a man of great influence and of great authority, and he was a man of great respect and of great esteem.

2

He was a man of great learning and of great piety, and he was a man of great courage and of great strength. He was a man of great wisdom and of great power, and he was a man of great love and of great mercy. He was a man of great faith and of great hope, and he was a man of great charity and of great kindness. He was a man of great honor and of great glory, and he was a man of great fame and of great renown. He was a man of great influence and of great authority, and he was a man of great respect and of great esteem. He was a man of great honor and of great glory, and he was a man of great fame and of great renown. He was a man of great influence and of great authority, and he was a man of great respect and of great esteem.

3

He was a man of great learning and of great piety, and he was a man of great courage and of great strength. He was a man of great wisdom and of great power, and he was a man of great love and of great mercy. He was a man of great faith and of great hope, and he was a man of great charity and of great kindness. He was a man of great honor and of great glory, and he was a man of great fame and of great renown. He was a man of great influence and of great authority, and he was a man of great respect and of great esteem. He was a man of great honor and of great glory, and he was a man of great fame and of great renown. He was a man of great influence and of great authority, and he was a man of great respect and of great esteem.

4

He was a man of great learning and of great piety, and he was a man of great courage and of great strength. He was a man of great wisdom and of great power, and he was a man of great love and of great mercy. He was a man of great faith and of great hope, and he was a man of great charity and of great kindness. He was a man of great honor and of great glory, and he was a man of great fame and of great renown. He was a man of great influence and of great authority, and he was a man of great respect and of great esteem. He was a man of great honor and of great glory, and he was a man of great fame and of great renown. He was a man of great influence and of great authority, and he was a man of great respect and of great esteem.

FATHER'S SONGSLORD LOVELL

-(This was much sung by Grandmothers Crockett and Kneeland)-

## 1

Lord Lovell, he stood at his castle gate  
 Combing his milk-white steed  
 When up came Lady Nancy Belle  
 To wish her lover God-speed---  
 To wish her lover God-speed

## 2

Where are you going, Lord Lovell, she said  
 Oh, where are you going, said she  
 I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle  
 Strange countries for to see---  
 Strange countries for to see

## 3

When will you be back, Lord Lovell, she said  
 Oh, when will you come back, said she  
 In a year or two, or three at the most  
 I'll return to my fair Nancy---  
 I'll return to my fair Nancy

## 4

But he had not been gone a year and a day  
 Strange countries for to see  
 When languishing thoughts came into his head  
 Lady Nancy Belle he would go see---  
 Lady Nancy Belle he would go see

## 5

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed  
 Till he came to London town  
 And there he heard Saint Pancras' bells  
 And the people all mourning 'round---  
 And the people all mourning 'round

NOTES

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Published weekly, except on  
Sundays, and on the 1st of  
January, 1917. Volume 14, No. 1.  
Subscription price, \$5.00 per  
annum in advance. Single copies,  
15 cents.

Entered as second-class matter,  
October 3, 1911, under  
postage paid at Chicago, Ill.,  
Postoffice No. 312. Acceptance  
for mailing at special rate of  
postage provided for in  
Section 1103, Act of October  
3, 1917, authorized on  
January 1, 1918.

1

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, EXCEPT ON  
SUNDAYS, AND ON THE 1ST OF  
JANUARY, 1917. VOLUME 14, NO. 1.  
Subscription price, \$5.00 per  
annum in advance. Single copies,  
15 cents.

2

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, EXCEPT ON  
SUNDAYS, AND ON THE 1ST OF  
JANUARY, 1917. VOLUME 14, NO. 1.  
Subscription price, \$5.00 per  
annum in advance. Single copies,  
15 cents.

3

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, EXCEPT ON  
SUNDAYS, AND ON THE 1ST OF  
JANUARY, 1917. VOLUME 14, NO. 1.  
Subscription price, \$5.00 per  
annum in advance. Single copies,  
15 cents.

FATHER'S SONGSLORD LOVELL--(cont'd)-

6

Oh, what is the matter, Lord Lovell he said  
 Oh, what is the matter, said he  
 A lord's lady is dead, a woman replied  
 And some call her Lady Nancy---  
 And some call her Lady Nancy

7

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide  
 And the shroud he turned down  
 And there he kissed her clay-cold lips  
 Till the tears came trickling down---  
 Till the tears came trickling down

8

Lady Nancy, she died as it might be today  
 Lord Lovell, he died as tomorrow  
 Lady Nancy, she died out of pure, pure grief  
 Lord Lovell, he died out of sorrow---  
 Lord Lovell, he died out of sorrow

9

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' Church  
 Lord Lovell was laid in the choir  
 And out of her bosom there grew a red rose  
 And out of her lover's a brier---  
 And out of her lover's a brier

10

They grew and they grew to the church steeple top  
 And then they could grow no higher  
 So there they entwined in a true lovers' knot  
 For all lovers true to admire---  
 For all lovers true to admire





FATHER'S SONGSJOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

-(The following verses do not altogether agree with those giv-)  
 (en in the books but they are as Father sings them--and, I )  
 (think, as his father sang them before him. I have not at- )  
 (tempted to write them in the Scotch dialect. )  
 (Only the last two verses were written by Robert Burns. )

## 1

John Anderson, my jo, John  
 When Nature first began  
 To try her canny hand, John  
 Her master-work was man  
 And you among them all, John  
 So trig from top to toe  
 She did no journey work with you  
 John Anderson, my jo

## 2

John Anderson, my jo, John  
 You were my first conceit  
 I think no shame to say, John  
 I loved you ear' and late  
 They say you're getting old, John  
 But e'en though that be so  
 You're aye the same good man to me  
 John Anderson, my jo

## 3

John Anderson, my jo, John  
 When we were first acquaint  
 Your locks were like the raven  
 Your bonny brow was brent  
 But now your brow is bald, John  
 Your locks are like the snow  
 But blessings on your frosty pow  
 John Anderson, my jo

## 4

John Anderson, my jo, John  
 We've climbed the hill together  
 And many a canty day, John  
 We've had with one another  
 Now we must totter down, John  
 But hand in hand we'll go  
 And sleep together at the foot  
 John Anderson, my jo

1904, June 21, 1897

1. The first step is to identify the problem or goal. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be achieved.

2. Next, it is important to gather information and resources. This includes researching the problem, identifying stakeholders, and determining what tools and materials are needed.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to develop a plan. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller tasks and determining the order in which they should be completed.

4. After the plan is developed, it is time to execute the plan. This involves carrying out the tasks and monitoring progress to ensure that the goal is being achieved.

5. Finally, it is important to evaluate the results. This involves comparing the actual results to the expected results and determining what lessons can be learned for future projects.

FATHER'S SONGSA CAMPAIGN SONG OF 1856

-(This is the last of the songs at present at hand which were)-  
 (sung by Grandfather Kneeland. As will be seen, it was )  
 (sung during the Buchanan-Fremont campaign when Fremont was )  
 (the first nominee of the newly (then) organized Republican )  
 (Party for President. Grandfather died on Oct. 7, 1860. )

## 1

Come vote for me, Buchanan says  
 Oh, come and vote for me  
 'Twould be so very charming  
 The President to be  
 I am exceeding fortunate  
 To have no cumbering wife  
 Yet to confess the truth, my friends  
 I lead a lonely life

## First Chorus---

So vote for Buchanan  
 Vote for Buchanan  
 Think of Buchanan  
 As the President, I pray

## 2

Then laborers for ten cents a day  
 Must till your acres broad  
 Now with these noble sentiments  
 I think you do accord

## -----1st Chorus:-

## 3

I thank you, old Buchanan  
 I'm not inclined that way  
 So now this long preamble  
 Is for nothing thrown away  
 No doubt 'twould make you happy  
 In the White House to recline  
 But if you ever do get there  
 'Twill be by no act of mine

## Second Chorus---

But to think of Buchanan  
 That old bach, Buchanan  
 Or to vote for Buchanan--  
 'Twould be shocking to my pride

## 4

Fremont is very liberal  
 I think you are aware  
 He'll give you peace and liberty  
 With bondage dearer far

-(Continued on next page)-



FATHER'S SONGS

A CAMPAIGN SONG OF 1856 -(cont'd)-

Although he's not so aged as you  
 Election Day will tell  
 That he is far more preferable---  
 Buchanan, fare-you-well

Final Chorus---  
 Then, Hurrah for Fremont!  
 Three cheers for Fremont!  
 John Charles Fremont  
 The President shall be---  
 So clear the track, Buchanan  
 Fremont's the man for me

---

-(Father cannot remember the first four lines of the second )-  
 (verse at present so, after waiting several days, I have )  
 (left them blank. Father says that his father, who had )  
 (been a life-long Democrat, was one of those who, tiring of )  
 (its\*policies, went over to the Republican Party upon its )  
 (organization and voted for Fremont. F. E. K. 8/17/16. )

\*Democratic



FATHER'S SONGSAWAY DOWN SOUTH WHERE THE WAR FIRST BEGAN

1

Away down South where the War first began  
 'Twas down at Fort Sumter under Major Anderson  
 He stood by the flag with a heart brave and true  
 He fought like a man for the Red, White and Blue

Chorus---

Then hoist up the flag and long may it wave  
 Over the Union, her honor to save  
 Hoist up the flag and long may it wave  
 Over the Union, boys, the home of the brave

2

There where Secession first started the War  
 They shot down our soldiers in the streets of Baltimore  
 Ellsworth was slain as he tore down the rag  
 The Rebels had raised as a Jeff Davis flag  
 -----Chorus:-

3

Away down at Norfolk we drove the foe back  
 We fought seven hours with the great "Merrimac"  
 Our little "Monitor" went bobbing around  
 She drove her about till she ran her aground  
 -----Chorus:-

4

Next on an Island they called Roanoke  
 Our boys had a battle and they raised a big smoke  
 Our boys fought away to the Rebs great surprise  
 They all ran away after Governor Wise  
 -----Chorus:-

5

Old England's been trying to kick up a fuss  
 She'd better stay at home and not interfere with us  
 For if she comes to fight she will find it no fun  
 She'll get what she got from General Washington  
 -----Chorus:-

6

Our troops are the finest the world ever saw  
 Our men are the finest that ever went to war  
 Our land is the best wherever you may go  
 The boys they are fast and the girls are not slow  
 -----Chorus:-



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...  
...the ... of ...



FATHER'S SONGSDOWN WHERE THE PATRIOT ARMY

## 1

Down where the Patriot Army near Potomac's side  
 Guards the glorious cause of Freedom, gallant Ellsworth died  
 Brave was the noble Chieftain, at his country's call  
 Hastened to the field of battle and was first to fall

Chorus---

Strike, Freeman! for the Union  
 Sheathe your swords no more  
 While in arms remains a traitor  
 On Columbia's shore

## 2

Entering the traitor city with his soldiers true  
 Leading on the Zouave column, fixed became his view  
 See that Rebel Flag is floating o'er yon building tall  
 Boys, said he, his dark eyes glistening  
 Boys, that flag must fall

-----Chorus:--

## 3

Quickly from its proud position that base rag was torn  
 Trampled 'neath the feet of Freeman, circling Ellsworth's form  
 See him bear it down the landing, past the traitor's door  
 Hear him groan--Oh, God! they've shot him! Ellsworth is no

-----Chorus:-- more

## 4

First to fall, our youthful martyr, hapless was thy fate  
 Hasten we as thine avengers from thy native State  
 Speed we on from town and city, not for wealth nor fame  
 But because we love the Union and our Ellsworth's name

-----Chorus:--

## 5

Traitors' hands shall never sunder that for which you died  
 Hear the oaths our lips now utter, thou, our Nation's pride  
 By our hope of yon bright Heaven, By the land we love  
 By the God who reigns above us, we'll avenge thy blood

-----Chorus:--



FATHER'S SONGSTHE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

## 1

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom  
 We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom

Chorus---

The Union forever! Hurrah boys, Hurrah!  
 Down with the traitor! Up with the star!  
 While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom

## 2

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom  
 And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom

-----Chorus:-

## 3

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal true and brave  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom  
 And although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom

-----Chorus:-

## 4

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom  
 And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best  
 Shouting the battle cry of Freedom

-----Chorus:-

SECRET

1

...with the ... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

2

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

... ..  
... ..  
... ..

FATHER'S SONGSWHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

1

When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah! Hurrah  
 We'll give him a hearty welcome then, Hurrah! Hurrah  
 The men will cheer, the boys will shout  
 The ladies they will all turn out  
 And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

2

The old church bell will peal with joy, Hurrah! Hurrah  
 To welcome home our darling boy, Hurrah! Hurrah  
 The village lads and lassies gay, ~~with roses they~~  
 With roses they will strew the way  
 And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

3

Get ready for the Jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah  
 We'll give the hero three times three, Hurrah! Hurrah  
 The laurel wreath is ready now  
 To place upon his loyal brow  
 And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP! THE BOYS ARE MARCHING

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, Mother dear, of you  
 And our bright and happy home so far away  
 And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do  
 Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay

Chorus---

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! the boys are marching  
 Cheer up, comrades, they will come  
 And beneath the starry flag, we shall breathe the air again  
 Of the free land in our own beloved home

2

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest charge they  
 And they swept us off a hundred men or more made  
 But before we reached their lines, they were beaten back, dis-  
 And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er mayed

-----Chorus:-

3

So, within the prison cell, we are waiting for the day  
 That shall come to open wide the iron door  
 And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay  
 As we think of seeing home and friends once more

-----Chorus:-

THE FIRST CHAPTER

It was a fine day, and the sun was shining brightly. The birds were singing, and the flowers were in bloom. The children were playing in the garden, and the old man was sitting on the bench, looking at them with a smile.

The old man was a kind and gentle soul. He had lived a long and full life, and he was now enjoying the fruits of his labor. He was a good man, and he was loved by all who knew him.

One day, when he was walking in the garden, he saw a small boy who was crying. He went over to him and asked what was wrong. The boy told him that he had lost his mother, and the old man took him home and cared for him.

THE SECOND CHAPTER

In the second chapter, the old man and the boy were walking in the garden. The boy was telling him about his mother, and the old man was listening to him with a sympathetic ear.

The old man was a very kind man, and he was always ready to help others. He was a good man, and he was loved by all who knew him.

The old man was a very kind man, and he was always ready to help others. He was a good man, and he was loved by all who knew him.

The old man was a very kind man, and he was always ready to help others. He was a good man, and he was loved by all who knew him.



FATHER'S SONGSMARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

## 1

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song  
 Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along  
 Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong  
 While we were marching through Georgia

Chorus---

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!  
 So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea  
 While we were marching through Georgia

## 2

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound  
 How the turkeys gobbled that our commissary found  
 How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground  
 While we were marching through Georgia  
 -----Chorus:-

## 3

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears  
 When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years  
 Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers  
 While we were marching through Georgia  
 -----Chorus:-

## 4

Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast  
 So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast  
 Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with their host  
 While we were marching through Georgia  
 -----Chorus:-

## 5

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train  
 Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main  
 Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain  
 While we were marching through Georgia  
 -----Chorus:-

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

1

During the past year, the Department has been very busy in carrying out its various duties. It has been particularly active in the field of international relations, and has been successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world.

One of the most important of these duties has been the maintenance of the peace. It has been necessary to take prompt action in many cases, and it has been successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world.

2

The Department has also been very active in the field of domestic relations. It has been particularly successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world. It has been necessary to take prompt action in many cases, and it has been successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world.

3

One of the most important of these duties has been the maintenance of the peace. It has been necessary to take prompt action in many cases, and it has been successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world. It has been particularly active in the field of international relations, and has been successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world.

4

The Department has also been very active in the field of domestic relations. It has been particularly successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world. It has been necessary to take prompt action in many cases, and it has been successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world.

5

One of the most important of these duties has been the maintenance of the peace. It has been necessary to take prompt action in many cases, and it has been successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world. It has been particularly active in the field of international relations, and has been successful in securing the cooperation of many of the leading nations of the world.



FATHER'S SONGSSHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

## 1

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains  
 That frowned on the river below  
 As we stood by our guns in the morning  
 And eagerly watched for the foe  
 When a rider rode out from the darkness  
 That hung over river and tree  
 And shouted, Boys, Up! and be ready  
 For Sherman will march to the sea

## 2

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman  
 Went up from each valley and glen  
 And the bugles re-echoed the chorus  
 That came from the lips of the men  
 For we knew that the stars on our banner  
 More bright in their splendor would be  
 And that blessings from Northland would greet us  
 When Sherman marched down to the sea

## 3

Then forward, boys! forward to glory  
 We marched on our wearisome way  
 We stormed the wild hills of Resaca  
 God bless those who fell on that day  
 But we paused not to weep for the fallen  
 Who slept by each river and tree  
 Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel  
 As Sherman marched down to the sea

## 4

Still onward we pressed till our banners  
 Swept out through Atlanta's grim walls  
 And the blood of the Patriot dampens  
 The soil where the traitors' flag falls  
 Then Kennesaw, dark in its glory  
 Frowned down on the Flag of the Free  
 But the East and the West bore our standards  
 So Sherman marched down to the sea

## 5

Proud, proud was our Army that morning  
 That stood where the pine proudly towers  
 When Sherman said, Boys! you are weary  
 This day fair Savannah is ours  
 Then sang we a song for our Chieftain  
 That echoed o'er river and lea  
 And the stars on our banner shone brighter  
 When Sherman marched down to the sea

-(The last four lines of the third and fourth verses should be)-  
 {transposed---the third to the fourth and the fourth to the }  
 {third. }

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FIELD

1

1. The first line of the first verse should be  
transposed--the third to the fourth and the fourth to the  
first. The second line of the first verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The third line of the first verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The fourth line of the first verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first.

2

2. The second line of the second verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The third line of the second verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The fourth line of the second verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The fifth line of the second verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first.

3

3. The third line of the third verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The fourth line of the third verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The fifth line of the third verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The sixth line of the third verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first.

4

4. The fourth line of the fourth verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The fifth line of the fourth verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The sixth line of the fourth verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The seventh line of the fourth verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first.

5

5. The fifth line of the fifth verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The sixth line of the fifth verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The seventh line of the fifth verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first. The eighth line of the fifth verse should be  
transposed--the first to the second and the second to the  
first.

FATHER'S SONGSTHE FADED COAT OF BLUE

## 1

My brave lad, he sleeps in his faded coat of blue  
 In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so  
 He sank faint and hungry among the famished brave true  
 And they laid him sad and lonely within his nameless  
 grave

## Chorus---

No more the bugle calls the weary one  
 Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown  
 I'll find you, and know you, among the good and true  
 When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue

## 2

He cried, give me water and just a little crumb  
 And my mother she will bless you thro' all the years to  
 And tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true, come  
 That I'll meet her up in Heaven, in my faded coat of blue  
 -----Chorus:-

## 3

Long, long years have vanished, and though he comes no more  
 Yet my heart will startling beat with each foot-fall at  
 I gaze o'er the hill where he waved a last adieu, my door  
 But no gallant lad I see in his faded coat of blue  
 -----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSJUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

1

Just before the battle, mother, I am thinking most of you  
 While upon the field we're watching, with the enemy in view  
 Comrades brave are 'round me lying, filled with thoughts of home  
 For well they know that on the morrow some will sleep/ and God  
 beneath the sod

Chorus---

Farewell, mother, you may never, you may never, mother  
 Press me to your heart again  
 But Oh, you'll not forget me, mother, you will not forget me  
 If I'm numbered with the slain

2

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding, 'Tis the signal for the fight  
 Now may God protect us, mother, as he ever does the right  
 Hear the battle-cry of "Freedom", How it swells upon the air  
 Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard, or we'll perish nobly  
 -----Chorus:- /there

Break it gently to my mother

1

See! Ere the sun sinks behind these hills  
 Ere darkness the earth doth cover  
 You will lay me low in the cold damp ground  
 Break it gently to my mother

Chorus---

Good-bye, my mother, ever dear  
 Sister, you loved your brother  
 Comrades, I take a last farewell  
 Break it gently to my mother

2

My sister, playmate of boyhood years  
 Will lament her fallen brother  
 She must try to soothe her parents woe  
 Break it gently to my mother

-----Chorus:-

3

Oh, say that in battle I nobly died  
 For Right and our country's Honor  
 Like the reapers grain fell the leaden rain  
 Yet God saved our Starry Banner

-----Chorus:-

1.

1940-1941

5



FATHER'S SONGSTHE DYING SOLDIER

1

The sun was sinking in the west but fell with lingering rays  
 Thro' the branches of a forest where a dying soldier lay  
 In the shade of the palmetto, 'neath a sultry southern sky  
 Far from his loved New England home they laid him down to die

2

A group had gathered round him, his comrades in the fight  
 And the tears rolled down each manly cheek as they said their  
 One, a dear friend and companion was kneeling /last goodnight  
 Trying to stay the life blood's flow /by his side  
 /but alas! in vain he

3

And his heart filled with deep anguish as he saw that it was /tried  
 And upon his loved companion the tears fell down like /vain  
 Harry, spoke the dying soldier, Harry, weep no more /rain  
 I am crossing the dark river, but beyond they all /for me  
 /are free

4

Listen, comrades, gather round me, listen to the words I say  
 I've a story I would tell you ere my soul shall pass away  
 Far away in dear New England, in the old Pine Tree State  
 There is one who for my coming with a saddened heart will wait

5

A fair young girl, my sister, my blessing and my pride  
 My love and care from boyhood for I had none beside  
 I've no mother, she is sleeping beneath the churchyard sod  
 It is many, many years since her spirit went to God

6

I've no father, he is sleeping beneath the cold dark sea  
 I've no brothers, I've no sisters, there was only Nell and me  
 I have loved her as a brother and with a father's care  
 I have tried from grief and sorrow her gentle heart to spare

7

When our country was in danger and they called for volunteers  
 She threw her arms around me and bursting into tears  
 Whispered, go, my darling brother, drive the traitors from our /shore  
 Though my heart will need thy presence, thy country needs /thee more

8

And tho' my heart seems breaking I will not bid thee stay  
 But here in our old homestead I will wait thee day by day  
 Now my brothers, I am dying, I shall never see her more  
 She will vainly wait my coming at the little cottage door

9

Listen, comrades, stand up nearer, listen to my dying prayer  
 Who will be to her a brother, shield her with a father's care  
 Then the soldiers spoke together, like one voice it seemed, to  
 She shall be to us a sister, we'll protect her one and /fall  
 /all





FATHER'S SONGSTHE DYING SOLDIER---(cent'd)-

10

A smile radiant in its brightness a halo o'er him shed  
 A quick convulsive shudder and the soldier boy was dead  
 By the waves of the Potomac they have laid him down to rest  
 With his knapsack for a pillow and his rifle on his ~~rest~~ breast

---

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

1

Why am I so weak and weary--See how short my breath  
 All around to me seems darkness-Tell me, comrades,Is this  
 Ah! well I knew your answer-To my fate I'll meekly bow /death  
 If you'll only tell me truly-Who will care for mother now

Chorus---

Soon with angels I'll be marching  
 With bright laurels on my brow  
 I have for my country fallen  
 Who will care for mother now

2

Who will comfort her in sorrow-Who will dry the falling tear  
 Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead-Who will whisper words of  
 Even now I think I see her kneeling, praying for me, how /cheer  
 Can I leave her in her anguish-Who will care for mother now  
 -----Chorus:-

3

Let this knapsack be my pillow and my mantle be the sky  
 Hasten, comrades, to the battle-I will like a soldier die  
 Soon with angels I'll be marching, with bright laurels on my  
 I have for my country fallen-Who will care for mother /brow  
 -----Chorus:- /now

SECRET

1. The purpose of this document is to provide a basis for the development of a policy for the control of the use of the word "SECRET". It is the policy of the Department of Defense that the word "SECRET" shall be used only in connection with information the disclosure of which would be injurious to the national defense.

2. THE POLICY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

3.

4. The word "SECRET" shall be used only in connection with information the disclosure of which would be injurious to the national defense. It shall be used only in connection with information the disclosure of which would be injurious to the national defense.

5. The word "SECRET" shall be used only in connection with information the disclosure of which would be injurious to the national defense. It shall be used only in connection with information the disclosure of which would be injurious to the national defense.

6.

7. The word "SECRET" shall be used only in connection with information the disclosure of which would be injurious to the national defense. It shall be used only in connection with information the disclosure of which would be injurious to the national defense.

8.

9. The word "SECRET" shall be used only in connection with information the disclosure of which would be injurious to the national defense. It shall be used only in connection with information the disclosure of which would be injurious to the national defense.

FATHER'S SONGSDON'T YOU SEE THE BLACK CLOUDS?

## 1

Don't you see the black clouds rising over yonder  
 Where Massa's old plantation am  
 Oh, no, you is mistaken, that am only darkeys  
 Gwine to go and fight for Uncle Sam

Chorus---

Look out, dar, now, for I'se a gwine to shoot  
 Look out, dar, don't you understand  
 Babylon is fallen, Babylon is fallen  
 And we'se a gwine to occupy the land

## 2

Don't you see the lightning flashing in the cane-brake  
 Like as if we'se gwine to have a storm  
 Never you be frightened, that's the darkeys' bayonets  
 And the buttons on the uniform

-----Chorus:-

## 3

Way up in the corn-field where you hear the thunder  
 That am our old forty-pounder gun  
 Oh, when we shall miss him then we'll load with pumpkin  
 Just the same to make the coward run

-----Chorus:-

## 4

Massa's been a colonel in the rebel army  
 Eber since he went and runned away  
 But he loves the darkeys, they have been a-watching  
 And they took him prisoner t'other'day

-----Chorus:-

## 5

We will be the Massa, he will be the servant  
 Try 'im how he like it for awhile  
 So we crack the butternut, so we take the kernel  
 So we can and carry back the shell

-----Chorus:-

---

-(The above is pretty badly mutilated! The last line should )-  
 (read:- "So de cannon carry back de shell"! The correct ver- )  
 (sion appears on Pages 8 and 9 of "War Songs" under the title )  
 ("Babylon is Fallen"! I have no paper for re-copying! )

1-1-1947

( "Lillian is Lillian! I have no paper for re-copying!  
( also appears on pages 1 and 2 of "War Tones" under the title  
( "Song:-" So do common carry back the shell!" The correct ver-  
( -("The above is pretty badly mutilated! The last line would

FATHER'S SONGSKINGDOM COMING

## 1

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa  
 Wid de muffstas on his face  
 Go long de road some time dis mornin'  
 Like he gwine to leab de place  
 He seen a smoke, way up de ribber  
 Whar de Linkum gunboats lay  
 He took his hat, and lef berry sudden  
 An' I specs he's runned away

Chorus---

De massa run, ha! ha!  
 De darkeys stay, ho! ho!  
 It mus' be now de kingdom coming  
 An' de year ob Ju-bi-le!

## 2

He's six foot one way, two foot tudder  
 An' he weigh tree hundred pound  
 His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor  
 An' it won 't go half way round  
 He drill so much dey call him Cap'n  
 An' he get so drefful tanned  
 I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees  
 Make 'em think he's contraband

-----Chorus:-

## 3

De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing  
 In de log-house on de lawn  
 Dey move dere tings to massa's parlor  
 For to keep it while he's gone  
 Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen  
 An' de darkeys dey'll hab some  
 I spose dey'll all be confiscated  
 When de Linkum sojers come

-----Chorus:-

## 4

De oberseer he make us trouble  
 An' he dribe us round a spell  
 We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar  
 Wid de key trown in de well  
 De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken  
 But de massa'll hab his pay  
 He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better  
 Dan to went an' run away

-----Chorus:-





FATHER'S SONGSFORT WASHINGTON

-(This song is copied as written off for F.E.K. by AmesStaples,  
(in Waltham, Mass., in the late "eighties", just a short time  
(before Ames came to Searsport to die.)

## 1

On the banks of the Potomac  
And at old Fort Washington  
There's a company of Coast Guards raised  
That's from the State of Maine  
They had lived so long on bread and fat  
That they were nearly all played out  
So they raised a squad one Saturday night  
To clean the sutler out

## 2

There was W. Barnes and Harvie  
Some thirty-two in all  
And Warback led the company  
As they crept along the wall  
It was between Post two and three  
Just over the arbor tree  
The night was dark and dreary  
And the sentinels couldn't see

## 3

Be easy, now, said Harvie, ~~ax~~  
As we cautiously did creep  
Oh, damn the odds! said Richardson  
Old Belmont is asleep  
For as we passed Post two and three  
Not a sound was heard  
And until we reached the sutler's shop  
There was no man that spoke a word

## 4

Wex/ halt here, said Warback,  
While I give the shop a rap  
And if the sutler is within  
He'll surely smell the rat  
So he hit the shop a rap or two  
And then retreated back  
But nothing could be heard  
Except the scampering of the cat

## 5

It's all right, said Warback  
And we all stepped up again  
We quickly ripped off a board or two  
And piled and tumbled in  
We played the game so shrilly  
So quiet and so still  
Till Macey grabbed the walnut bag  
And threw it o'er the hill



1. The following information was obtained from the file of the FBI on the subject of the above captioned matter:

FATHER'S SONGSFORT WASHINGTON---(cont'd)

[The company of Coast Guards which "cleaned the sutler out" )  
 (was raised in Belfast and was composed of men from that and)  
 (surrounding towns. The men referred to and particularly )  
 ("Bill" are well known to their old-time comrades who survive)

6

Then 'twas hither, there and yonder  
 The boxes they did fly  
 The barrels flew so very thick  
 That you couldn't see the sky  
 Each man was true as any steel  
 So fearless, bold and stout  
 So we all went in our bigness  
 Till we cleaned the sutler out

7

'Twas then for our quarters  
 We all did march again  
 We marched in a true Indian file  
 Returning home from game  
 We filed off to our quarters  
 And into our bunks did turn  
 And laid there till the sun was up  
 And turned out at roll-call

8

The Captain standing in front of the ranks  
 Said he, I understand  
 That you have made a raid on Mackey's shop  
 And I'll give to any man  
 Who will tell to me the guilty ones  
 Or hint so that I may know  
 Some twenty-five in green-backs  
 And a thirty days furlough

9

A corporal from Belfast  
 I mention not his name - ("Bill" Dyer. F.E.K.)-  
 But he's noted as the meanest man  
 That ever came from Maine  
 Said he, I'm on the track of them  
 And I'll tell to you all I know  
 So count me out my greenbacks  
 And insure me my furlough

10

And so the story was let out  
 And told of us so bold  
 Some thirty-five we had to pay  
 In greenbacks or in gold  
 But we thought we'd got our money's worth  
 Besides our fun also  
 And "Bill" ai'n't got his greenbacks yet  
 Nor thirty days furlough



FATHER'S SONGSFORT WASHINGTON---(cent'd)

11

Come all ye Coast Guard soldiers bold  
 Wherever you belong  
 Ne'er list to a tin-peddler\*  
 For he'll surely lead you wrong  
 He'll enlist you all as battery boys  
 And ere you smell the rat  
 He'll take you to Fort Washington  
 To live on bread and fat

-( \*The Captain. He had organized the regiment, giving its members to understand that as Coast or Home Guards their term of service would be spent at "The Battery" just below Belfast. After they had signed their enlistment papers and taken the necessary oath they found, too late, -(for some of them at least) that a "Coast Guard" had to go where he was ordered---and this particular contingent was ordered to the banks of the Potomac to help garrison Fort Washington, where some of them thought the "grub" wasn't all that it ought to be. Hence this plaint and the raid on the sutler's shop. Father cannot remember the Captain's name.)

NICODEMUS THE SLAVE

-( "Nicodemus, The Slave" was an historical personage whom the Negroes, at least, credited with the gift of prophecy. It was claimed that he foretold many of the most important events of the Civil War. )

1

Nicodemus, The Slave, was of African birth  
 And was bought for a bag full of gold  
 He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth  
 Though he died years ago, very old  
 'Twas his last sad request so we laid him away  
 In the trunk of an old hollow tree  
 Wake me up, was his charge, at the first break of day  
 Wake me up for the great Jubilee

Chorus---

There's a good time coming, it's almost here  
 'Twas long, long, long on the way  
 So go and tell 'Lijah to hurry up Pomp  
 And meet us by the gum-tree down in the swamp  
 To wake Nicodemus today

-(Continued on next page)-





FATHER'S SONGSNICODEMUS THE SLAVE-(cont'd)

2

He was known as a prophet, at least was as wise  
 For he told of the battles to come  
 And we trembled with dread when he rolled up his eyes  
 And we heeded the shake of his thumb  
 Though he clothed us with fear yet the garments he wore  
 Were in patches at elbow and knee  
 And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore  
 As he sleeps 'neath the old hollow tree'

-----Chorus:-

THE CAPTAIN WITH THE WHISKERS

1

As they marched through the town with their banners so gay  
 I ran to the window to hear the band play  
 I peeped through the blinds very cautiously then  
 Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at men  
 Oh, I heard the drums beat and the music so sweet  
 But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat  
 The troop was the finest I ever did see  
 And the captain with the whiskers took a sly glance at me

2

When we met at the ball I of course thought it was right  
 To pretend that we never had met till that night  
 But he knew me at once I could tell by his glance  
 And I hung down my head when he asked me to dance  
 Then the sweet words he spoke I ne'er shall forget

For my heart was enlisted and could not get free  
 As the captain with the whiskers took a sly glance at me

3

But he marched from the town and I see him no more  
 Yet I think of him often and the whiskers he wore  
 I dream all the night and I think all the day  
 Of the love of a captain who went far away  
 I remember with super-abundant delight  
 When we met in the street and danced all the night  
 And keep in my mind how my heart jumped with glee  
 When the Captain with the Whiskers took a sly glance at me

-(Father and Mother first heard this song at a show at Union )-  
 (Hall, Searsport, in the late "sixties"---probably in 1868. )

-There/ is a line lacking from the second verse-





FATHER'S SONGSHOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE

1

Come listen all unto my song  
 It is no silly fable  
 'Tis all about the mighty cord  
 They call the Atlantic Cable

2

Bold Cyrus Field he said, said he  
 I have a pretty notion  
 That I can run a telegraph  
 Across the Atlantic Ocean

3

Then all the people laughed and said  
 They'd like to see him do it  
 He might get "half seas over" but  
 He never could go through it

4

To carry out his foolish plan  
 He never would be able  
 He might as well go hang himself  
 With his Atlantic Cable

5

But Cyrus was a valiant man  
 A fellow of decision  
 And heeded not their mocking words  
 Their laughter and derision

6

Twice did his bravest efforts fail  
 And yet his mind was stable  
 He wa'n't the man to break his heart  
 Because he broke his cable

7

Once more, my gallant boys! he cried  
 Three times---You know the fable  
 I'll make it thirty, muttered he  
 But I will lay this cable

8

Once more they tried--Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 What means this great commotion  
 The Lord be praised! the cable's laid  
 Across the Atlantic Ocean

9

Loud ring the bells---for flashing through  
 Six hundred leagues of water  
 Old Mother England's benison  
 Salutes her eldest daughter

THE FIRST PART

Some of the things that I have seen  
in the world are very strange  
and I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.

One of the things that I have seen  
is a very strange thing  
that I have never seen before.  
I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.

There are many things that I have seen  
that I have never seen before.  
I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.

I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.  
I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.

I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.  
I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.

I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.  
I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.

I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.  
I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.

I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.  
I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.

I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.  
I have seen many things  
that I have never seen before.

FATHER'S SONGSHOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE---(cont'd)

10

O'er all the land the tidings speed  
 And soon in every nation  
 They'll hear about the cable with  
 Profoundest admiration

11

Now long live James and long live Vic  
 And long live gallant Cyrus  
 And may his courage, faith and zeal  
 With emulation fire us

12

And may we honor evermore  
 The manly, bold and stable  
 And tell our sons, to make them brave  
 How Cyrus laid the cable

-(The above is sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle")-  
 (Congratulatory messages were exchanged over the cable which)-  
 (was first stretched across the Atlantic in 1858, but which ),  
 (soon became useless. After several unsuccessful attempts )  
 (a permanently successful cable was laid by the "Great East-  
 ern" in the summer of 1866.)

---



FATHER'S SONGSTHE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME

-(Father and Mother first heard this sung at a show at Union )-  
 (Hall, Searsport, in the late "sixties"---probably in 1868. ).

## 1

In sad despair I wander  
 My heart is filled with woe  
 When o'er my griefs I ponder  
 What to do I do not know  
 For cruel Fate has on me frowned  
 And the trouble seems to be  
 There's another fellow in this town  
 That's just the image of me

Chorus---

Oh, wouldn't I like to catch him  
 Whoever he may be  
 Wouldn't I give him particular fits  
 This fellow that looks like me

## 2

With a lady fair I started  
 To Central Park to go  
 When I was met by a man in a rage  
 Saying, Pay this bill you owe  
 In vain I said, I owe you not  
 He would not let me free  
 Till a crowd came round and the bill I paid  
 For the fellow that looks like me

-----Chorus:-

## 3

One night as I was walking  
 Through a narrow street up town  
 I was stopped by a man in a rage  
 Saying, I've caught you, Mr. Brown  
 You know my daughter you have wronged  
 Though his girl I never did see  
 He beat me till I was black and blue  
 For the fellow that looks like me

-----Chorus:-

## 4

One night as I sat sparking  
 With a girl as dear as life  
 Another lady dropping in  
 Said, Brown, how is your wife  
 In vain I said, I'm a single man  
 Though married I'd like to be  
 They called me a swindler and kicked me out  
 For the fellow that looks like me

-----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSTHE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME---(cont'd)

5

The other night I went to a ball  
 And was just enjoying the sport  
 When a policeman grabbed me by the arm  
 - Saying, you're wanted down at Court  
 You've escaped us twice but now this time  
 We'll see that you don't get free  
 So I was arrested, dragged to jail  
 For the fellow that looks like me

-----Chorus:-

6

I was tried, found guilty  
 And about to be taken down  
 When another policeman then brought in  
 The right man, Mr. Brown  
 They set me free and locked him up  
 Oh, he was a sight to see  
 The worst looking wretch that ever I saw  
 Was the fellow that looks like me

-----Chorus:-

-(The third line of the second verse should read:- "When I )-  
 (was accosted by a man" instead of as given above. )-





FATHER'S SONGSTHE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW I MET ON THE TRAIN

-(Father and Mother first learned this at about the end of )-  
 (the Civil War---in '64 or '5. )

## 1

I live in Vermont and one morning last summer  
 A letter informed me my uncle was dead  
 And also requested I'd come up to Boston  
 As he had left me a large sum of money, it said  
 Of course I determined on making the journey  
 And to book myself by the first-class I was fain  
 Though had I gone second I ne'er should encountered  
 The charming young widow I met on the train

## 2

Yes, scarce was I seated within the compartment  
 Before a fresh passenger entered the door  
 'Twas a female, a young one, and dressed in deep mourning  
 An infant in long clothes she gracefully bore  
 A white cap surrounded a face, Oh, so lovely  
 I never shall look on one like it again  
 I fell deep in love, over-head, in a moment  
 With the charming young widow I met on the train

## 3

The widow and I side by side sat together  
 The carriage containing ourselves and no more  
 When silence was broken by my fair companion  
 Who inquired the time by the watch that I wore  
 I of course satisfied her and then conversation  
 Was freely indulged in by both till my brain  
 Fairly reeled with excitement, I grew so enchanted  
 With the charming young widow I met on the train

## 4

We became so familiar I ventured to ask her  
 How old was the child that she held at her breast  
 Ah! sir! she responded and into tears bursted  
 Her infant still closer convulsively pressed  
 When I think of my child I am well-nigh distracted  
 Its father, my husband, Oh, my heart bursts with pain  
 She, choking with sobs, leaned her head on my shoulder  
 Did the charming young widow I met on the train

-(Continued on next page)-



FATHER'S SONGSTHE CHARMING YOUNG WIDOW I MET ON THE TRAIN---(cont'd)-

5

By this time the train had arrived at a station  
 Within a few miles of the great one in town  
 When my charmer exclaimed, as she looked through the window  
 Good gracious alive! Why, there goes Mr. Brown  
 He's my late husband's brother, dear sir, would you kindly  
 My best-beloved child for a moment sustain  
 Of course I complied, then off on the platform  
 Tripped the charming young widow I met on the train

6

Three minutes elapsed, when the guard's whistle sounded  
 The train began moving, no widow appeared  
 I bawled out-Stop! Stop!-but he paid no attention  
 With a snort and a jerk starting off, as I feared  
 In this horrid dilemma I sought for the hour  
 But my watch! Where was it? Where was my chain?  
 My purse and my ticket, gold pencil-case, all gone  
 Oh, that artful young widow I met on the train

7

While I was my loss thus so deeply bewailing  
 The train again stopped and I "Tickets, please" heard  
 So I told the conductor, while dangling the infant  
 The loss I'd sustained, but he doubted my word  
 He called more officials, a lot gathered round me  
 Uncovered the child, Oh, how shall I explain  
 For, Behold! 'Twas no infant, 'twas only a dummy  
 Oh, that crafty young widow I met on the train

8

Satisfied I'd been robbed, they allowed my departure  
 Though of course I'd to settle my fare the next day  
 And now I wish to counsel young men from the country  
 Lest they should get served in a similar way  
 Beware of young widows you meet on the railway  
 Who lean on your shoulder, whose tears fall like rain  
 Look out for your pockets in case they resemble  
 The charming young widow I met on the train



FATHER'S SONGSNOW MOSES, DON'T TOUCH IT

## 1

Now Moses, come tell me what you were a-doin'  
 Off there in the pantry so still and so sly  
 Full well do I know there is mischief a-brewing  
 Ah, that's what you're after--a whole cherry pie  
 Stop! Stop! You are taking the last of my baking  
 The very last pie I had on the shelf  
 If ever one did, you deserve a good shaking  
 And I have a notion to try it myself

Chorus---

Now Moses, don't touch it  
 Now Moses, you'll catch it  
 Now Moses, you mind what I say  
 'Tis thus without stopping  
 The music is dropping  
 For night after night and for day after day

## 2

Now Moses, what makes you so strange and forgetful  
 Why is it you heed what I tell you no more  
 Just look at your picture, who would not be fretful  
 Your great muddy boots on my clean kitchen floor  
 Now you are smoking, Oh, dear, how provoking  
 To torment and tease me, it is your desire  
 I'll throw your old meerschaum, Indeed! I'm not joking  
 I'll throw your old meerschaum right into the fire  
 -----Chorus:--

## 3

Now Moses, come let us live pleasant and happy  
 We must not in future lead such a sad life  
 Come, be my dear, noble husband forever  
 And I'll be forever your sweet loving wife  
 Oh, no one supposes that life is all roses  
 But really I think so--But now I declare  
 You rascal, you villain, you stupid thing, Moses  
 You've left your old curry-comb right in my chair  
 -----Chorus:--

-(Father first learned the above one winter in the late "six")-  
 (ties)---probably that of 1867-8---when he was teaching ei- )  
 (ther on the southern end of Cape Jellison or at Lowder Brook)







FATHER'S SONGSTHE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

- (Father and Mother learned this of Elva Partridge\* before )-  
 (the Civil War. Partridge\* was later Father's tent-mate in )  
 (the Army. Father says that but for him he (Father) would )  
 (have died-prior to his going to the hospital with typhoid )

1

There's a yellow rose in Texas  
 That I am going to see  
 No other darkey knows her  
 No darkey only me  
 She cried so when I left her  
 It like to broke my heart  
 And if I ever find her  
 We never more shall part

Chorus---

She's the sweetest rose of color  
 This darkey ever knew  
 Her eyes are like the diamonds  
 And they sparkle like the dew  
 You may talk about your dearest May  
 And sing of Rosa-lie  
 But the Yellow Rose of Texas  
 Beats the belles of Tennessee

2

Where the Rio Grande is flowing  
 And the stars are shining bright  
 We walked along the river  
 On a quiet summer's night  
 Methinks if I remember  
 When we parted long ago  
 I promised to come back again  
 And not to leave her so

-----Chorus:-

3

Yes, and I'm going to find her  
 For my heart is filled with woe  
 We'll sing the songs together  
 We sang so long ago  
 We'll play them on the banjo  
 And sing the songs of yore  
 And the Yellow Rose of Texas  
 Shall be mine forevermore

-----Chorus:-

---

- (\*He was Amos Partridge's son and lived over across the brook )  
 (from Grandfather Crockett's. Mother says that the Part- )  
 (ridges and Crocketts were as much at home in one house as )  
 (the other. )



FATHER'S SONGSYOUNG CHARLOTTE

- (This song is said to describe an actual occurrence. Mother ) -  
 (learned it in 1861 or 2, before Father went into the Army, )  
 (from Charles Watts and Martha Partridge, son and daughter )  
 (of Park. Watts and Josiah Partridge, both of whom at that )  
 (time lived in "Blanket Lane", Prospect, the first in the )  
 (big stone house across from Prospect Marsh Cemetery. Chas. )  
 (Watts was the father of Annie Watts, now the wife of Ira M. )  
 (Cobe, who in recent years has built the great "summer cot- )  
 (tage" on what he calls "Hillside Farm" at Northport. After )  
 (Watts moved away from the stone house in "Blanket Lane" it )  
 (was bought by William Clark, husband of Mother's cousin, )  
 (Hannah Jane Crockett, -(Uncle Jonathan's daughter)-. She )  
 (died there. It is now owned and occupied by Isaac Cummings )  
 (one of the present generation of a family which has long )  
 (made "Blanket Lane" its abode. )

## 1

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain-side  
 In a lone and dreary spot  
 No dwelling was for miles around  
 Except her Father's cot  
 Yet on many a cold and wintry night  
 Young friends would gather there  
 For her father kept a social abode  
 And she was very fair

## 2

He loved to see his daughter dress  
 As fair as a city belle  
 For she was the only child he had  
 And he loved that daughter well  
 'Twas New Year's eve, the sun went down  
 She sat with restless eye  
 Gazing from the window forth  
 As the merry sleighs passed by

## 3

In a village just fifteen miles from there  
 Is a merry ball tonight  
 Although the air is cold and chill  
 Their hearts are warm and light  
 And still she sat with restless eye  
 Till a well-known voice she heard  
 Driving up to the cottage door  
 Young Charles's sleigh appeared



FATHER'S SONGSYOUNG CHARLOTTE---(cont'd)

4

Charlotte, dear, her mother said  
 This blanket 'round you fold  
 For it is a tedious night without  
 And you'll get your death of cold  
 Oh, No! fair Charlotte said  
 And she laughed like a Gypsy queen  
 To ride in blankets muffled up  
 I never could be seen

5

My silken coat is quite enough  
 All lined, you know, throughout  
 Besides, I have a silken scarf  
 To tie my neck about  
 Her gloves and bonnet being on  
 She jumped into the sleigh  
 And away they ride by the mountain-side  
 And o'er the hills away

6

There's music in the ringing air  
 As o'er the hills they go  
 What a squeaking noise the runners make  
 As they cut the frozen snow  
 And still they ride by the mountain-side  
 Till five miles are rode past  
 And Charles with these few frozen words  
 The silence broke at last

7

Such a night as this I never knew  
 The reins I can scarcely hold  
 And Charlotte said in a feeble voice  
 I am very, very cold  
 Charles cracked his whip and urged his steed  
 Much faster than before  
 And still they ride on the mountain-side  
 Till ten miles were rode o'er

- (Continued on next page)-



FATHER'S SONGSYOUNG CHARLOTTE---(cont'd)

8

How fast the frozen snow  
 It gathers on my brow  
 And Charlotte said in a feeble voice  
 I'm growing warmer now  
 And still they ride through the frozen air  
 And in the clear star-light  
 Until they reached the Village Inn  
 And the ball-room was in sight

9

Then Charlie quickly jumping out  
 He gave his hand to her  
 Why sit you there like a monument  
 Which hath not power to stir?  
 He asked her once, he asked her twice  
 And still she never stirred  
 He asked her for her hand again  
 And yet she never moved

10

He threw his arms around her neck  
 And bitter tears did flow  
 He said-My young intended bride  
 I nevermore shall know  
 He threw his arms around her neck  
 And kissed her marble brow  
 His thoughts went back to the place where she said  
 I'm growing warmer now

11

They bore her out into the ~~night~~ sleigh  
 And with her he drove home  
 And when they reached the cottage door  
 Her parents grieved and mourned  
 They mourned the loss of their daughter dear  
 And Charles mourned o'er his doom  
 Until with grief his heart did break  
 And they slumber in one tomb





FATHER'S SONGSBINGEN ON THE RHINE

## 1

A soldier of the Legion  
 Lay dying in Algiers  
 There was lack of woman's nursing  
 There was dearth of woman's tears  
 But a comrade stood beside him  
 While his life-blood ebbed away  
 And bent, with pitying glances  
 To hear what he might say

## 2

The dying soldier faltered  
 As he took that comrade's hand  
 And he said, I never more shall see  
 My own, my native land  
 Take a message and a token  
 To some distant friends of mine  
 For I was born at Bingen  
 At Bingen on the Rhine

## 3

Tell my brothers and companions  
 When they meet and crowd around  
 To hear my mournful story  
 In the pleasant vineyard ground  
 That we fought the battle bravely  
 And when the day was done  
 Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale  
 Beneath the setting sun

## 4

And midst the dead and dying  
 Were some grown old in wars  
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts  
 The last of many scars  
 But some were young and suddenly  
 Beheld Life's morn decline  
 And one had come from Bingen  
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine

## 5

Tell my mother that her other sons  
 Shall comfort her old age  
 For I was aye a truant bird  
 That thought his home a cage  
 For my father was a soldier  
 And even as a child  
 My heart leaped forth to hear him  
 Tell of struggles fierce and wild

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1

And when the sun is shining  
And the birds are singing  
And the flowers are blooming  
And the children are playing  
And the world is so bright  
And the heart is so light  
And the soul is so free  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet

2

And when the sun is shining  
And the birds are singing  
And the flowers are blooming  
And the children are playing  
And the world is so bright  
And the heart is so light  
And the soul is so free  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet

3

And when the sun is shining  
And the birds are singing  
And the flowers are blooming  
And the children are playing  
And the world is so bright  
And the heart is so light  
And the soul is so free  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet

4

And when the sun is shining  
And the birds are singing  
And the flowers are blooming  
And the children are playing  
And the world is so bright  
And the heart is so light  
And the soul is so free  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet

5

And when the sun is shining  
And the birds are singing  
And the flowers are blooming  
And the children are playing  
And the world is so bright  
And the heart is so light  
And the soul is so free  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet  
And the love is so true  
And the life is so sweet  
And the death is so sweet  
And the end is so sweet  
And the beginning is so sweet  
And the middle is so sweet  
And the whole is so sweet

FATHER'S SONGSBINGEN ON THE RHINE---(cont't)

6

And when he died and left us  
 To divide his scanty hoard  
 I let them take whate'er they would  
 But kept my father's sword  
 And with boyish love I hung it  
 Where the bright light used to shine  
 On the cottage wall at Bingen  
 Calm Bingen on the Rhine

7

Tell my sister not to weep for me  
 Nor sob with drooping head  
 When the troops are marching home again  
 With firm and gallant tread  
 But to look upon them proudly  
 With a calm and steadfast eye  
 For her brother was a soldier, too  
 And not afraid to die

8

And if a comrade seek her love  
 I ask her in my name  
 To listen to him kindly  
 Without regret or shame  
 And to hang the old sword in its place  
 (My father's sword and mine)  
 For the honor of old Bingen  
 Dear Bingen on the Rhine

9

There's another, not a sister  
 In the happy days gone by  
 You'd have known her by the merriment  
 That sparkled in her eye  
 Too innocent for coquetry  
 Too fond for idle scorning  
 Oh, friend, I fear the lightest heart  
 Makes sometimes heaviest mourning

10

Tell her the last night of my life  
 (For ere the moon be risen)  
 My body will be out of pain  
 My soul be out of prison)  
 I dreamed I stood beside her  
 And saw the yellow sunlight shine  
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen  
 Sweet Bingen on the Rhine



FATHER'S SONGSBINGEN ON THE RHINE---(cont'd)

11

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along  
 I heard, or seemed to hear  
 The German songs we used to sing  
 In chorus sweet and clear  
 And down the pleasant river  
 And up the slanting hill  
 The echoing chorus scounded through  
 The evening calm and still

12

And her glad blue eyes were on me  
 As we passed with friendly talk  
 Down many a path beloved of yore  
 And well-remembered walk  
 And her little hand lay lightly  
 Confidingly in mine  
 But we meet no more at Bingen  
 Loved Bingen on the Rhine

13

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse  
 His grasp was childish weak  
 His eyes put on a dying look  
 He sighed and ceased to speak  
 His comrade bent to lift him  
 But the spark of life had fled  
 The soldier of the Legion  
 In a foreign land is dead

14

And the soft moon rose up slowly  
 And calmly she looked down  
 On the red sand of the battle-field  
 With bloody corpses strewn  
 Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene  
 Her pale light seemed to shine  
 As it shone on distant Bingen  
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine

---

-(The above is the poem by Mrs. E. C. Norton. The "Legion" )-  
 (referred to is of course the famous Foreign Legion of )  
 (France of which no Frenchman -(except it be the officers?)- )  
 (may become a member. The plot of "Ouida's" "Under Two )  
 (Flags" revolves around the Foreign Legion while on service )  
 (in Algeria. )





FATHER'S SONGSMY OWN NATIVE LAND

-(Mother first learned this at the Prospect Marsh Schoolhouse)-  
 (where she used to hear the older people sing it in the ear-)  
 (ly "sixties", when she was about a dozen years old. )

## 1

I've roamed over mountain, I've crossed over flood  
 I've traversed the wave-rolling sand  
 Though the fields were as green and the moon shone as bright  
 Yet it was not my own native land  
 No, No, - No, No, No, No, --- No, No, - No, No, No, No,  
 Though the fields were as green and the moon shone as bright  
 Yet it was not my own native land

## 2

The right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped  
 And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland  
 Yet happier far were the hours that I passed  
 In the west--in my own native land  
 Yes, Yes, - Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, --- Yes, Yes, - Yes, Yes, Yes,  
 Yet happier far were the hours that I passed. Yes,  
 In the west--in my own native land

## 3

Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love  
 Where flourishes Liberty's tree  
 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home  
 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free  
 Yes, Yes, - Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, --- Yes, Yes, - Yes, Yes, Yes,  
 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native home  
 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free

-(While I was talking to Mother today about this and other )-  
 (songs, she "dug up" an old hymn or song book entitled "Brad- )  
 (bury's Golden Chain of Sabbath School Melodies" by Wm. B. )  
 (Bradbury, 427 Broome St., New York, and published by Graves )  
 (& Young, 24 Cornhill, Boston, in which appears not only the )  
 (above song but also "The Evergreen Shore" (Ps. 76-77) which )  
 (follows. Henry Tolman & Co., 291 Washington St., Boston, )  
 (appear on the cover as Bradbury's Boston Agents. Mother )  
 (has had the book many years but cannot remember how long. )



FATHER'S SONGSTHE EVERGREEN SHORE

-(Mother learned this of Helen Seavey -(She later married Ed.)-  
 (Chase)- when they went to school together at the old "Cen- )  
 (ter" Schoolhouse. Some years later the "Four Center Girls")  
 (used to sing it during the intermissions between dances at)  
 ("Pat" Staples's--- He used to live where Kelly Nickerson )  
 (held forth when I was a boy, on the farm now owned by John )  
 (Iarrabee, and ran dances which were very popular with the )  
 (young folks of Father's and Mother's day. The dance-hall )  
 (still stands but has now been converted into the somewhat )  
 (lowly use of a hen-house. F.E.K. 8/18/16. )

## 1

We are joyously voyaging over the main  
 Bound for the evergreen shore  
 Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain  
 And never see death any more

## Chorus---

Then let the hurricane roar  
 It will the sooner be o'er  
 We will weather the blast and will land at last  
 Safe on the evergreen shore

## 2

We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave  
 Under our Savior's command  
 And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave  
 For Jesus will bring us to land

## -----Chorus:--

## 3

Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls  
 Nothing can baffle His skill  
 And His voice when the thundering hurricane rolls  
 Can make the loud tempest be still

## -----Chorus:--

## 4

In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon  
 Send not a glimmering ray  
 Then the light of His countenance, brighter than noon  
 Will drive all our terror away

## -----Chorus:--

## 5

Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave  
 Fearfully overhead break  
 There is One by our side that can comfort and save---  
 There's One who will never forsake

## -----Chorus:--

## 6

Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock or the shoal  
 Sink to be seen never more  
 He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul  
 Safe, safe to the evergreen shore

## -----Chorus:--

-(Since writing this I have told Mother that I thought it was)-  
 (rather serious stuff to be singing at dances. F. E. K. )

1940-1941

1. The first of the year was a very busy one for the school. The students were very active in their studies and in their extracurricular activities. The teachers were also very busy in their classrooms and in their administrative duties. The school was very successful in its first year and the students were very happy to be in school.

2. The second of the year was also a very busy one for the school. The students were very active in their studies and in their extracurricular activities. The teachers were also very busy in their classrooms and in their administrative duties. The school was very successful in its second year and the students were very happy to be in school.

3. The third of the year was also a very busy one for the school. The students were very active in their studies and in their extracurricular activities. The teachers were also very busy in their classrooms and in their administrative duties. The school was very successful in its third year and the students were very happy to be in school.

4. The fourth of the year was also a very busy one for the school. The students were very active in their studies and in their extracurricular activities. The teachers were also very busy in their classrooms and in their administrative duties. The school was very successful in its fourth year and the students were very happy to be in school.

5. The fifth of the year was also a very busy one for the school. The students were very active in their studies and in their extracurricular activities. The teachers were also very busy in their classrooms and in their administrative duties. The school was very successful in its fifth year and the students were very happy to be in school.

6. The sixth of the year was also a very busy one for the school. The students were very active in their studies and in their extracurricular activities. The teachers were also very busy in their classrooms and in their administrative duties. The school was very successful in its sixth year and the students were very happy to be in school.

7. The seventh of the year was also a very busy one for the school. The students were very active in their studies and in their extracurricular activities. The teachers were also very busy in their classrooms and in their administrative duties. The school was very successful in its seventh year and the students were very happy to be in school.

8. The eighth of the year was also a very busy one for the school. The students were very active in their studies and in their extracurricular activities. The teachers were also very busy in their classrooms and in their administrative duties. The school was very successful in its eighth year and the students were very happy to be in school.

9. The ninth of the year was also a very busy one for the school. The students were very active in their studies and in their extracurricular activities. The teachers were also very busy in their classrooms and in their administrative duties. The school was very successful in its ninth year and the students were very happy to be in school.

FATHER'S SONGSGRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

-(Mother's recollection of this runs back to the middle "six-  
 ties" when Almeda Grant -(now the wife of Henry True Sanborn)  
 (of Bangor)- gave it to Luella Whitehouse as a singing les- )  
 (son, while Evelyn Treat Grant -(who afterward married Doc- )  
 (tor Fellows of Winterport)- performed a similar office for )  
 (Ella Peaslee. )

## 1

They grew in beauty side by side  
 They filled one home with glee  
 Their graves are severed far and wide  
 By mount and stream and sea  
 The same fond mother bent at night  
 O'er each fair sleeping brow  
 She had each folded flower in sight  
 Where are those dreamers now

## 2

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed  
 Above the noble slain  
 He wound his colors 'round his breast  
 On a blood-red field of Spain  
 The sea, the lone blue sea hath one  
 He lies where pearls lie deep  
 He was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep

## 3

One midst the forests of the West  
 By a dark stream is laid  
 The Indian knows his place of rest  
 Far in the cedar shade  
 And one, o'er her the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves by soft winds fanned  
 She faded midst Italian flowers  
 The last of that fair band

## 4

And parted thus they rest who played  
 Beneath the same green tree  
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
 Around one parent's knee  
 They who with smiles lit up the hall  
 And cheered with song the hearth  
 Alas for love, if thou art all  
 And naught beyond, Oh Earth

1911

1911

1911

1911

1911

1911



FATHER'S SONGSHAPPY ARE WE TONIGHT, FRIENDS

1

Happy are we tonight, friends  
 Happy, happy are we  
 The hearts that we delight, friends  
 With us may happy be  
 Friends should laugh with those who laugh  
 And sigh with those in pain  
 The most of us have met before  
 And now we meet again

Chorus---

Happy are we tonight, friends  
 Happy, happy are we  
 The hearts that we delight, friends  
 With us may happy be

2

Many will be the mile, friends  
 Many, many the mile  
 That we shall rove and smile, friends  
 With those who ne'er beguile  
 The voices we have often heard  
 And faces we have met  
 Like tones of sweetest melody  
 We never can forget

-----Chorus:-

3

Weary we may return, friends  
 Weary, weary at last  
 But Memory will learn, friends  
 To love the happy past  
 Age may bring us gloomy hours  
 And time may make us sad  
 But we tonight are free from care  
 And all our hearts are glad

-----Chorus:-

---

-(Mother learned the above in 1863 while on her annual (?) )\*  
 (visit to the home of her mother's cousin, Richard Killman, )  
 (who lived at "The Mountain", Prospect, just where the Bangor)  
 (road swings off to go around the mountain from the one that)  
 (keeps on to "Spout Hill" )





FATHER'S SONGSTHE LITTLE SAILOR BOY

-(Mother learned this of Hiram Hurd of Exeter, Me., about 1858)

1

There was once a little sailor  
Who was both brisk and bold  
He courted a damsel  
Worth thousands of gold  
Her father said, Dear Daughter  
If this is your intent  
To wed with this sailor boy  
I will never give consent

2

So she sat down and wrote  
And the letter she sent  
To let her true love know  
Her old father's intent  
Saying-My heart is sincere  
My love it will prove true  
There is none in this world  
I can fancy but you

3

Then the little sailor wrote  
Saying-If you I can't obtain  
I will cross the wide ocean  
And go into Spain  
Some craft there project  
Intending to try  
To outwit your old father  
Or else I must die

4

So he bought him rich robes  
And in pearls he did appear  
Disguised as a prince  
From Morocco he did steer  
With a star upon his breast  
Came to see his love again  
And the old man was pleased  
With his young Prince of Spain



FATHER'S SONGSTHE LITTLE SAILOR BOY---(cont'd)

5

So he said-Most Noble Prince  
If you will agree  
To wed with my daughter  
Your bride she shall be  
'Tis with my whole heart  
This young sailor boy did say  
If she'll be my bride  
I'll get married today

6

So off to the church  
They were hurried with speed  
The old man gave up his daughter  
His daughter indeed  
Which caused this old man  
With pride and joy to dance  
To think that his daughter  
Had wed with a prince

7

Then up spoke the little sailor  
Saying-Don't you know me  
I am that little sailor boy  
You once turned away  
'Tis you I have outwitted  
By venturing my life  
Gaining twelve thousands pounds  
And a beautiful wife

8

You may go to the d---  
The old man made reply  
You have robbed me of my money  
And my daughter likewise  
But if I'd once mistrusted  
That this had been your plot  
Not one penny of my money  
Nor my daughter would you got



FATHER'S SONGSTHE SINGING SCHOOL

-(This was a sort of rallying song at a Singing School which )-  
 (Mother attended at the Prospect Marsh Schoolhouse in the )  
 (early "sixties" - (about 1862 or 3)- and of which Levi Rosen- )  
 (baum was the instructor. He ran singing schools in various )  
 (places in Waldo County, from which it appears that represen- )  
 (tatives of "God's chosen people" are by no means new to this )  
 (section of the country. )

## 1

Come, let's make our voices ring  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 And sing the songs we love to sing  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

## Chorus---

For we love the singing school  
 Our pleasant singing school  
 We'll sing its praise  
 In joyful lays  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

## 2

Come in spite of rain or snow  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 In spite of all the winds that blow  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

## -----Chorus:--

## 3

Come from many a distant road  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
 And come from many a bright abode  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

## -----Chorus:--

TOSSED UPON LIFE'S RAGING BILLOW

## 1

Tossed upon life's raging billow  
 Sweet it is, Oh, Lord, to know  
 Thou canst press a sailor's pillow  
 And canst feel a sailor's woe  
 Never slumbering, never sleeping  
 Though the night be dark and drear  
 Thou the faithful watch art keeping  
 All is well, Thy constant cheer

## 2

And though loud the winds be howling  
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red  
 And the storm-clouds wildly lowering  
 O'er the sailor's anxious head  
 Thou canst calm the ocean billow  
 And its noise and tumult still  
 Crush the tempest's wild commotion  
 At the bidding of Thy will

-(Father and Mother learned this last in the Fall of '66, )-  
 (while attending a singing school at the Roberts Schoolhouse).  
 (run by a man named Tucker. )





FATHER'S SONGSANNA LEE

-(Father and Mother learned this from Eugene Waterman, who )-  
 (married "Uncle" Sylvanus Roberts's daughter Jane, in the )  
 (early "seventies". Roberts was the "Uncle Syl" of the "high )  
 (forehead" Waterman lived on what was later the Lucullus )  
 (Roberts place, now owned by Harold Seekins. He died there )  
 (of typhoid fever. )

## 1

I have finished it, the letter  
 That shall tell him he is free  
 From this moment and forever  
 He is nothing more to me  
 And my heart feels lighter, gayer  
 Since the deed at last is done  
 I will teach him that while courting  
 He should never court but one

## 2

Everybody in the village  
 Knows that he's been wooing me  
 And last night they saw him riding  
 With that saucy Anna Lee  
 And they say he smiled upon her  
 As he cantered by her side  
 And I warrant you he promised  
 He would make her soon his bride

## 3

But I've finished it, the letter  
 That shall tell him he is free  
 He can have her if he wants her  
 If he loves her more than me  
 And as sure as I am living  
 If he ever comes here more  
 I will act as if we'd never  
 Never, never met before

## 4

It is time he should be coming  
 And I wonder if he will  
 If he does I'll act so distant-  
 What's that shadow on the hill  
 I declare, out in the twilight  
 There is someone coming near  
 Can it be, yes, 'tis his figure  
 Just as sure as I am here

## 5

Now I almost wish I'd written  
 Not to him that he was free  
 For perhaps 'twas but a story  
 That he rode with Anna Lee  
 Now he's coming through the gateway  
 I will meet him at the door  
 I will tell him I'll still love him  
 If he'll court Miss Lee no more

1941

1. The first part of the report is a general survey of the situation in the country. It is a very interesting and informative account of the state of affairs in the country at the present time. It is a very good example of the kind of report that should be made by a member of the committee.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed account of the work of the committee during the year. It is a very thorough and complete account of the work of the committee, and it is a very good example of the kind of report that should be made by a member of the committee.

3. The third part of the report is a summary of the work of the committee during the year. It is a very concise and clear summary of the work of the committee, and it is a very good example of the kind of report that should be made by a member of the committee.

4. The fourth part of the report is a list of the names of the members of the committee. It is a very complete list of the names of the members of the committee, and it is a very good example of the kind of report that should be made by a member of the committee.

5. The fifth part of the report is a list of the names of the members of the committee. It is a very complete list of the names of the members of the committee, and it is a very good example of the kind of report that should be made by a member of the committee.

6. The sixth part of the report is a list of the names of the members of the committee. It is a very complete list of the names of the members of the committee, and it is a very good example of the kind of report that should be made by a member of the committee.

FATHER'S SONGSANNIE LISLE

-(Mother learned this as an eight-year-old school-girl at the)-  
 (old "Center" Schoolhouse.)

1

Down where the waving willows 'neath the sunbeams smile  
 Shadowed o'er the murm'ring waters, dwelt sweet Annie Lisle  
 Pure as the forest lily, never thought of guile  
 Had its home within the bosom of sweet Annie Lisle

Chorus---

Wave willows! Murmur waters!  
 Golden sunbeams, smile!  
 Earthly music cannot waken  
 Lovely Annie Lisle

2

Soft came the hallowed chiming of the Sabbath bell  
 Borne upon the morning breezes down the woody dell  
 On a bed of pain and anguish lay dear Annie Lisle  
 Changed were the lovely features, gone the happy smile

-----Chorus:-

3

Raise me in your arms, dear mother, let me once more look  
 On the green and waving willows and the flowing brook  
 Hark! What strains of heavenly music from the choirs above  
 Dearest mother, I am going, - Truly, God is Love

-----Chorus:-

DAISY DEAN

-(Mother learned this of Emma Young -(she afterwards married )-  
 (Alphonso Cunningham of Swanville)- at one of "Pat" Staples')  
 (dances, in 1864.)

1

Oh, down in the meadows the violets were blowing  
 And the young grass grew so fresh and green  
 And the birds by the brooklet their sweet songs were singing  
 There I first met my darling Daisy Dean

Chorus---

None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart  
 Oh, thy memory is ever fresh and green  
 Though the sweet buds may wither and fond hearts be broken  
 Still I love thee, my darling Daisy Dean

2

Her eyes soft and tender the violets out-vying  
 And a fairer form was never seen  
 With brown silken tresses and cheeks like the roses  
 There was none like my darling Daisy Dean

-----Chorus:-

3

Oh, down in the meadows I still love to wander  
 Where the young grass grows so fresh and green  
 But those bright golden visions of Springtime have faded  
 With the flowers and my darling Daisy Dean

-----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSTHE BROKEN VOW

- (Mother learned this of Uncle "Joe" Griffin - (before he be- )-  
 (came her brother-in-law)- while she was a girl at home in. )  
 (the "sixties"---probably about 1864. )

1

Thou hast learned to love another  
 Thou hast broken every vow  
 We have parted from each other  
 And my heart is lonely now  
 I have taught my looks to shun thee  
 When coldly we have met  
 For another's smile hath won thee  
 And thy voice I must forget

Chorus:---I grieve that e'er I met thee  
 Fain, fain, would I forget thee  
 'Twere folly to regret thee  
 Farewell! Farewell! forever.

2

We have met and we have parted  
 But I uttered scarce a word  
 Like a guilty thing I started  
 When thy well-known voice I heard  
 Thy looks were stern and altered  
 And thy words were cold and high  
 My traitor courage faltered  
 When I dared to meet thine eye

Chorus:---Oh, was it well to sever  
 This heart from thine forever  
 Can I forget thee? Never  
 Farewell! Farewell! forever

3

We have met in scenes of pleasure  
 We have met in halls of pride  
 I have seen thy new-found treasure  
 I have gazed upon thy bride  
 I have marked the timid lustre  
 Of her down-cast, happy eye  
 I have seen thee gaze upon her  
 Forgetting I was by

Chorus:---Oh, woman's pride will leave her  
 Oh, woman's heart will grieve her  
 Life's fled when Love deceives her  
 Farewell! Farewell! forever

"The New York Public Library" is a collection of books and documents, including the following:

- 1. The New York Public Library
- 2. The New York Public Library
- 3. The New York Public Library
- 4. The New York Public Library
- 5. The New York Public Library
- 6. The New York Public Library
- 7. The New York Public Library
- 8. The New York Public Library
- 9. The New York Public Library
- 10. The New York Public Library

The New York Public Library is a collection of books and documents, including the following:

- 1. The New York Public Library
- 2. The New York Public Library
- 3. The New York Public Library
- 4. The New York Public Library
- 5. The New York Public Library
- 6. The New York Public Library
- 7. The New York Public Library
- 8. The New York Public Library
- 9. The New York Public Library
- 10. The New York Public Library

The New York Public Library is a collection of books and documents, including the following:

- 1. The New York Public Library
- 2. The New York Public Library
- 3. The New York Public Library
- 4. The New York Public Library
- 5. The New York Public Library
- 6. The New York Public Library
- 7. The New York Public Library
- 8. The New York Public Library
- 9. The New York Public Library
- 10. The New York Public Library

The New York Public Library is a collection of books and documents, including the following:



FATHER'S SONGSEVA CLAIRE

-(Mother learned this of Hiram Hurd of Exeter, Maine, while )-  
 (attending the school taught by him in the old "Center" )  
 (Schoolhouse in -(about)- 1858. -(1858)- )

## 1

In early spring when all was gay  
 And perfume filled the air  
 I rode on many a pleasant day  
 With lovely Eva Claire  
 Her lips were of the rosy hue  
 While lilies decked her hair  
 And mildly beamed those eyes of blue  
 Of lovely Eva Claire

## First Chorus---

But now within the churchyard lies  
 Beneath the cold ground there  
 The only treasure I did prize  
 My lovely Eva Claire

## 2

One eve we wandered by the stream  
 And on its banks reclined  
 While there beneath the moon's pale beams  
 She promised to be mine  
 But ere the summer days were gone  
 The flowers had ceased to bloom  
 My Eva left me here alone  
 To mourn her early doom

## -----1st Chorus:-

## 3

Weep not for me, your Eva Claire  
 I'm sweetly sleeping now  
 Where Pain nor Care no longer rest  
 Upon my youthful brow  
 But while on earth we love so well  
 Our hopes are ever bright  
 Your Eva's gone from hence to dwell  
 Where prospects know no blight

## Second Chorus---

But now within the churchyard lies  
 They left her resting there  
 But, Oh, in fairer climes afar  
 You'll meet your Eva Claire



1944-1945

(The following information is for the year 1944-1945 only. It is not to be used for any other purpose.)

The following information is for the year 1944-1945 only. It is not to be used for any other purpose.

The following information is for the year 1944-1945 only. It is not to be used for any other purpose.

The following information is for the year 1944-1945 only. It is not to be used for any other purpose.

The following information is for the year 1944-1945 only. It is not to be used for any other purpose.

The following information is for the year 1944-1945 only. It is not to be used for any other purpose.

FATHER'S SONGSFANNY GRAY

-(Mother first heard this sung in the hall in the High School)-  
 (Building at Stockton in (about) 1861 on the occasion of )  
 (some amateur theatricals in which the two parts of this )  
 (song were sung by Nettie Deshon and Willard Griffin. Miss )  
 (Deshon's husband was afterward Major Parker Mudgett of )  
 (Stockton. She made Mother's wedding hat which, after Moth )  
 (er had kept it for many years, was finally cut up by Martha )  
 (Bowen and Flora Porter for dolls' hats, while Mother was )  
 (absent in Belfast. )

## 1

Well, well, sir! So you've come at last  
 I thought you'd come no more  
 I've waited with my bonnet on  
 From one till half-past four  
 You know I hate to sit alone  
 Unsettled where to go  
 You'll break my heart, I know you will  
 If you continue so---  
 You'll break my heart, I know you will  
 If you continue so

## 2

Pooh! Pooh! My love! Put by that frown  
 Now don't begin to scold  
 You surely will persuade me soon  
 You're growing cross and old  
 I only stopped at Grosvenor's gate  
 Young Fanny's eye to catch  
 I won't, I say I won't, be made  
 To keep time like a watch---  
 I won't, I ~~won't~~ say I won't, be made  
 To keep time like a watch

## 3

It took two hours to make a bow  
 Two hours to take off your hat  
 I wish you'd bow that way to me  
 And apropos of that  
 I saw you making love to her  
 You see I saw it all  
 I saw you making love to her  
 At Lady Gossip's ball---  
 I saw you making love to her  
 At Lady Gossip's ball

## 4

Now, Jane, I see your temper  
 Is so very odd today  
 You're jealous--and of such a girl  
 As little Fanny Gray  
 Make love to her indeed!  
 I did do no such thing  
 I stood a moment at her side  
 To see her turquoise ring  
 I stood a moment at her side  
 To see her turquoise ring

-(Continued next page)-



FATHER'S SONGSFANNY GRAY---(cent'd)

5

I tell you, Charles, I saw it all  
 The whispering and the grimace  
 The flirting and coquetting  
 In her foolish little face  
 Why, Charles, I wonder that the earth  
 Doesn't open where you stand  
 For, By the Powers above us both  
 I saw you kiss her hand ---  
 For by the Powers above us both  
 I saw you kiss her hand

6

You did not, love, and if you did  
 Allowing that be true  
 When a pretty woman shows her ring  
 What can a poor man do  
 My life, my love, my darling Jane  
 I love but you alone  
 I never thought of Fanny Gray  
 How tiresome she has grown---  
 I never thought of Fanny Gray  
 How tiresome she has grown

7

Take off your hat, put down your stick  
 Now prithee, Charles, do stay  
 You never come to see me now  
 But you long to get away  
 There was a time, there was a time  
 You never wished to go  
 What have I done, what have I done  
 Dear Charles, to change you so---  
 What have I done, what have I done  
 Dear Charles, to change you so

8

Pooh! Pooh! My love! I am not changed  
 But dinner is at eight  
 And Father's so particular  
 He never likes to wait  
 Goodbye! my love, you'll come again-  
 Yes, one of these fine days-  
 He's turned the street, I knew he would  
 He's gone to Fanny Gray's---  
 He's turned the street, I knew he would  
 He's gone to Fanny Gray's



FATHER'S SONGSGENTLE LAURA

-(Father and Mother learned this of Eugene Waterman in the )-  
 (early "seventies"---See Page 65 )

## 1

While the stars were brightly shining  
 O'er the silent hill and dell  
 Softly came the angels stealing  
 O'er the cot of Laura Bell  
 For my gentle flower had faded  
 From her cheek the rose had flown  
 And the angels came to claim her  
 Claiming Laura for their own

Chorus---

Gentle Laura! Dark-eyed Laura!  
 Floweret of that humble cot  
 Ever may thy memory linger  
 Never shalt thou be forgot

## 2

She was dying, surely dying  
 She, the jewel of my heart  
 And the angels 'round her flying  
 Told us that we soon must part  
 With a gentle sigh she murmured  
 Let me kiss thy anxious brow  
 Let me linger on thy bosom  
 Angels, they are waiting now

-----Chorus:-

## 3

To my heart I gently pressed her  
 Smoothed her golden, shining hair  
 Gazed upon her dying features  
 Once so beautiful and fair  
 Then she lisped, -We'll meet in Heaven  
 Gave a gentle, parting sigh  
 And her golden lashes parted  
 As she softly said- Goodbye

-----Chorus:-





FATHER'S SONGSKITTY WELLS

-(Father first heard this song while his regiment was enjoy- )-  
 (ing a short afternoon rest during a march near Newport News).  
 (Virginia. The "Boys in Blue" had thrown themselves on the)  
 (ground, using their knapsacks as pillows. While lying in )  
 (this position, William B. Cammett of Company A, 26th Maine )  
 (Volunteers, who had enlisted from Morrill, Me., sang this )  
 (and other songs. See Page 154 of Father's "History of the )  
 (Twenty-sixth Maine Regiment". Mother says she noticed an )  
 (account of Cammett's death a short time since. )

## 1

You ask what makes this darkey weep  
 Why he like others am not gay  
 What makes the tears roll down his cheeks  
 From early morn till close of day  
 My story, darkeys, you shall hear  
 For in my memory fresh it dwells  
 It will cause you all to shed a tear  
 On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells

## Chorus---

While the birds were singing in the morning  
 And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom  
 And the sun on the hills was dawning  
 It was then we laid her in the tomb

## 2

I never shall forget the day  
 That we together roamed the dell  
 I kissed her cheek and named the day  
 That I should marry Kitty Wells  
 But death came in my cabin door  
 And took from me my joy and pride  
 And when I found she was no more  
 Then I laid my banjo down and cried

## -----Chorus:-

## 3

I often wish that I were dead  
 And laid beside her in the tomb  
 The sorrow that bows my heart down  
 Would be silent in the midnight gloom  
 The springtime has no charm for me  
 Though flowers are blooming in the dell  
 For that loved form I do not see  
 'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells

## -----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSMARY OF THE GLEN

-(Mother first learned this of Emma Pendleton who was a frequent visitor at "Uncle" Sam Heagan's during the early "sixties", including the winter of 1862-3 when Johnson Nickerson taught the old "Center" school. She later married Captain James Blanchard of that part of Searsport now called Park and was\*in a waterspout at sea with him and their infant child about the year 1865. The only one of the ship's company to be saved was the first mate, a man named Park, of Searsport. - (\*\*Insert "lost" where star appears above.)-

## 1

Has there anybody spoke for you  
 Mary of the Glen  
 Has there a heart been broke for you  
 Mary of the Glen  
 I have lands and I have leases  
 And gold and silver, too  
 And flocks of finest fleeces  
 Can I marry you?

## 2

Nobody, sir, has spoke for me  
 Mary of the Glen  
 There has no heart been broke for me  
 Mary of the Glen  
 But there is blue-eyed Willie  
 He labors with the men  
 He brings the sweet pond-lily  
 To Mary of the Glen

## 3

He's neither lands nor leases  
 But his cheek is cherry-red  
 And finer than your fleeces  
 Are the curls upon his head  
 Although he's never spoke for me  
 I know he loves me true  
 And his heart it would be broken  
 If I should marry you



FATHER'S SONGSNETTIE MOORE

-(Mother learned this in 1863--she thinks from someone in the)-  
 . (George Settlement. )

## 1

In a little white cottage where the trees are ever green  
 And the climbing roses blossom at the door  
 I have often sat and listened to the music of the birds  
 And the charming voice of gentle Nettie Moore

## Chorus---

Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore and my happiness is o'er  
 While her spirit sad around my heart doth come  
 And the busy days are long and the nights are lonely now  
 Since you've gone from my little cottage home

## 2

And often in the Autumn ere the dew had left the lawn  
 I have wandered over fields far away  
 But those moments have departed-Gentle Nettie, too, has gone  
 And no longer sweetly with her can I stray

-----Chorus:-

## 3

Since the time that you departed I have longed from earth to  
 And to join the happy angels gone before /rise  
 I cannot now be merry for my heart is full of woe  
 Ever pining for my gentle Nettie Moore

-----Chorus:-

## 4

You have gone, darling Nettie, I have mourned you many a day  
 But I'll wipe all the tears from my eyes  
 And as soon as life is past I shall meet you once again  
 Up in Heaven, darling, up above the skies

-----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSLUCY MAY

-(Mother learned this of Uncle "Joe" Griffin, about 1864 or 5)-  
 (before his marriage to her sister Clara.)

A long time since, when I was young  
 A-fore this wool got gray  
 I used to court a colored gal  
 Her name was Lucy May

Chorus---

Oh Lucy, dear Lucy  
 Those days have passed away  
 But I'll never forget thee  
 My own sweet Lucy May

2

She lived near by, across the creek  
 And there at close of day  
 I'd go at least eight nights a week  
 To see sweet Lucy May

-----Chorus:-

3

And then with loving words and kind  
 I'd ask her for to say  
 That she'd be mine and only mine  
 My own sweet Lucy May

-----Chorus:-

4

She promised me she'd be my true  
 And everlasting wife  
 And then we both looked forward to  
 A long and happy life

-----Chorus:-

5

But just before that day came 'round  
 Death snatched her right away  
 And left me all alone to mourn  
 For my sweet Lucy May

-----Chorus:-

6

Now every time I cross the creek  
 I kneel upon the clay  
 That covers all I loved on earth  
 My own sweet Lucy May

-----Chorus:-





FATHER'S SONGSTHE SILVERY TIDE

-(Mother thinks Father learned this while teaching at Lowder )-  
 (Brook, Stockton, in the winter of 1867-8. )

1

There was a fair young damsel  
 Who lived by the seaside  
 Of lovely form and features  
 She was called the village pride  
 Her lover's name was Henry  
 A lad both brave and bold  
 And very true she was to him  
 While he was on the silvery tide

2

In young Henry's absence  
 A young nobleman there came  
 Who tried with all his powers  
 Young Mary's love to gain  
 Young Mary she repulsed him  
 With all her power and strength  
 Saying-My lover, and I have but one  
 Is on the silvery tide

3

Then near to desperation  
 This nobleman did say  
 To prove the separation  
 I'll take her life away  
 I'll watch her late and early  
 And in some silent place  
 I'll send her body floating  
 Out on the silvery tide

4

As this nobleman was walking  
 One morn to take the air  
 Down by the silvery waters  
 He spied this maiden fair  
 Then said the saucy villain  
 Consent to be my bride  
 Or you'll sink or swim far, far from him  
 Who's on the silvery tide

5

With trembling lips said Mary  
 My vows I ne'er can break  
 My Henry I love dearly  
 And I'll die for his sweet sake  
 With his handkerchief he bound her arms  
 And plunged her o'er the main  
 And shrieking, she went floating out  
 Upon the silvery tide



FATHER'S SONGSTHE SILVERY TIDE---(cont'd)

6

It happened a few days after  
Young Henry he came home  
Expecting to be happy  
And fix the wedding day  
We fear your true love's murdered  
Her enraged parents cried  
Or she's caused her own destruction  
Out on the silvery tide

7

-(Mother cannot remember it now)-  
(Will add later, if possible ).



FATHER'S SONGSTHE GIRL OF THE SEWING MACHINE

-(Father and Mother learned this from Uncle "Joe" Griffin----)-  
 (probably about 1865. He was "a musical cuss" and could )  
 (not only sing but could play almost any kind of musical )  
 (instrument as well. Mother was today speaking of an en- )  
 (ertainment at the old "Turner" Schoolhouse in December, )  
 (1865 when, the musician failing to appear, he was called )  
 (upon to act in that capacity and later, after the show was )  
 (over, regaled the assemblage by playing and singing many )  
 (of the songs which are being copied here. )

## 1

I am one of those unlucky chaps  
 Who once did fall in love  
 With a being fair beyond compare  
 She was my turtle dove  
 Her hair was black and curly  
 And the handsomest ever was seen

And the way she earned her livelihood  
 Was running a sewing machine

Chorus---

Oh, I fairly lost my heart  
 And I wish I never had seen  
 That female fair with curly hair  
 That ran the sewing machine

## 2

The first time that I met her  
 'Twas at a dashing shop  
 At Thomas's Block, Number Two  
 At the window I did stop  
 The signs that passed between us  
 I'm sure no other had seen  
 For I made it all right to meet her that night  
 When she'd done with her sewing machine

-----Chorus:-

## 3

I took her to the Botanic Gardens  
 And for her fare I paid  
 As we were walking along  
 Said she, - I feel afraid  
 Of losing all my money  
 And she gave me such a look  
 And said, - Kind sir, will you please take care  
 Of this, my pocket book

-----Chorus:-

4-(Continued on next page)-





FATHER'S SONGSTHE GIRL OF THE SEWING MACHINE- (cont'd)

4

Of course I took the book  
 For I thought it would be best  
 And to protect it safely  
 I put it inside my vest  
 Just then a "bobby" came up  
 And collared me all serene  
 And from my sight did vanish quite  
 The Girl of the Sewing Machine  
 -----Chorus:-

5

He took me to the station-house  
 To search me they began.  
 Of course they found the pocket-book  
 And the contents they did scan  
 They said I was a convict.  
 And there was no reprieve  
 And\*in the book from the girl I took  
 They found a ticket-of-leave  
 -----Chorus:-

6

And then before a magistrate  
 They took me up to try  
 Said he, - My boy, to this grave charge  
 What have you got to say  
 Says I, I am not guilty  
 But to believe me he didn't seem  
 For he gave me six months-(and so he did)-where I  
 To run a sewing machine. /learned

\*\*\*For "And" substitute "For"



FATHER'S SONGSTHAT JOCKEY HAT AND FEATHER

-(Father and Mother learned this during the middle "sixties" )-  
 .(---probably from Juliet Berry. )

1

As I walked out the other night  
 Thinking of the weather  
 I met a pair of roguish eyes  
 Beneath a hat and feather  
 She looked at me, I looked at her  
 It made my heart pit, pat  
 And turning around to me she said  
 How do you like my hat

Chorus---

I said 'twas gay and pretty, too  
 And they looked well together  
 Those rosy cheeks and glossy curls  
 Beneath the hat and feather

2

She wore a handsome broadcloth basque  
 Cut the latest fashion  
 With flounces all around her dress  
 Which made her look quite dashing  
 Her high-heeled boots as she walked on  
 The pavements, went pit, pat  
 I never shall forget the look she gave  
 Beneath that jockey hat

-----Chorus:-

3

She kissed her hand and said -Goodbye  
 I thought I was a goner  
 Before I'd time to say good-bye  
 She went 'round the corner  
 I tried that night but could not sleep  
 So up in bed I sat  
 And right before my eyes I thought  
 I saw that jockey hat

-----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSLET HIM GO, LET HIM STAY

-(Mother learned this of Annie Marden -(who later became Ames)-  
 (Staples's wife)- when she worked for her a couple weeks when)  
 (Bert was born---in 1873.)

1

Adieu to ye cold winters  
 Farewell to your frost  
 There is nothing I have gained  
 But my true love I have lost  
 I can sing and be as merry  
 As the gayest girl you see  
 I can rest when I am weary  
 Let him go! Farewell he!

Chorus---

Let him go, Let him stay  
 Let him sink or let him swim  
 For since he has deceived me  
 I care no more for him  
 There are young men a-plenty  
 And enough as good as he  
 And I care no more about him  
 Than the sands of the sea

2

My true love he sent me  
 A fine diamond ring  
 He thinks to delude me  
 And to his heart to win  
 He thinks to delude me  
 As he has two or three  
 I defy a man to do it  
 Let him go! Farewell he!----Chorus:-

3

My true love he met me  
 Down by the shady groves  
 He smiled in my face  
 And offered me a rose  
 He thinks that I would speak to him  
 As he was passing by  
 But before I'd humble to that man  
 I'd lay me down and die-----Chorus:-

4

I've love in my pocket  
 But none in my heart  
 I have but a little  
 I share you all a part  
 My heart is as light  
 As the dew upon the lawn  
 I can lay it down at night  
 And take it up at morn -----Chorus:-



## FATHER'S SONGS

### UP IN A BALLOON, BOYS

-(This song was "brought" to Maine, or at least to this part )-  
(of it, by Nellie Stiles, either in 1871 or during the years )  
(just prior thereto when it was her custom to come to )  
(Stockton and Searsport every summer. See next page. )  
(It strikes me as an ancient version of "Waiting at the Church")

1

I am as you know a Beacon street belle  
Who did captivate once a magnificent swell  
He was Envoy, Ambassador, or something rare  
To King What's-His-Name-I do not know where  
'Twas at the White Mountains, a year from last June  
We walked and we talked by the light of the moon  
There was squeezing of hands-followed up by a kiss  
And as far as I remember, I felt just like this---

Chorus---

Ah! Up in a balloon, boys-Up in a balloon  
All among the little stars, sailing 'round the moon  
Up in a balloon, boys-Up in a balloon  
Of course it's fine and jolly to be up in a balloon

2

The wedding was fixed, the presents were bought  
And from Bigelow jewelry was to be brought  
But alas! when the bills to my fond lover went (was sent)  
By some misadventure he had not a cent  
My guardian, a broker, who 'way down in "State"  
Supplied him with plenty of funds at quick rate  
But when the old gentleman questioned him where  
His securities were, he answered-"Up there!"

-----Chorus:--

3

The wedding day came - I practised a tear  
I got up a blush and my veil was a dear  
The parson was ready, likewise the champagne  
But alas! my false lover, he ne'er came again  
Instead of my darling, my hope, and my joy  
There came to the altar a telegraph boy  
I saw that he knew and I gasped out - "Oh, where  
Has he gone?" And he pointed right up in the air

-----Chorus:--

4

I said-"Never mind"- and I rose to my feet  
And down I strode into Washington street  
Determined to have the first fellow I met  
Of course you must know I was quite in a pet  
I saw one I fancied-he gave me his arm  
Said he - In such matters, do you consult marm  
Not much! I replied and he gave me a kiss  
I am perfectly happy and feel just like this'

-----Chorus:--

-(Transpose "captivate" and "once" in second line of 1st verse)-  
(Insert "of" after "King What's-His-Name" in 4th line, 1st " )  
(The fourth word, 1st line, 2nd verse, should be "set". )  
(5th-6th line, 2nd verse-"broker, away down in State-Provided )  
(him plenty". 2nd line, 4th verse-"strolled". Last line of cho )  
(rus, "I think it very jolly to be up in a balloon" )



THE COLLEGE ALUMNI

1. The first line of the verse is "The first line of the verse is" and the second line is "The second line of the verse is". The third line is "The third line of the verse is" and the fourth line is "The fourth line of the verse is". The fifth line is "The fifth line of the verse is" and the sixth line is "The sixth line of the verse is". The seventh line is "The seventh line of the verse is" and the eighth line is "The eighth line of the verse is". The ninth line is "The ninth line of the verse is" and the tenth line is "The tenth line of the verse is". The eleventh line is "The eleventh line of the verse is" and the twelfth line is "The twelfth line of the verse is". The thirteenth line is "The thirteenth line of the verse is" and the fourteenth line is "The fourteenth line of the verse is". The fifteenth line is "The fifteenth line of the verse is" and the sixteenth line is "The sixteenth line of the verse is". The seventeenth line is "The seventeenth line of the verse is" and the eighteenth line is "The eighteenth line of the verse is". The nineteenth line is "The nineteenth line of the verse is" and the twentieth line is "The twentieth line of the verse is". The twenty-first line is "The twenty-first line of the verse is" and the twenty-second line is "The twenty-second line of the verse is". The twenty-third line is "The twenty-third line of the verse is" and the twenty-fourth line is "The twenty-fourth line of the verse is". The twenty-fifth line is "The twenty-fifth line of the verse is" and the twenty-sixth line is "The twenty-sixth line of the verse is". The twenty-seventh line is "The twenty-seventh line of the verse is" and the twenty-eighth line is "The twenty-eighth line of the verse is". The twenty-ninth line is "The twenty-ninth line of the verse is" and the thirtieth line is "The thirtieth line of the verse is". The thirty-first line is "The thirty-first line of the verse is" and the thirty-second line is "The thirty-second line of the verse is". The thirty-third line is "The thirty-third line of the verse is" and the thirty-fourth line is "The thirty-fourth line of the verse is". The thirty-fifth line is "The thirty-fifth line of the verse is" and the thirty-sixth line is "The thirty-sixth line of the verse is". The thirty-seventh line is "The thirty-seventh line of the verse is" and the thirty-eighth line is "The thirty-eighth line of the verse is". The thirty-ninth line is "The thirty-ninth line of the verse is" and the fortieth line is "The fortieth line of the verse is". The forty-first line is "The forty-first line of the verse is" and the forty-second line is "The forty-second line of the verse is". The forty-third line is "The forty-third line of the verse is" and the forty-fourth line is "The forty-fourth line of the verse is". The forty-fifth line is "The forty-fifth line of the verse is" and the forty-sixth line is "The forty-sixth line of the verse is". The forty-seventh line is "The forty-seventh line of the verse is" and the forty-eighth line is "The forty-eighth line of the verse is". The forty-ninth line is "The forty-ninth line of the verse is" and the fiftieth line is "The fiftieth line of the verse is". The fifty-first line is "The fifty-first line of the verse is" and the fifty-second line is "The fifty-second line of the verse is". The fifty-third line is "The fifty-third line of the verse is" and the fifty-fourth line is "The fifty-fourth line of the verse is". The fifty-fifth line is "The fifty-fifth line of the verse is" and the fifty-sixth line is "The fifty-sixth line of the verse is". The fifty-seventh line is "The fifty-seventh line of the verse is" and the fifty-eighth line is "The fifty-eighth line of the verse is". The fifty-ninth line is "The fifty-ninth line of the verse is" and the sixtieth line is "The sixtieth line of the verse is". The sixty-first line is "The sixty-first line of the verse is" and the sixty-second line is "The sixty-second line of the verse is". The sixty-third line is "The sixty-third line of the verse is" and the sixty-fourth line is "The sixty-fourth line of the verse is". The sixty-fifth line is "The sixty-fifth line of the verse is" and the sixty-sixth line is "The sixty-sixth line of the verse is". The sixty-seventh line is "The sixty-seventh line of the verse is" and the sixty-eighth line is "The sixty-eighth line of the verse is". The sixty-ninth line is "The sixty-ninth line of the verse is" and the seventieth line is "The seventieth line of the verse is". The seventy-first line is "The seventy-first line of the verse is" and the seventy-second line is "The seventy-second line of the verse is". The seventy-third line is "The seventy-third line of the verse is" and the seventy-fourth line is "The seventy-fourth line of the verse is". The seventy-fifth line is "The seventy-fifth line of the verse is" and the seventy-sixth line is "The seventy-sixth line of the verse is". The seventy-seventh line is "The seventy-seventh line of the verse is" and the seventy-eighth line is "The seventy-eighth line of the verse is". The seventy-ninth line is "The seventy-ninth line of the verse is" and the eightieth line is "The eightieth line of the verse is". The eighty-first line is "The eighty-first line of the verse is" and the eighty-second line is "The eighty-second line of the verse is". The eighty-third line is "The eighty-third line of the verse is" and the eighty-fourth line is "The eighty-fourth line of the verse is". The eighty-fifth line is "The eighty-fifth line of the verse is" and the eighty-sixth line is "The eighty-sixth line of the verse is". The eighty-seventh line is "The eighty-seventh line of the verse is" and the eighty-eighth line is "The eighty-eighth line of the verse is". The eighty-ninth line is "The eighty-ninth line of the verse is" and the ninetieth line is "The ninetieth line of the verse is". The ninety-first line is "The ninety-first line of the verse is" and the ninety-second line is "The ninety-second line of the verse is". The ninety-third line is "The ninety-third line of the verse is" and the ninety-fourth line is "The ninety-fourth line of the verse is". The ninety-fifth line is "The ninety-fifth line of the verse is" and the ninety-sixth line is "The ninety-sixth line of the verse is". The ninety-seventh line is "The ninety-seventh line of the verse is" and the ninety-eighth line is "The ninety-eighth line of the verse is". The ninety-ninth line is "The ninety-ninth line of the verse is" and the hundredth line is "The hundredth line of the verse is".

FATHER'S SONGSI'M DREAMING OF THE LOVED ONES

(This song was a favorite of Uncle Frank E. Kneeland's---1---)-  
 (Father's brother---and was one of several "imported". to... ).  
 (Maine by Nellie Stiles in the years just prior to and in- -  
 (cluding 1871, in August of which year she was married to Doc-  
 (tor Frank Fenno Kelley of Lowell, Mass., at the home of )  
 (Aunt Mary Matthews in Stockton -(now Ivory George's)-. It )  
 (was for Dr. Kelley that Frank Fenno Crockett was named. )  
 (Uncle Frank had worked for Uncle Amos Matthews during the )  
 (Winter and Spring prior to his death in May, 1871. Nellie )  
 (Stiles had been staying at Aunt Mary Matthews's since late )  
 (Winter or early Spring---her father didn't approve ~~her~~ of )  
 (her forth-coming marriage to Kelley---and when Uncle Frank )  
 (was about to join the vessel in trying to board which he )  
 (lost his life at Bangor she and Aunt Clara (Crockett) Griffin )  
 (---on May 10, 1871---drove him over to spend the day with )  
 (Father and Mother, after which they took him down to Grand- )  
 (mother Kneeland's at the top of what we now call the Whit- )  
 (tum hill on the Mount Ephraim road, where he spent the )  
 (night. He went to Bangor next day and joined the Brig )  
 ("Charles Wesley" of which Captain Griffin\*~~Next~~ of Sears- )  
 (port was Master. He was preparing for bed that night when )  
 (Wilson West came on board and asked him to go up town with )  
 (him. He did so. They returned at about 9:30 in the ev- )  
 (ening. It was as black as a pocket. Uncle Frank walked. )  
 (off the side of the wharf. In falling he struck his head )  
 (and evidently became senseless. Therefore when he came up )  
 (under a raft near-by he drowned. This was on May 11, 1871 )  
 (He is buried in the Village Cemetery at Searsport. )

1

I'm dreaming of the loved ones  
 Of the happy days of yore  
 Of the joys that I have tasted  
 Joys that I shall know no more  
 I am dreaming, fondly dreaming  
 Of the happy days of yore  
 Of the joys that I have tasted  
 Joys that I shall know no more

Chorus---

I'm dreaming of the loved ones  
 Of the happy days of yore  
 Of the joys that I have tasted  
 Joys that I shall know no more

2

Oh, my heart is filled with sorrow  
 When I think upon the years  
 That have brought some pleasant memories  
 But alas! how many tears  
 I have seen the fairest flowers  
 Blasted by the storms of Fate  
 Brightest hopes all torn and scattered  
 Hearts once glad made desolate

-----Chorus:--



FATHER'S SONGSHEAVEN OUR HOME

-(This is Number Three of Nellie Stiles's "importations"--See)-  
 (the two preceding pages. She was the eldest child of Alba)  
 (and Caroline (Crockett) Stiles---See Page 17 of Crockett )  
 (Family Notes---and was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1854 or 5.)  
 (Her mother first brought her to Stockton when she was two )  
 (years old and used to bring her, and the brothers and sis- )  
 (ters which followed after, to Grandfather Crockett's each )  
 (summer up to the time of her death--except that in 1867 )  
 (she brought only "Arnie", then an obstreperous kid just )  
 (past two years of age. Nellie - (she was named Helen Maria )  
 (for Uncle Alba's sisters (?)-) continued to come to Maine )  
 (each summer after her mother's death until 1871 when she )  
 (was married at Aunt Mary's to Dr. Kelley, of Lowell, who )  
 (although he was a college graduate and had later taken a )  
 (medical degree, never practised his profession. Mother )  
 (says that this wedding was some swell affair and that the )  
 (bride's "duds", all of which had been made in New York, )  
 (were a revelation to the inhabitants of this neck of woods )  
 (at that particular time. Immediately after their marriage )  
 (Doctor and Mrs. Kelley went to Council Bluffs, Iowa, where )  
 (he became editor of the "Carroll Democrat". She died at )  
 (Council Bluffs in (about) 1874, of quick consumption, leav- )  
 (ing behind, besides her husband, a daughter and son---May - ( )  
 (named for Aunt May Matthews) and Willie. Dr. Kelley and )  
 (his children continued to reside at Council Bluffs for man- )  
 (y years but he eventually returned to Lowell and died there )  
 (Mother says that the daughter, at least, reached ~~xx~~ matur- )  
 (ity but she is under the impression that she died after the )  
 (family had returned to Lowell. Mrs. Kelley is buried at )  
 (Council Bluffs. This particular song - (which must have )  
 (been "imported" while Nellie Stiles was yet a young girl)- )  
 (was a great favorite of Aunt Sarah Gray, who used to like )  
 (to have Mother sing it to her while she was on her death- )  
 (bed at Brewer---Mother visited her there in '66, '67 & '68 )

1

-(See next page)-





FATHER'S SONGSHEAVEN OUR HOME

-(See note on preceding page)-

## 1

Autumn's pale leaves, withered and dying  
 Bloom of the lily that lasts but a day  
 Mist of the morn, on the breeze flying  
 Tell us how swiftly we're passing away  
 Beautiful things, born but to perish  
 Go as the snowflake is lost in the foam  
 Passing away, all that we cherish  
 All things are telling that earth's not our home

Chorus---

Heaven our home! Heaven our home!  
 Grasping at phantoms not long shall we roam  
 Heaven our home! Heaven our home!  
 Soon we'll be going to Heaven our home

## 2

Beautiful earth! dearly we love it  
 Though in its bosom we shortly must lie  
 Teeming with forms angels might covet  
 Yet in the grasping they wither and die  
 Beautiful earth, thou canst not hold us  
 Faith that looks upward to Heaven's high dome  
 Sees outstretched arms soon to enfold us  
 How can we murmur that earth's not our home  
 -----Chorus:-

## 3

List the faint tones, nearer and nearer  
 Earth hath no voices with music like this  
 Thrillingly sweet, cleared and clearer  
 Angels are hymning their chorus of bliss  
 Rapturous sight! Over the river  
 Frost cannot wither nor age bring decay  
 Beautiful things bloom on forever  
 Nothing in Heaven is passing away  
 -----Chorus:-





FATHER'S SONGSTHERE'S A FRESH LITTLE MOUND 'NEATH THE WILLOW

-(This is Number Four of Nellie Stiles's "importations"---See)-  
 (four preceding pages. While I was copying these songs to-)  
 (day Mother told me of a time when, Father always having as-)  
 (serted that he had never had enough strawberries and cream,)  
 (Clara (Crockett) Griffin and Nellie Stiles picked, hulled, )  
 (and brought over to the old farm where Kit, Bert and I were)  
 (born a six-quart-pail full of strawberries for the purpose )  
 (of supplying the deficiency. In order to assure herself )  
 (that there were no lapses in filling this "long-felt-want" )  
 (Nellie followed Mother down cellar when she added the cream)  
 (As she stood watching the process she exclaimed:- "Aunt )  
 ('Manda, you put on the clear quill, don't you?" )

## 1

There's a fresh little mound 'neath the willow  
 Where at evening I wander and weep  
 There's a dear vacant spot on my pillow  
 Where a sweet little face used to sleep  
 There were pretty blue eyes but they slumber  
 In silence beneath the dark mold  
 For the little pet lamb of our number  
 Has gone to the Heavenly fold---  
 For the little pet lamb of our number  
 Has gone to the Heavenly fold

## 2

Do I dream when in sleep I behold her  
 With a beauty so fresh and divine  
 When so close to my heart I enfold her  
 And feel her soft lips upon mine  
 When so loving those gentle eyes glisten  
 That my vision is lost in my tears  
 And bewildered, enraptured, I listen  
 To a voice from the Spirits' bright spheres---  
 And bewildered, enraptured, I listen  
 To a voice from the Spirits' bright spheres

## 3

There's a silence in parlor and chamber  
 There's a sadness in every room  
 Oh, I know 'twas the Father that claimed her  
 Yet everything's burdened with gloom  
 But I'll not be a comfortless mourner  
 Nor longer brood over my pain  
 For I know where the angels have borne her  
 And soon I shall see her again---  
 For I know where the angels have borne her  
 And soon I shall see her again



FATHER'S SONGSTENDER AND TRUE, ADIEU!

-(This is the last of the songs learned from Nellie Stiles%. )-  
 .(See preceding five pages.)

## 1

He stole from its nest in my golden hair  
 A knot of ribbon blue  
 He placed on my hand a jewel rare  
 And whispered soft as he held it there---  
 Tender and True, Adieu! Tender and True, Adieu!

## 2

The almonds were bending with blossoms white  
 The roses were bright with dew  
 The violets bloomed in the glowing light  
 Life was happy and hope was bright  
 Tender and True, Adieu! Tender and True, Adieu!

## 3

They brought my soldier home to me  
 And my knot of ribbon blue  
 But the cruel wound on his brow was hid  
 By the flag draped over the coffin lid  
 Tender and True, Adieu! Tender and True, Adieu!

## 4

The almond flowers in the breezes shake  
 The roses still blush through the dew  
 But the springtime of hope will never awake  
 And the poor lone heart must wail till it break  
 Tender and True, Adieu! Tender and True, Adieu!

APPENDIX A

1. The first part of the report is a summary of the work done during the year. It is divided into two main sections: a general summary and a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments. It is divided into four sections: the first section is a general summary of the work done in each department; the second section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments; the third section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments; and the fourth section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments.

3. The third part of the report is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments. It is divided into four sections: the first section is a general summary of the work done in each department; the second section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments; the third section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments; and the fourth section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments.

4. The fourth part of the report is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments. It is divided into four sections: the first section is a general summary of the work done in each department; the second section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments; the third section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments; and the fourth section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments.

5. The fifth part of the report is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments. It is divided into four sections: the first section is a general summary of the work done in each department; the second section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments; the third section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments; and the fourth section is a detailed account of the work done in each of the four departments.

FATHER'S SONGSYOUNG FOLKS, COME LISTEN TO MY SONG

1

Young folks, come listen to my song  
 I'm old and won't detain you long  
 I'm eighty-four, I'd have you know  
 And the young folks call me Uncle Joe  
 My hair, once black, has all turned gray  
 But what's the odds while I feel gay  
 Oh, I can sing a song with glee  
 For I feel as young as I used to be

Chorus---

Tid-de-id-de-hoop-de\*do  
 How I love to sing to you  
 Oh, I can sing with joy and glee  
 For I feel as young as I used to be

2

When I was young and in my prime  
 I was chasing the girls the most of my time  
 I'd take them out each day for a ride  
 And always had one by my side  
 I'd hug and kiss them just for fun  
 And haven't forgot the way 'tis done  
 So if any girl here is in love with me  
 She'll find me as young as I used to be

-----Chorus:-

3

When I was young I knew life's joys  
 And now that I'm old I'm one of the boys  
 I can take a smile or sing a song  
 With any good friend that comes along  
 I can tell a story or crack a joke  
 And never refuse to drink or smoke  
 I'm a gay old sport, you'll all agree  
 And I feel as young as I used to be

-----Chorus:-

-(The above is as the song was sung by Elroy Bowen at an en- )-  
 tertainment at The Porter District Schoolhouse during the )  
 winter of 1879-80. He was togged out as an old man with )  
 flowing beard and danced an accompaniment to the chorus )  
 (which almost literally "brought down the house"--- as it )  
 certainly did figuratively. Uncle Wilt Randell and Aunt )  
 Nell were here -(It was just before they were married)- and )  
 went to the "show" with the rest of us. Uncle Wilt's silk )  
 hat gave Elroy, as well as some of the other performers, )  
 "buck fever" but I remember that Uncle Wilton was particu- )  
 larly "taken" with Elroy's rendition of this song. )





FATHER'S SONGSTHE LITTLE LOW LOG CABIN BY THE STREAM

1

I am getting old and feeble and I can't work any more  
 And I've laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest  
 For old massa and old missus they are sleeping side by side  
 And their spirits now are roving with the blest

Chorus---

Oh, hang up the fiddle and the banjo on the wall  
 And lay aside the bones and tambourine  
 For the fiddle and the banjo, boys, shall make the harvest ring  
 In the little low log cabin by the stream

2

Oh, it was a happy time to me not many years ago  
 When the darkeys used to gather 'round the door  
 They used to sing and dance all night and play the old banjo  
 But alas, they cannot do so any more

-----Chorus:-

3

The hinges are all rusty and the door is tumbling down  
 And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain  
 And the only thing that's left me is this little boy of mine  
 In the little low log cabin by the stream

-----Chorus:-

4

Now Father, don't you be so sad and melancholy now  
 For you there're many happy days in store  
 Although you're old and feeble yet your boy is young and strong  
 And he'll love and cherish you forever-more

-----Chorus:-

5

Oh, child, I am contented but the day will surely come  
 When I'll go to leave this world forevermore  
 The angels they will take me from this humble little cot  
 And they'll waft me to the pure celestial shore

-----Chorus:-

-(The above is another song which Elroy R. Bowen used to sing)-  
 (He wrote it off for F. E. K. when they were schoolmates in }  
 (the Porter District School. )





FATHER'S SONGSTHE SAILOR'S GRAVE

-(This song used to be a favorite of George Bowen's)-

## 1

Our barque lay far, far from the land  
When the fairest of our gallant band  
Grew deadly pale and waned away  
Like the twilight of an Autumn day  
We watched him through long hours of pain  
Our cares were great, our hopes in vain  
Death-struck, he gave no coward's alarm  
But he smiled and died in his mess-mate's arms

## 2

We had no costly winding-sheet  
We placed two round shot at his feet  
He lay in his hammock as snug and sound  
As a king in his long shroud, marble bound  
We proudly decked his funeral vest  
With the Starry Flag upon his breast  
We gave him this as a badge of the brave  
And then he was fit for a sailor's grave

## 3

All hearts were sad, each voice grew weak  
Oft a tear was seen on the brownest cheek  
The quiver played on the lip of Pride  
As we lowered him down the ship's dark side  
Then a splash and a plunge and our task was o'er  
And the billows rolled on as they rolled before  
And many wild prayers hallowed the wave  
As he sank to rest in a sailor's grave



FATHER'S SONGSGRANDFATHER' CLOCK

-(Mother says she and Father first heard this when it was )-  
 (sung by Carrie -(She was named Marietta Caroline for her )  
 (father's sister and her mother)- Stiles when she visited us)  
 (the first summer after we moved here from the Steele place-)  
 (It was therefore in the summer of 1877. )

## 1

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf  
 So it stood ninety years on the floor  
 It was taller by half than the old man himself  
 Though it weighed not a pennyweight more  
 It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born  
 And was always his treasure and pride  
 But it stopped, short, never to go again  
 When the old man died

## Chorus---

Ninety years, without slumbering, tick, tick, tick, tick  
 His life's seconds numbering, tick, tick, tick, tick  
 But it stopped, short, never to go again  
 When the old man died

## 2

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro  
 Many hours had he spent while a boy  
 And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know  
 And to share both his grief and his joy  
 For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door  
 With a blooming and beautiful bride  
 But it stopped, short, never to go again  
 When the old man died

## -----Chorus:-

## 3

My grandfather said that of those he could hire  
 Not a servant so faithful he found  
 For it wasted no time and had but one desire  
 At the end of each week to be wound  
 And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face  
 And its hands never hung by its side  
 But it stopped, short, never to go again  
 When the old man died

## -----Chorus:-

## 4

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night  
 An alarm that for years had been dumb  
 And we knew that his spirit was planning for flight  
 That his hour of departure had come  
 Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chi /me  
 As we silently stood by his side  
 But it stopped, short, never to go again  
 When the old man died



FATHER'S SONGSTHE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED

-(This was a favorite song of Uncle Wilton T. Randell. Moth-)  
 (er learned it from Hattie Clifford Hichborn while she was )  
 (yet Hattie Clifford---she later married the widower of her )  
 (deceased sister Lizzette ("Zettie"), Captain "Will" Hich- )  
 (born, thereby becoming the step-mother of Captain Harry R. )  
 (Hichborn, who is Addie Crockett's husband, and incidentally )  
 (captain of the S.S. "Caracas" of the "Red D" Line to Venez- )  
 (uela. She has been a widow for many years and now lives )  
 (in Stockton Springs.)

## 1

On a pleasant morn as the waves that rippled  
 'Neath a calm and gentle breeze  
 A ship set sail with a cargo laden  
 For a port beyond the seas  
 There were sweet farewells and kind words spoken  
 While a form they yet discerned  
 Though they knew it not, 'twas a sad, sad parting  
 Of the ship that never returned

Chorus---

Did she never return? No, she never returned  
 And her fate is yet unknown  
 For years and years there were loved ones waiting  
 For the ship that never returned

## 2

Said a feeble youth to his anxious mother  
 I must cross the wide, wide sea  
 They say perchance in a foreign climate  
 There is health and strength for me  
 A ray of hope 'mid a maze of danger  
 And her heart for her youngest yearned  
 She sent him forth with a smile and a blessing  
 In the ship that never returned

-----Chorus:-

## 3

Only one more trip, said a gallant captain  
 As he kissed his weeping wife  
 Only one more bag of the golden treasure  
 That shall last us all through life  
 Then we'll settle down in a cosy cottage  
 To enjoy the rest I've earned  
 But alas, poor man! he sailed commander  
 Of the ship that never returned

-----Chorus:-





FATHER'S SONGSKITTY MAUNEE

-(Mother learned this of Hattie Ellis, then of Cape Jellison,)-  
 (when she visited here with Aunt Nell about 1878. Miss  
 (Ellis's mother, whose name was also Hattie, was Grandmother)  
 (Kneeland's niece---which goes to prove that if you investi-)  
 (gate long enough you will find that sooner or later we find)  
 (ourselves related to more or less everyone in the community)

## 1

The moss-rose is budding, the peach is in bloom  
 And the daisy is peeping so sly  
 The spider has got his first web in the loom  
 And sitteth athwart of the fly  
 The blue-bird is telling its love to its dear  
 'Twill build its nest in this tree  
 And all things are telling that springtime is near  
 But Oh, it is winter for me!

Chorus---

But Oh! It is winter for me  
 My heart's like the wild raging sea  
 I dare not caress, her lips may not press  
 But darling, I love thee, sweet Kitty Maunee

## 2

Her face, like the sunshine, no lily more fair  
 But pure as the rose from the bud  
 Her voice like the flute, but those waves in her hair  
 They speak of the taint in her blood  
 I must not, I dare not--But list to her voice  
 Cease, birdling, till Kitty is done  
 My heart, fiercely beating, shall do her no wrong  
 My mother'll not blush for her son

-----Chorus:-

## 3

She's under my window, there's love in her eyes  
 I reel as if drunken with wine  
 I'd leap to her feet were I up in the skies  
 Could I but caress her as mine  
 But somebody's darling my Kitty will be  
 Some lover will win her too soon  
 Will gather the sweet rose that blooms not for me  
 Farewell to my gentle quadron

-----Chorus:-

-(When Fred Porter built for Father what we now call the "old")-  
 (barn--in 1879--he used to sing this song to Kit, then a lit-)  
 (tle toddler of four years, who, however, didn't seem to be )  
 (much impressed as she used to go about singing:- )  
 { "I look away across the sea }  
 { Where Manson George prepared for me" } )



FATHER'S SONGSLORENA

-(Anna Colson used to sing this when she gave F. E. K. music )-  
 (lessons---just prior to or after 1880.)

## 1

The years roll slowly by, Lorena  
 The snow is on the grass again  
 The sun's low down the sky, Lorena  
 The frost gleams where the flowers have been  
 But the heart beats on as warmly now  
 As when the summer days were nigh  
 The sun will never dip so low  
 A-down affection's cloudless sky---  
 The sun will never dip so low  
 A-down affection's cloudless sky

## 2

An hundred months have passed, Lorena  
 Since last I clasped your hand in mine  
 And felt your pulse beat fast, Lorena  
 But mine beat faster, far, than thine  
 An hundred months--'Twas flowery May  
 When up the hilly slopes we'd climb  
 To watch the dying of the day  
 And hear the village church-bells chime---  
 To watch the dying of the day.  
 And hear the village church-bells chime

## 3

We loved each other then, Lorena  
 More than we ever dared to tell  
 And what might we have been, Lorena  
 Had but our loving prospered well  
 But all is past, those years are gone  
 I'll not call back their shadowy forms  
 I'll say to them:- Lost years, sleep on-  
 Sleep on--nor heed life's pelting storms---  
 I'll say to them:- Lost years, sleep on-  
 Sleep on--nor heed life's pelting storms

## 4

We've passed youth's golden glow, Lorena  
 Those days are with the eternal past  
 Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena  
 Life's tide is ebbing out so fast  
 But there's a future--Oh, thank God  
 Of life this is so small a part  
 'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod  
 But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart---  
 'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod  
 But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart

-(Anna Colson is now the wife of Captain James Butman. Her )-  
 (brother, Captain Albert Colson of Brooklyn, called here to- )  
 (day as this was being copied. 8/23/16)



FATHER'S SONGSWE MET, 'T WAS IN A CROWD

1

We met, 'twas in a crowd  
 And I thought he would shun me  
 He came, I could not speak  
 For his eyes were upon me  
 He spoke, his words were few  
 And his look was unaltered  
 I knew how much he felt  
 For his deep-toned voice faltered

2

I wore my bridal dress  
 And I rivalled its whiteness  
 Bright gems were in my hair  
 How I hated their brightness  
 He called me by my name  
 As the bride of another  
 Oh, thou hast been the cause  
 Of this anguish, my mother

3

And once again we met  
 And a fair girl was near him  
 He smiled, and whispered low  
 As I once used to hear him  
 She leaned upon his arm  
 Once 'twas mine and mine only  
 I wept, but I deserved  
 To be wretched and lonely

4

Now she will be his bride  
 At the altar he'll give her  
 The love that was too pure  
 For a heartless deceiver  
 The world may think me gay  
 But ~~like~~ my grief I will smother  
 Since thou hast been the cause  
 Of this anguish, my mother

5

Farewell! Farewell to thee  
 This heart can but cherish  
 Forgive, forgive me now  
 Ere I lie down and perish  
 When you kneel upon my grave  
 And your feelings you smother  
 Forgive, as I do now  
 Forgive my poor mother

---

-(The poem is by Thomas Haynes Bayly. It is copied as we us-)  
 (ed to sing it. The last verse does not appear in my vol- )  
 (ume of "Favorite Poems")





FATHER'S SONGSTHE FLAG OF THE FREE

-(This used to be much sung in the Searsport High School when)-  
 (F. E. K. was a pupil there.)

## 1

Let Englishmen shout for Victoria their Queen  
 Let Russians hurrah for their Czars  
 Let Irishmen fight for their banner of green  
 But we for the Stripes and the Stars  
 The Red, White and Blue is the Flag of the Free  
 Its colors were caught from the sky  
 No people on earth so happy as we  
 With our Flag and our Fourth of July

## 2

In the folds of that Flag as It floats o'er the land  
 Equal rights and protection for all  
 From far-off Alaska to Florida's strand  
 All races, the great and the small  
 Behold how they're crowding our generous shores  
 From every isle of the sea  
 Forsaking their firesides, farms and stores  
 For a home in the Land of the Free

## 3

They're coming by thousands on every hand  
 The cause of our greatness to see  
 Columbia's reply doth resound through the land  
 God's Word and the Land of the Free  
 How oft have the foemen that banner assailed  
 And lightnings of war rent the air  
 But the storms have abated and Freedom prevailed  
 And our glorious Flag is still there

## 4

Our banner withstood the Rebellion's fierce strife  
 In its seams not a rent nor a scar  
 And proudly it floats o'er the North and the South  
 The Union is stronger than war  
 Let Englishmen shout for Victoria their Queen  
 Let Russians hurrah for their Czars  
 Let Irishmen fight for their banner of green  
 But we for the Stripes and the Stars



SECRET

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE, January 1, 1914.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE, IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE, MAY 1, 1913.

ALBANY: J. B. LEECH, STATE PRINTER, 1914.

THE LAND OFFICE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE COMMISSIONER, HAS THE HONOR TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE RECEIPT OF THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE, IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE, MAY 1, 1913.

THE LAND OFFICE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE COMMISSIONER, HAS THE HONOR TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE RECEIPT OF THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE, IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE, MAY 1, 1913.

FATHER'S SONGSTHE SPANISH CAVALIER

1

A Spanish Cavalier stood in his retreat  
 And on his guitar played a tune, dear  
 The music so sweet they'd oft-times repeat  
 The blessings of my country and you, dear

Chorus---

Say, darling, say! When I'm far away  
 Sometimes you will think of me, dear  
 Bright, sunny days will soon fade away  
 Remember what I say and be true, dear

2

I'm off to the war--To war I must go  
 To fight for my country and you, dear  
 But if I should fall, in vain I would call  
 The blessings of my country and you, dear  
 -----Chorus:-

3

When the war is o'er to you I'll return  
 Back to my country and you, dear  
 But if I be slain you may seek me in vain  
 Upon the battle-field you may find me  
 -----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSTHE OLD WOODEN ROCKER

-(This song was "introduced" into Porter District by Miss )-  
 (Inez Morse of Dixmont when she taught the school here in )  
 (-about-1885 to 1887. She boarded at Felker's and had Jim )  
 (very much on a "string". Later, when she had dropped both )  
 (the school and James E., Mother, to "devil" him, began )  
 (singing this in his presence. Jim looked at her, snorted, )  
 (and exclaimed rather pettishly:-"Yes, That Old Dixmont Rocker")  
 (Nowadays, we would say that Mother "got his goat" . )

## 1

There it stands in the corner with its back to the wall  
 The old wooden rocker, so stately and tall  
 With naught to disturb it but the duster or broom  
 For now no-one uses that back parlor room  
 Oh, how well I remember in days long gone by  
 How we stood by that rocker, dear sister and I  
 As we listened to the stories that our Grandma would tell  
 By the old wooden rocker we both loved so well

## Chorus---

As she sat by the fire, she would rock, rock, rock  
 And she heard but the tick of the old brass clock  
 Eighty years she had sat in that chair grim and tall  
 The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall

## 2

If that chair could but speak, Oh, the tales it would tell  
 How dear, noble Grandpa in fierce battle fell  
 'Neath the Stars and the Stripes he fought bravely and true  
 He cherished his freedom, the red, white and blue  
 It could tell of bright days and of dark ones beside  
 Of the time when dear Grandma stood forth as his bride  
 This is why we all love it, that old chair grim and tall  
 The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall

## -----Chorus:-

## 3

But dear Grandma is gone and her stories are done  
 Her children have followed her, yes, one by one  
 They have all gone to meet her in the sweet bye and bye  
 And now no-one's left but dear sister and I  
 Nevermore will we hide her gold "specs" or her cap  
 Nevermore will we tease her while taking her nap  
 Nevermore will she slumber in that chair grim and tall  
 The old wooden rocker that stands by the wall

## -----Chorus:-

-(As long as I have spoken of Jim Felker I am going to note )-  
 (here that he died of cancer of the face and throat four or )  
 (five weeks ago in Massachusetts -(Hudson or Marlboro'?) - )

F. E. K. 8/23/16

# THE NEW YORKER

## THE NEW YORKER

THE NEW YORKER is a weekly magazine of literature, criticism, and general interest. It is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. The magazine is published every week except on the last day of the month. The subscription price is \$12.00 per year in advance. Single copies are 35 cents. The magazine is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

THE NEW YORKER is a weekly magazine of literature, criticism, and general interest. It is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. The magazine is published every week except on the last day of the month. The subscription price is \$12.00 per year in advance. Single copies are 35 cents. The magazine is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

THE NEW YORKER is a weekly magazine of literature, criticism, and general interest. It is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. The magazine is published every week except on the last day of the month. The subscription price is \$12.00 per year in advance. Single copies are 35 cents. The magazine is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

THE NEW YORKER is a weekly magazine of literature, criticism, and general interest. It is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. The magazine is published every week except on the last day of the month. The subscription price is \$12.00 per year in advance. Single copies are 35 cents. The magazine is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

THE NEW YORKER is a weekly magazine of literature, criticism, and general interest. It is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. The magazine is published every week except on the last day of the month. The subscription price is \$12.00 per year in advance. Single copies are 35 cents. The magazine is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

THE NEW YORKER is a weekly magazine of literature, criticism, and general interest. It is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y. The magazine is published every week except on the last day of the month. The subscription price is \$12.00 per year in advance. Single copies are 35 cents. The magazine is published by The New Yorker Company, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

FATHER'S SONGSTWENTY YEARS AGO

1

I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree  
 Upon the schoolhouse playing-ground which sheltered you and me  
 But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to know  
 Who played with us upon the green, some twenty years ago

2

The grass is just as green, dear Tom, bare-footed boys at play  
 Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay  
 But the Master sleeps upon the hill which, coated o'er with snow  
 Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago

3

The river's running just as still, the willows on its side  
 Are larger than they were, dear Tom, the stream appears less  
 But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we play/wide  
 And swung our sweet-hearts, pretty girls, just /ed the beau  
 /twenty years ago

4

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading  
 Is very low, 'twas once so high that we could almost /beech  
 And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started/reach  
 To see how sadly I had changed since twenty years ago /so

5

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name  
 Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, while you did mine  
 Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'tis dying /the same  
 Just as the one whose name you cut died twenty/sure but slow  
 /years ago

6

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came to my eyes  
 When I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties  
 I visited the old church-yard and carried flowers to strew  
 Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago

7

Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea  
 But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me  
 And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go  
 I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago

802193A

-(I suppose this song has been sung by several succeeding )-  
 (generations. It was much in vogue when I was a "kid" in )  
 (the Porter District School and I remember that we boys used)  
 (to contemplate with awe the possibility that we should ever)  
 (be so old as to make its words a reality to ourselves. It )  
 (would now be more applicable to the boys of my day if the )  
 ("Twenty" were changed to "Thirty" F. E. K. 8/24/16 )



SECRET

1

The following information was obtained from a review of the files of the Central Intelligence Agency, Department of State, and the Department of Defense, regarding the activities of the [redacted] in the [redacted] area.

The [redacted] has been identified as a [redacted] and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area. The [redacted] has been found to be active in the [redacted] area and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area.

The [redacted] has been identified as a [redacted] and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area. The [redacted] has been found to be active in the [redacted] area and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area.

The [redacted] has been identified as a [redacted] and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area. The [redacted] has been found to be active in the [redacted] area and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area.

The [redacted] has been identified as a [redacted] and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area. The [redacted] has been found to be active in the [redacted] area and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area.

The [redacted] has been identified as a [redacted] and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area. The [redacted] has been found to be active in the [redacted] area and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area.

The [redacted] has been identified as a [redacted] and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area. The [redacted] has been found to be active in the [redacted] area and has been found to be active in the [redacted] area.

SECRET

The following information was obtained from a review of the files of the Central Intelligence Agency, Department of State, and the Department of Defense, regarding the activities of the [redacted] in the [redacted] area.



FATHER'S SONGSTHE OLD ARM-CHAIR

1

My grandmother she, at the age of eighty-three  
 Became ill one day and quickly died  
 And when she was dead her Will of course was read  
 By the lawyer as we stood side by side  
 To my brother it was found she had left a hundred pounds  
 To my sister the same I do declare  
 But when it came to me the lawyer said, I see  
 She has left you her old arm chair

Chorus---

How they tittered, how they chaffed  
 How my brother and my sister laughed  
 When they heard the lawyer declare  
 Granny'd only left to me her old arm chair

2

I thought it hardly fair, still I said I did not care  
 And in the evening took the chair away  
 The neighbors at me laughed, my brother at me chaffed  
 And said-It will be useful, John, some day  
 When you settle down in life, take some girl to be your wife  
 You will find it very useful, I declare  
 On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning bright  
 You can sit in your old arm chair

-----Chorus:-

3

One night the chair fell down and on picking it up I found  
 That the seat had fallen out upon the floor  
 And there before my eyes, I saw to my surprise  
 A lot of notes---three thousand pounds or more  
 When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess  
 Went nearly mad with rage and tore his hair  
 But I only laughed at him and said unto him, John  
 Don't you wish you'd had the old arm chair

-(This used to be one of the "popular" songs of Porter Dis- )-  
 trict. Mother says it was much sung by the "Cunningham. )  
 (boys". Of these "boys" Melvin and Dustin are now well )  
 (up in the sixties---Henry is dead. )



FATHER'S SONGSDAN M'GINTY

1

Soonday marnin' just at nine, Dan McGinty, dressed so fine  
 Shtood lookin' up agin a high stone wall  
 Whin his young friend, Pat McCann, Siz, Oi'll bet a foiver, Dan  
 Oi kin carry yez to the top without a fall  
 So on his shoulders he took Dan and to climb the lad began  
 An' 'twas very near he did to rache the top  
 Whin McGinty, thinkin' thin, that the foiver he would win  
 Let go his hould an' tuk an awful drop

Chorus---

Down wint McGinty to the bottom of the wall  
 And tho' he won the foive  
 'Twas more dead he was than alive  
 Wid ribs an' nose an' back broke from the fall---  
 Dressed in his best shoot of clothes

2

From the hospital McGinty went home, when they'd fixed ache  
 To find he was the father av a choild /broken bone  
 So to celebrate it roight, Friends he wint out to invoice  
 And soon was dhrinkin' whusky fast and woild  
 As he wandered down the strate, in his Soonday shoot so nate  
 Wid head hould up as proud as John the Great  
 In the sidewalk was a hole, for to resave a ton av coal  
 That McGinty never saw till joost too late

Chorus---

Down wint McGinty to the bottom of the hole  
 And the driver av the car-r-t  
 Bedad, he gave the coals a star-r-t  
 An' it tuk us an hour to dig McGinty from the coal---  
 Dressed in his best shoot av clothes

3

When McGinty, thin an' pale, wan foin day got out of jail  
 He wid love to say his bhoy was nearly woild  
 To his house he quickly ran, an' to his wife--his birdy Ann  
 But she had skipped the rope an' tuk the choild  
 Then he gave up to despair, and plucked all his ripest hair  
 Then in an hour he stood by the river shore  
 An' knowin' well he cud not swim, he did foolishly jump in  
 Although water he had never tuk before

Chorus---

Down wint McGinty to the bottom of the say  
 An' he must be very wet  
 For they havn't got him yet  
 But his ghost is at the dock ivery marn at break of day  
 Dressed in his best shoot av clothes

-(The above is as the song was printed in the "New York Mail & Express" in the Fall of 1889, when it was being sung at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, by Fox and Conroy.)  
 (It was written by John Chenevix Fox who claimed that it was founded on an incident that befell him in Boston. At least)  
 (one verse is missing ---where he went "down---to the jail")



FATHER'S SONGSWHAT MAKES MY FATHER STAY SO LONG

- (Mother learned this of Amanda Stinson during the early days)-  
 (of the Civil War. She was a sister of Alfred E. Stinson )  
 (of North Searsport, they being children of Joseph Stinson, )  
 (who lived on the south-eastern side of the Marsh Stream )  
 (about one half mile below the bridge near which "old" Eben )  
 (Seavey - (father of the Eben of my boyhood)- had his saw-mill )  
 (and about a quarter of a mile above where Hervey Partridge )  
 (now lives. There used to be a sort of Stinson-ville in )  
 (that locality, as Preston Stinson lived on the farm which )  
 (he subsequently sold to Aunt Mary Matthews when she was Mrs )  
 (Thomas Bretherick --- she later sold it to Uncle Nelson )  
 (Staples about 1867 ---, and his brothers Graham and Brad- )  
 (bury lived on the old home farm of their father, William )  
 (Stinson, which during my boyhood was owned and occupied by )  
 (Freeman Partridge. The house now standing on the Freeman )  
 (Partridge place was built by Graham and Bradbury Stinson. )  
 (William Stinson was not only the father of Graham, Bradbury )  
 (Preston and Joseph, but he bore the additional distinction )  
 (of being the husband of "Aunt Billy" Stinson to whom Mother )  
 (likens a certain lady of my acquaintance by saying that:- )  
 ("She washes every day, like "Aunt Billy" Stinson!" What )  
 (used to be the farms of Uncle Nelson Staples, Aunt Mary )  
 (Matthews, and Joseph Stinson, are now all comprised in the )  
 (farm of Hervey Partridge. Amanda Stinson married Lorenzo )  
 (Jones of Brooks, where she died a year or two ago as a re- )  
 (sult of a fall in her own house. F. E. K. 8/24/16 )

## 1

What makes my father stay so long  
 Away from you and I  
 You said he would again return  
 Mother, what makes you cry  
 Mother, what makes you cry

## 2

Six months you said he would be gone  
 And leave us here alone  
 And by the winter's snow and rain  
 Six months have passed and gone  
 Six months have passed and gone

## 3

Where is his fine and gallant ship  
 You took me once to sea---  
 Our colors were the Stars and Stripes  
 The Flag of Liberty  
 The Flag of Liberty

## 4

Mother, I well remember him  
 He took me on his knee  
 Here are the birds and shells he brought  
 Across the distant sea---Across the distant sea





FATHER'S SONGSWHAT MAKES MY FATHER STAY SO LONG--(cont'd)

5

Mother, methinks I see him now  
 He waves both hat and hand  
 His last words were--God bless you both  
 As we stood on the strand  
 As we stood on the strand

6

And other ships are coming in  
 Leaving their white wave foam  
 When will my father's ship return  
 And when will he come home  
 And when will he come home

7

Your father tarries long, my child  
 Across the distant main  
 And to his home and family  
 He will ne'er return again  
 He will ne'er return again

8

Your father's ship, my gentle boy  
 Has sunk beneath the wave  
 There is a bright and shining sea  
 Sweeps o'er your father's grave  
 Sweeps o'er your father's grave

9

What makes you cry so, mother dear  
 Shall I ne'er see him more  
 Or will the deep and watery grave  
 The dead no more restore  
 The dead no more restore

10

My child, you are the only tie  
 This earth has left to me  
 There is a home in yonder sky  
 Where we may happy be  
 A home for you and me





FATHER'S SONGSNOT FOR JOE

-(This is another of the songs which Nellie Stiles used to )-  
 (sing---See Pages 82 to 87. )

## 1

Joseph Baxter is my name  
 My friends all call me Joe  
 I'm up to every sort of game  
 And everything I know  
 I once was green as green could be  
 I suffered through it, though  
 Now if they try it on with me  
 I tell them:- Not for Joe

## Chorus---

Not for Joe, Not for Joe  
 Not for Joseph if he knows it  
 Not for Joe, Not for Joe  
 Not for Joseph, Oh, dear, No

## 2

A friend of mine down in Pall Mall  
 The other night said:- Joe  
 I'll introduce you to a girl  
 You really ought to know  
 She's a widow you should try and win  
 It would be a good match for you  
 She's pretty and got lots of tin  
 And only forty-two

-(Spoken:---Forty-two! Old enough to )-  
 (be my mother! Pretty, though! And )  
 (got lots of "tin"! But forty-two! )  
 (No! Not for Joe!----- )

-----Chorus:-

(1) The first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward. (2) The second is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward. (3) The third is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward. (4) The fourth is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward. (5) The fifth is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward. (6) The sixth is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward. (7) The seventh is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward. (8) The eighth is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward. (9) The ninth is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward. (10) The tenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one. It is a complex system, and the results of the analysis are not always straightforward.

FATHER'S SONGSO'GRADY'S GOAT

1

O'Grady lived in Shanty Row  
 The neighbors often said  
 They wished that he would move away  
 Or that his goat was dead  
 He kept the neighborhood in fear  
 And children always vexed  
 They could not tell just when nor where  
 That goat would turn up next

Chorus---

Now you can bet your coat  
 That if there's fun afloat  
 Or if there's any divilment  
 You'll find O'Grady's goat  
 With rocks and guns and knives  
 Mad husband's and their wives  
 Have tried 'most all their lives to find  
 And kill O'Grady's goat

2

Mike Doyle was courting Biddy Shea  
 And standing at the gate  
 They were just about to kiss  
 Each other sly and swate  
 They came together like two rams  
 And mashed their noses flat  
 They never speak as they pass by  
 O'Grady's goat done that

3

The widow Casey stood one day  
 The dirty clothes to rub  
 When suddenly she took a dive  
 Head-foremost in the tub  
 She lit upon her back and yelled  
 As she was laid out flat  
 Go get your gun and shoot that baste  
 O'Grady's goat done that

4

Pat Ryan's wife hung out the clothes  
 Upon the line to dry  
 She went to take them in at night  
 But stopped to have a cry  
 The sleeves of two red flannel shirts  
 That once were worn by Pat  
 Were chewed off almost to the neck  
 O'Grady's goat done that

2500 19 12 19

TAGS: A. T. C. A. T. C.

FATHER'S SONGSO'GRADY'S GOAT---(cont'd)

5

The folks in Grady's neighborhood  
 All live in fear and fright  
 They deem it certain death to go  
 Around there after night  
 And in their sleep they see a form  
 Upon the air afloat  
 And wake themselves by shouting out  
 Look-out for Grady's goat

-----Chorus:-

6

One winter's morning when the snow  
 Lay deep upon the ground  
 Men, women, children in a crowd  
 Were sad and gathered 'round  
 The form of one cold, stark and dead  
 And sticking down his throat  
 Was Mag McGinty's bustle fast  
 That ended Grady's goat

-----Chorus:-

-(Hal learned the above of Julia Pevey---in the "nineties" )-

HE IS SLEEPING IN THE KLONDIKE VALE TONIGHT

1

One day I saw a gallant ship departing  
 Friends and sweet-hearts waved a good-bye from the shore  
 But the merry scene it bore a tinge of sadness  
 For among the throng there's one we'll see no more  
 In the crowd there stood a woman lone and lonely  
 For against her will her boy had taken flight  
 Tempted by the wealth untold, to a land that's decked with  
 He's prospecting in the Klondike vale tonight /gold

Chorus---

In far-away Alaska where the Yukon river flows  
 Where the mighty boulders stand 'mid wealth and might  
 With fortune there untold, in a grave that's decked with  
 He is sleeping in the Klondike vale tonight /gold

2

On the shore each day an anxious throng was waiting  
 For tidings of the ones they loved so well  
 When a message came it cast a glow of sorrow  
 'Twas the saddest story ever tongue could tell  
 Some had wealth but in their joy was mingled sadness  
 As they told how many perished in the fight  
 One a lad so brave and bold, in a grave that's decked with  
 He is sleeping in the Klondike vale tonight /gold

-----Chorus:-

-(See Boston Sunday Globe, Sept. 19, 1897)-





FATHER'S SONGSMCSORLEY'S BEAUTIFUL TWINS

1

Arrah! Mrs. McSorley had fine purty twins  
 Two fat little divils they were  
 With squalling and bawling from morning till night  
 They would deafen you I do declare  
 By my soul, 'twas a caution, the way they would scream  
 Like a blast from a fisherman's horn  
 Said McSorley, - Not one blessed hour have I slept  
 Since these two little divils were born

Chorus---

With the beer and the whiskey the whole blessed night  
 Faith! they couldn't stand up on their pins  
 Such an illegant time at the christening we had  
 Of McSorley's most beautiful twins

2

Said Mrs. McSorley-A christening we'll have  
 Just to give me two darlints a name  
 Faith! we will, said McSorley, sure some they must get  
 Something grand, to be sure, for the same  
 Then for Godmothers Kate and Mag Murphy stood up  
 And for Godfathers came the two Flynns  
 Johanna Maria, Ignatius O'Mara  
 Were the names that they christened the twins

-----Chorus:-

3

When the christening was over the company began  
 With good whiskey to fill up their skins  
 And the neighbors came in just to wish a good luck  
 To McSorley's most beautiful twins  
 When old Mrs. Mullins had drank all her punch  
 Faith! she hardly could stand up at all  
 She fell flat on her stomach on top of the twins  
 And they set up a murdering squall

-----Chorus:-

4

Then Mrs. McSorley jumped up in a rage  
 And she threatened Mrs. Mullins's life  
 Said old Daddy Mullins, I'll bate the first man  
 That dare lay a hand on me wife  
 The McGanns and the Googans they had an old grudge  
 And Mag Murphy pitched into the Flynns  
 They fought like the devil, turned over the bed  
 And they smothered the two little twins

-----Chorus:-

REPORT

REPORT

1

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

REPORT

FATHER'S SONGSODD FELLOWS HALL

1

I met my friend Patsy McKenna  
 One evening on Washington street  
 Said he to me-Hi, Timmy Doolan  
 Here's a ticket will give you a treat  
 So I took the card that he offered  
 'Twas not very large, 'twasn't small  
 And it read -- Admit a gent and a lady  
 To the party at Odd Fellows Hall

2

I paid fifty cents for the ticket  
 Then called on Miss Bridget McCann  
 She said she would go to the party  
 For I was an illegant man  
 We went down and jumped in a herdic  
 The driver says where shall I call  
 Said I, in a dignified manner  
 You may take us to Odd Fellows Hall

3

McKenna he was floor director  
 He wore a green badge on his chest  
 With a pink necktie tucked in his shirt-front  
 Begobs! he was handsomely dressed  
 So when he waltzed off with Miss Bridget  
 Sure and I wasn't in it at all  
 But says I to meself-Pat McKenna  
 There is more than one man in this hall

4

I waited till it was all over  
 Then up to him boldly I goes  
 Says I to him--Patsy McKenna  
 Say! where did you hire them clothes  
 You're a liar, says Pat, in an instant  
 Says I, what's that word that you call  
 And the next minute me and McKenna  
 Was a scrappin' in Odd Fellows Hall

5

Next morning before Justice Duffy  
 McKenna and me were brought in  
 Tin dollars, says he, or tin days, sir  
 And me and Pat hadn't the tin  
 So we took a short trip down the harbor  
 Begobs! we were feeling quite small  
 And we stayed for tin days on Deer Island  
 For scrappin' in Odd Fellows Hall



FATHER'S SONGSMISTER DOOLEY

-(Words by Wm. Jerome. Music by Jean Schwartz. Published by )-  
 (Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York.)

## 1

There is a man that's known to all, a man of great renown  
 A man whose name is on the lips of everyone in town  
 You read about him every day, you've heard his name no doubt  
 And if he even sneezes they will get an extra out

Chorus:-For Mister Dooley, for Mister Dooley  
 The greatest man the country ever knew  
 Quite diplomatic and democratic  
 Is Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

## 2

Napoleon had an army of a hundred thousand men  
 He marched them up the hill and then he marched them down  
 When they were up, why they were up, on that I'll bet a /again  
 And tho' Napoleon marched them up--Who was it called /~~th~~rown  
 /them down

Chorus:-'Twas Mister Dooley, 'twas Mister Dooley  
 He always knew a little parle vou  
 With Boni Partee, a la McCarty  
 Was Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

## 3

This country never can forget, forget we never will  
 The way the boys at San Juan they went charging up the hill  
 Though Teddy got the credit of that awful bloody fray  
 The hero who deserved it and the man who saved the day

Chorus:-'Twas ~~M~~ister Dooley, 'twas Mister Dooley  
 Like a locomotive up the hill he flew  
 Who drove the Spaniards back to the Tanyards  
 'Twas Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

## 4

Now wireless telegraphy is cutting quite a dash  
 And messages across the sea are sent now like a flash  
 With all the great inventors it has made an awful hit  
 And but few of them acknowledge that the man invented it

Chorus:-Was Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley  
 To Edison he taught a thing or two  
 A young Marconi, eats macaroni  
 Along with Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

## 5

Of Washington you've heard the tale about the cherry tree  
 In fact it seems to be a part of Yankee history  
 Who cut that tree? his father said, and George began to cry  
 Oh, father dear, said little George, I cannot tell a lie

Chorus:-'Twas Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley  
 His father said, now Georgie, is it true  
 With meditation, was it Carrie Nation  
 Or Mister Dooley, ooley, ooley, oo

SECRET

1. The following information was obtained from a confidential source who has provided reliable information in the past.

2. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.

3. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.

4. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.

5. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.

6. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.

7. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.

8. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.

9. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.

10. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.

11. The source has provided information regarding the activities of the [redacted] group, which is active in the [redacted] area.



FATHER'S SONGSMISTER DOOLEY---(cent'd)

6

Who settles all the labor strikes without a word or blow  
 And sees the men who work receive the right amount of dough  
 Who causes them to arbitrate? who uses all the grease  
 To keep the men of capital and labor both at peace

Chorus:-It's Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley  
 A man reporters like to interview  
 Who changed the manner of Marcus Hanna  
 Sure 'twas Mister Dooley, coley, coley, oo

7

Of course you all remember the reception to the prince  
 And ev'ry one who met him voted Henny was immense  
 He said he had a bully time while he was over here  
 And the only man he ever met could beat him drinking beer

Chorus:-Was Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley  
 He drank more than the Germans they could brew  
 The great adviser to Bill the Kaiser  
 Is Mister Dooley, coley, coley, oo

8

Columbus he came over here in fourteen-ninety-two  
 When New York was a vacant lot if history is true  
 'Twas down at Castle Garden he first put his foot on land  
 And as he did the first one there to grab him by the hand

Chorus:-Was Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley  
 And he took him up Columbus Avenue  
 With head uncovered, said -- we're discovered  
 Did Mister Dooley, coley, coley, oo

9

The great "Four Hundred" haven't any leader, so it seems  
 They want a man to show them how to eat their cakes and creams  
 It once was Ward McAllister who led the merry pace  
 And they claim there's only one man who can ever take his /place

Chorus:-It's Mister Dooley, Mister Dooley  
 Who writes the jokes for Chauncey M. Depew  
 It seems that Chauncey took quite a fauncy  
 To the jokes of Mister Dooley, coley, coley, oo

10

A doctor in this city once his business it was bad  
 His name it was unknown, for not a customer he had  
 But now his name is famous, his success it is assured  
 Just through a certain party that this certain doctor cured

Chorus:-'Twas Mister Dooley, 'twas Mister Dooley  
 That made the doctor known to me and you  
 For Doctor Munyon once cured a bunion  
 For Mister Dooley, coley, coley, oo





FATHER'S SONGSROMEO AND JULIET

-(Hal thinks he picked up this classic ditty at college)-

1

Come now and listen to my little song  
 Of Romeo and Juliet  
 Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reeking with woe  
 Poor Romeo and Juliet  
 Ne'er was a story so mournful as that one  
 If you have tears now prepare to get at them  
 For Romeo's the thin one and Juliet's the fat one  
 Poor Romeo and Juliet

2

I am the hero of this little tale  
 I'm Romeo, I'm Romeo  
 I am that very susceptible male  
 I'm Romeo, I'm Romeo  
 Ne'er was a lover dare do as I did  
 When his best girl to Eternity slid-ed  
 I drank cold poison and I suicid-ed  
 I'm Romeo, I'm Romeo

3

I am the heroine of this tale of woe  
 I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet  
 I am the maiden who mashed Romeo  
 I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet  
 Locked in a prison, no pick-axe to force it  
 Nasty old hole, scarce room there to stand or sit  
 I up and jabbed myself right through the corset  
 I'm Juliet, I'm Juliet

4

This of my story is the short and the long  
 Of Romeo and Juliet  
 This is the moral of my little song  
 Of Romeo and Juliet  
 Lovers, I warn you, always be wary  
 Don't buy your drinks of an a-poth-e-ca-ry  
 Don't stab yourselves through the left pul-mo-na-ry  
 Like Romeo and Juliet



## FATHER'S SONGS

### THE WHITE HOUSE

-(This parody on "The Bowery" appeared in the comic weekly---)-  
{ "Truth" in 1896. Hal, then a boy of less than 14, no scen- }  
{ er got his eye on it than he began singing it to the tune }  
{ for which it was evidently intended---although he didn't }  
{ wait for anyone else to make the discovery. People of a }  
{ later generation may need to be told that it is President }  
{ Cleveland who is supposed to be speaking. }  
1

Oh, when I was elected last  
I was proud of my record past  
Folks who loved their country said  
That I should "fish" and "duck" instead  
But I was out for a deathless name  
There was the White House, power and fame  
But somehow things didn't go the same  
And I'll never go there any more

Chorus---

In the White House, the White House  
I did such things and I said such things  
In the White House, the White House  
I'll never get there any more

2

I had been there but a month or two  
When Lil'o'kalani hove in view  
In Venezuela they raised a row  
That brought the cold sweat to my ample brow  
Then the finances began to fail  
Of public censure there came a gale  
And then I twisted the Lion's tail  
And I'll never go there any more

-----Chorus:-

3

Then into Wall Street I took a dive  
I was in luck to get out alive  
The papers pounded me on the neck  
Until they left me a battered wreck  
The pool was "busted"-and out in the cold  
Was the Morgan Syndicate with all its gold  
"Get out of the White House"- I was told  
And I'll never get there any more

-----Chorus:-

-(Verse number two of course refers to the visit to the Unit-)-  
(ed States of the (then) Queen of the Hawaiians-Liliuokalani)-  
(-or, as she was somewhat familiarly called--Queen "Lil"---.)  
{ The allusion to Venezuela was regarding Cleveland's famous }  
{ note - (or that of his Secretary of State, Richard Olney)- }  
{ to the British Government, as a result of which they (or it) }  
{ agreed to submit to arbitration its differences over the }  
{ boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. The third }  
{ verse refers to the notorious bond issue in time of peace }  
{



FATHER'S SONGSHIAWATHA

-(This is included because of the fact that Hal used to sing )-  
 (it so much. To F. E. K. it always recalls the station of )  
 (Apizaco, Pue., Mexico, the junction point of the main line )  
 (of the Mexican Railroad and the branch to the city of Puebla)  
 (where, during a period of several years and on at least a )  
 (dozen occasions, he used to hear a broken down Mexican beg- )  
 (gar playing it on a very much broken down hand-organ---sup- )  
 (posedly in the belief that it was particularly adapted to )  
 (loosening the purse-strings of los americanos on the pass- )  
 (ing trains. His machine certainly had the phthisic. )

## 1

Oh, the moon is all agleam on the stream where I dream  
 Here of you my pretty Indian maid  
 While the rustling leaves are singing high above us, overhead  
 In the glory of the bright summer's night in the light  
 And the shadows of the forest glade  
 I am waiting here to kiss your lips so red  
 There's a flood of melodies on the breeze from the trees  
 And of you they breathe so tenderly  
 While the woodlands all around are resounding your name  
 Oh, my all in life is you, only you, fond and true  
 And your own forever-more I'll be  
 Hear then this song I sing with lips aflame

## Chorus---

I am your own, your Hiawatha brave  
 My heart is yours, you know,  
 Dear one, I love you so  
 Oh, Minnehaha, gentle maid, decide  
 Decide, and say you'll be  
 My Indian bride

## 2

In the tresses of your hair lies a snare, Love, it's there  
 Where my heart a willing captive lies  
 Oh, my winsome queen, I pray you'll hold it ever in your care  
 In my little birch canoe, Love, with you, just we two  
 Down the stream of life in wedded bliss  
 I would drift, sweetheart, with you, my lot to share  
 When the birds upon the wing, in the spring, gaily sing  
 Of the green and golden summer-time  
 When the snows of early Winter clothe the woodland in white  
 Then your Hiawatha free, I will be, and to thee  
 Every thought of mine will e'er incline  
 Hear then this song I sing to thee this night

-----Chorus:--

ATTACHMENT

1. The first part of the report is devoted to a general description of the situation in the country. It is noted that the country is a large one, with a population of about 100 million. The climate is generally warm, with a high degree of humidity. The terrain is mostly flat, with some low mountains in the north. The country is rich in natural resources, particularly in the form of minerals and agricultural products. The government is a democracy, with a constitution that guarantees the rights of the citizenry. The economy is based on agriculture and industry. The country is a member of the United Nations and the Organization of American States.

2. The second part of the report is devoted to a description of the political situation. It is noted that the country has a long history of political instability. There have been several revolutions and periods of military rule. The current government is a democracy, but it is facing a number of challenges. The opposition is strong, and there are a number of political parties. The government is working to improve the political situation and to ensure the rights of the citizenry. It is noted that the country is a member of the United Nations and the Organization of American States.

3. The third part of the report is devoted to a description of the economic situation. It is noted that the country has a long history of economic instability. There have been several periods of hyperinflation and economic crisis. The current government is working to improve the economic situation and to ensure the rights of the citizenry. It is noted that the country is a member of the United Nations and the Organization of American States.

4. The fourth part of the report is devoted to a description of the social situation. It is noted that the country has a long history of social instability. There have been several periods of social unrest and civil war. The current government is working to improve the social situation and to ensure the rights of the citizenry. It is noted that the country is a member of the United Nations and the Organization of American States.



FATHER'S SONGSAFTER THE BALL

-(This was one of the popular songs of the early "nineties"---)-  
 (I remember that I found it all the rage when I came up from)  
 (the Tennessee Mountains for my vacation in July, 1893.F.E.K)

## 1

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee  
 Begged for a story - De, Uncle, please  
 Why are you single, why live alone  
 Have you no babies, have you no home  
 I had a sweetheart long years ago  
 Where she is now, pet, you soon shall know  
 List to the story, I'll tell it all  
 I broke her heart, pet, after the ball

## Chorus---

After the ball is over, after the break of dawn  
 After the dance is ended, after the stars are gone  
 Many's the heart is aching, if you could read them all  
 Many's the hope that has vanished, after the ball

## 2

Bright lights were flashing in the grand ball-room  
 Softly the music playing sweet tunes  
 Here came my sweet-heart, my love, my own  
 Bring me some water - Leave me alone  
 When I returned, pet, there stood a man  
 Kissing my sweet-heart, as lovers can  
 Down fell the glass, pet, broken-that's all  
 Just as my heart was, after the ball

-----Chorus:-

## 3

Long years have passed, pet, I have never wed  
 True to my lost love, though she is dead  
 She tried to tell me, tried to explain  
 I would not listen, pleadings were vain  
 One day a letter came from that man  
 He was her brother, the letter ran  
 That's why I'm lonely, no home at all  
 I broke her heart, pet, after the ball

-----Chorus:-



FATHER'S SONGSTHE SONG OF ALL SONGS

-(This is made up of the titles of various songs which were )-  
 -(popular 50-60 years ago and was much sung when Father and )-  
 -(Mother were young. )-

You've heard of many songs but of one thing I'm sure  
 Although you've seen "The Active Boy" and laughed at "The Cure"  
 You've never heard the song I'm now going to sing  
 "And if you will but listen", "I think it just the thing"

2

I stopped the other day at the Park, where, you know  
 They've got the penny ballads sticking up in a row  
 The titles I read and, of course, so have you  
 And if you will but listen, I will sing them all to you

3

There was "Abraham's Daughter", "Going Out on a Spree"  
 With "Old Uncle Snow" - "In the Cottage by the Sea"  
 "If Your Foot is Pretty Show It" - "At Lannigan's Ball"  
 "And Why Did She Leave Him" - "On the Raging Canal"

4

There was bonnie "Annie Laurie", with "The Jockey Hat and Feather"  
 "I Don't Think Much of You" - "We Were Boys and Girls Togeth/er"  
 "Do They Think of me at Home" - "I'm Afloat-I'm Afloat"  
 "Don't Despise a Man Because he Wears a Ragged Coat"

5

"In the Days When I was Hard Up" - "With My Mary Ann"  
 "My Johnny Was a Shoemaker" - "Or Any Other Man"  
 "The Captain With the Whiskers" - "And Annie of the Vale"  
 "Along with "Old Bob Ridley" - "Riding on a Rail"

6

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" - "Going 'Round the Horn"  
 "I'm Not Myself At All" - "I'm a Bachelor Forlorn"  
 "Mother, Is the Battle Over?" - "What Are the Men About?"  
 "How Are You, Horace Greeley?" - "Does Your Mother Know You're  
 /Out?"

THERE WAS AN OLD SAILOR

There was an old sailor and he had a wooden leg  
 No tobacco could he borrow, no tobacco could he beg  
 Another old sailor he had plenty of rocks  
 And plenty of tobacco in his old tobacco box

Said the first old sailor - Will you give me a chew  
 Said the second old sailor - I'll be d----d if I do  
 If you'd save up your money and take care of your rocks  
 You'd have plenty of tobacco in your old tobacco-box

FATHER'S SONGS

THE SONG OF ALL SONGS

- (This is made up of the titles of various songs which were)
- (popular 20-30 years ago and was much sung when Father and)
- (Mother were young.)

"And if you will but listen", "I think it just the thing"  
 "You've never heard the song I'm now going to sing  
 Although you've seen "The Active Boy" and laughed at "The Cure"  
 You've heard of many songs but of one thing I'm sure

And if you will but listen, I will sing them all to you  
 The titles I read and, of course, so have you  
 They've got the penny ballads sticking up in a row  
 I stepped the other day at the Park, where, you know

There was "Abraham's Daughter", "Going Out on a Sparrow"  
 With "Old Uncle Snow" - "In the Cottage by the Sea"  
 "If Your Foot is Pretty Show It" - "At Lanningan's Ball"  
 "And Why Did She Leave Him" - "On the Raging Canal"

"Don't Despair a Man Because he Wears a Rugged Coat"  
 "Do They Think of me at Home" - "I'm Afraid I'm Afraid"  
 "I Don't Think Much of You" - "We Were Boys and Girls Together"  
 There was Bonnie "Annie Laurie", with "The Jockey Hat and Petticoat"

"Long with "Old Bob Ridgely" - "Riding on a Ball"  
 "The Captain With the Whiskers" - "And Annie of the Vale"  
 "My Johnny Was a Shoemaker" - "Or Any Other Man"  
 "In the Days When I was Hard Up" - "With My Mary Ann"

"How Are You, Horace Greeley?" - "Does Your Mother Know You're"  
 "Mother, Is the Battle Over?" - "What Are the Men About?"  
 "I'm Not Myself At All" - "I'm a Bachelor Forever"  
 "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" - "Going 'Round the Horn"

THERE WAS AN OLD SAILOR

You'd have plenty of tobacco in your old tobacco-box  
 If you'd save up your money and take care of your rocks  
 Said the second old sailor - I'll be d-----d if I do  
 Said the first old sailor - Will you give me a show  
 And plenty of tobacco in his old tobacco box  
 Another old sailor he had plenty of rocks  
 No tobacco could he borrow, no tobacco could he beg  
 There was an old sailor and he had a wooden leg



FATHER'S SONGSLOVELY MRS. JOHNSON

-)At/ the entertainments which were of frequent occurrence at (-  
 ) the Old Center Schoolhouse, Edward K. Partridge and Allard (,  
 ) Staples (in costume) used to take the part of Mr. and Mrs. (  
 ) Johnson respectively---re-inforced by the "seventeen lovely (  
 ) boys" in the shape of volunteers whose principal efforts were(  
 ) directed toward looking as disreputable as possible---an ob- (  
 ) ject attained by turning their coats and caps wrong side out(  
 ) etc., and otherwise appearing and acting as ridiculous as (  
 ) possible. (

## 1

Oh, I have got a charming bride  
 And with my wife I'm satisfied  
 She's worthy all the world beside  
 Is lovely Mrs. Johnson

## 2

Oh, I can manage any craft  
 And keep things ship-shape fore and aft  
 I'm just the boy to steer a raft  
 And so is Mrs. Johnson

## 3

The life I lead is rather gay  
 Around the town here all the day  
 I generally at ten-pins play  
 With lovely Mrs. Johnson

## 4

I have tasted deep of wedlock's joys  
 I never mind the darlings' noise  
 I'm dad to seventeen lovely boys  
 And so is Mrs. Johnson

POP---GOES THE WEASEL

## 1

All around the cobbler's bench  
 The monkey chased the weasel  
 The priest he kissed the cobbler's wife  
 Pop!--goes the the weasel

## 2

First he bought a skein of thread  
 And then he bought a needle  
 And that's the way the money goes  
 Pop!--goes the weasel

Queen Victoria's very sick  
 And Sally's got the measles  
 And every time the doctor comes  
 Pop!--goes the weasel

When a year has told its tale--Around the corner - maybe  
 Out upon the wicked world-- Pop!--goes a baby .

WATHER'S BOOGE

LOVELLY MRS. JOHNSON

- Ask the entertainments which were of frequent occurrence at  
(the Old Center Schoolhouse, Edward K. Partridge and Alfred  
(Staples) in costume) used to take the part of Mr. and Mrs.  
(Johnson respectively--re-inforced by the "seventeen lovely  
(boys" in the shape of volunteers whose principal efforts were  
(directed toward looking as disagreeable as possible--as op-  
(posed to the usual custom of looking as agreeable as possible  
(and otherwise appearing and acting as ridiculous as  
(possible.

1

Oh, I have got a charming bride  
And with my wife I'm satisfied  
She's worthy all the world beside  
Is lovely Mrs. Johnson

2

Oh, I can manage any crowd  
And keep things ship-shape fore and aft  
I'm just the boy to steer a raft  
And so is Mrs. Johnson

3

The life I lead is rather gay  
Around the town here all the day  
I generally at ten-pins play  
With lovely Mrs. Johnson

4

I have tasted deep of wedding's joys  
I never mind the dailies' nois  
I'm glad to seventeen lovely boys  
And so is Mrs. Johnson

POPL--GOES THE WEASEL

1

All around the coppler's bench  
The monkey chased the weasel  
The priest he kissed the coppler's wife  
Popl--goes the weasel

2

First he bought a skin of furs  
And then he bought a needle  
And that's the way the money goes  
Popl--goes the weasel

Queen Victoria's very sick  
And Billy's got the measles  
And every time the doctor comes  
Popl--goes the weasel

When a year has told its tale--around the corner - maybe  
Out upon the wicked world-- Popl--goes a baby

FATHER'S SONGSI'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE

-(This song was much sung sixty years ago---Mother remembers )-  
 (that it was a favorite of her mother's. )

## 1

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree  
 I'm off to the wars again  
 My peaceful home has no charms for me  
 The battlefield no pain  
 The lady I love will soon be a bride  
 With a diadem on her brow  
 O, why did she flatter my boyish pride  
 She's going to leave me now

## 2

She took me away from my warlike lord  
 And gave me a silken suit  
 I thought no more of my master's sword  
 When I played on my master's lute  
 She seemed to think me a boy above  
 Her pages of low degree  
 O! had I but lov'd with a boyish love  
 It would have been better for me

## 3

Then, I'll hide in my breast every selfish care  
 I'll flush my pale cheeks with wine  
 When smiles awake the bridal pair  
 I'll hasten to give them mine  
 I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed  
 And I'll walk in the festive train  
 And if I survive it I'll mount my steed  
 And I'll off to the wars again

## 4

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine  
 In my helmet's sable plume  
 And then on the field of Palestine  
 I'll seek my early doom  
 And if by the Saracen's hand I fall  
 'Mid the noble and the brave  
 A tear from my lady love is all  
 I ask for the warrior's grave



I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE

(This song was much sung sixty years ago---Mother remembers)  
(That it was a favorite of her mother's.)

1  
I'll hang my harp on a willow tree  
I'm off to the wars again  
My peaceful home has no charms for me  
The battle's no gain  
The lady I love will soon be a bride  
With a diadem on her brow  
O, why did she flatter my boyish pride  
She's going to leave me now

2  
She took me away from my warlike lore  
And gave me a slithering sword  
I thought no more of my master's sword  
When I played on my master's lute  
She seemed to think me a boy above  
Her games at low degree  
O had I but loved with a boyish love  
It would have been better for me

3  
Then, I'll hide in my breast every selfish care  
I'll finish my tale o'er wine  
When smiles awake the bridal pair  
I'll hasten to give them mine  
I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed  
And I'll walk in the festive train  
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed  
And I'll off to the wars again

4  
But one golden treasure of her hair I'll twine  
In my helmet's ample plume  
And then on the field of Palestine  
I'll seek my early doom  
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall  
'Mid the noble and the brave  
A tear from my lady love is all  
I ask for the warrior's grave

FATHER'S SONGSKITTY CLYDE

O, who has not seen Kitty Clyde  
 She lives at the foot of the hill  
 In a sly little nook  
 By the babbling brook  
 That carries her father's old mill  
 O, who does not love Kitty Clyde  
 That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass  
 With a sweet dimpled chin  
 That looks roguish as sin  
 With always a smile as you pass

---Chorus

Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty  
 My own sweet Kitty Clyde  
 In a sly little nook  
 By the babbling brook  
 Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde

With her basket to put in her fish  
 Every morning with line and a hook  
 This sweet little lass  
 Through the tall, heavy grass  
 Steals along by the clear running brook  
 She throws her line into the stream  
 And trips it along the brook side  
 O, how I do wish  
 That I was a fish  
 To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde

---Chorus

How I wish that I was a bee  
 I'd not gather honey from flowers  
 But I'd steal a dear sip  
 From Kitty's sweet lip  
 And make my own hive in her bowers  
 -(last lines missing)-

BABYLON IS FALLEN

-(This was a favorite with Grandfather Kneeland and was, I un- )  
 (derstand, one of the popular hymns during the Millerite ex- )  
 (citement of 1843. Only the first and last verses are here )  
 (given. Father and Mother had been unable to remember the )  
 (second one but Father, only a day or two before he died, re- )  
 (called one line or more and felt sure that he would eventual- )  
 (ly remember the whole of it. I have taken up so much room )  
 (with this explanation that I shall have to give both verses )  
 (on the next page.

KITTY CLYDE

O, who has not seen Kitty Clyde  
She lives at the foot of the hill  
In a shy little nook  
By the babbling brook  
That carries her father's old mill  
O, who does not love Kitty Clyde  
That sunny-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass  
With a sweet dimpled chin  
That looks roguish as sin  
With always a smile as you pass

---Chorus  
Sweet Kitty, dear Kitty  
My own sweet Kitty Clyde  
In a shy little nook  
By the babbling brook  
Lives my own sweet Kitty Clyde

With her basket to put in her fish  
Every morning with line and hook  
This sweet little lass  
Through the tall, heavy grass  
Steals along by the clear running brook  
She throws her line into the stream  
And trips it along the brook side  
O, how I do wish  
That I was a fish  
To be caught by sweet Kitty Clyde  
---Chorus

How I wish that I was a bee  
I'd not gather honey from flowers  
But I'd steal a dear sip  
From Kitty's sweet lip  
And make my own hive in her powers  
--(Just lines rhyming)--

BABY IN THE WILLOW

-(This was a favorite with Grandfather Kneeland and was, I un-  
(derstand, one of the popular hymns during the Millerite ex-  
(citement of 1844). Only the first and last verses are here  
(given. Father and Mother had been unable to remember the  
(second one but Father, only a day or two before he died, re-  
(called one line or more and felt sure that he would eventually  
(ly remember the whole of it. I have taken up as much room  
(with this explanation that I shall have to give both verses  
(on the next page.

FATHER'S SONGSBABYLON IS FALLEN

-(See Note on previous page regarding Grandfather Kneeland, &c)-

## 1

Hail the day so long expected  
 Hail the day of full release  
 Zion's walls are now erected  
 And her watchmen publish peace  
 Through the Shiloh's wide dominions  
 Hear the trumpet loudly roar  
 Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen  
 Babylon is fallen to rise no more.

-(Third verse is given below---)-  
 (The second is missing. ....)

Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion  
 Christ will come a second time  
 Ruling with a rod of iron  
 All who now as foes combine  
 Babel's garments we've rejected  
 And the wedge of golden ore  
 Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen  
 Babylon is fallen to rise no more

TA-RA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY

-(This is changing the subject with a vengeance but I want to )-  
 (include this popular hit of the early nineties as sung by )  
 (Lottie Collins, a popular music hall artist in London at )  
 (that time, and of which---while Miss Collins was in Quarant )  
 (ine during the cholera scare of September, 1892, the "New )  
 (York World" printed a parody reading as follows:- )  
 ("Lottie Collins down the Bay )  
 (Quarantining, so they say )  
 (Sure to lose her two weeks pay )  
 (She must feel all shades of gray") )

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see  
 Queen of swell society  
 Fond of fun as fond can be  
 When it's on the strict q.t.  
 I'm not too young - I'm not too old  
 Not too timid - Not too bold  
 Just the kind you'd like to hold  
 Just the kind for sport I'm told

---Chorus---

Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!  
 Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!

-(See next page)-



BABYLON IS FALLEN

--(See Note on previous page regarding Grandfather Kneeland, etc.)--

1

Babylon is fallen to rise no more  
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen  
Near the trumpet loudly roar  
Through the British's wide dominions  
And her watchmen publish peace  
Babylon's walls are now erected  
Hail the day of full release  
Hail the day so long expected

--(Third verse is given below)--  
(The second is missing.)

Babylon is fallen to rise no more  
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen  
And the wedge of golden ore  
Babel's garments we've rejected  
All who now as foes combine  
Falling with a rod of iron  
Christ will come a second time  
Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion

TA-BA-BA-BA-BOOM-DE-AY

--(This is changing the subject with a vengeance but I want to  
(include this popular hit of the early nineties as sung by  
(Lottie Collins, a popular music hall artist in London at  
(that time, and of which--while Miss Collins was in Guernsey--  
(time during the cholera scare of September, 1892, the "New  
(York World" printed a parody reading as follows:--  
( "Lottie Collins down the Bay  
( Quarantining, so they say  
( Sure to lose her two weeks pay  
( She must feel all shades of gray")

Just the kind for sport I'm told  
But the kind you'd like to hold  
Not too kind - Not too bold  
Y'm not too young - I'm not too old  
When it's on the street p.t.  
Hand of fun as long can be  
Queen of well society  
A sweet Texas girl you see

---Chorus---

TA-BA-BA-BA-BOOM-DE-AY TA-BA-BA-BA-BOOM-DE-AY  
TA-BA-BA-BA-BOOM-DE-AY TA-BA-BA-BA-BOOM-DE-AY

--(See next page)--

FATHER'S SONGSTA-RA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY

(Continued from P. 119)

I'm a blushing bud of innocence  
 Papa says at great expense  
 The old maids say I have no sense  
 The young men say I'm just immense  
 Before my story I conclude  
 I wish it clearly understood  
 That though fond of fun I'm never rude  
 Though not too bad I'm not too good  
 ---Chorus

- (The above song brings back memories of the yachting and fish-  
 ing trip which Fred Kendall, Otis Chessman, 'Gene Kneeland, )  
 (Bert and I took down the Bay (Penobscot) while on vacation in )  
 (July, 1892, and during which we celebrated a (to us) some- )  
 (what thrilling incident by paraphrasing it as follows:- )  
 ( "We lost our topmast today )  
 ( Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" )

I WISH I HAD A BARREL OF RUM

- (The following is one of the numerous "ditties" which George )-  
 (Bowen was constantly singing when he was a young man and we )  
 (were children. )

I wish I had a barrel of rum  
 And sugar three hundred pounds  
 And a great big bowl to put it in  
 And a spoon to stir it 'round  
 I'd drink success to the Searsport girls  
 They are so mighty fine  
 Go over to see the Stockton girls  
 To pass away the time

I sing my humble ditty  
 As from town to town I steer  
 Like every honest fellow  
 I drink my lager beer  
 Like every honest fellow  
 I take my whiskey clear  
 I'm a roving wreck of poverty  
 And the son of a gambolier

The son-of-a, son-of-a, son-of-a, son-of-a  
 Son-of-a-gambolier  
 The son-of-a good-for-nothing  
 Son of a gambolier  
 Like every honest fellow  
 I take my whiskey clear  
 I'm a roving wreck of poverty  
 And the son of a gambolier!





FATHER'S SONGS  
POOR LITTLE JOE

-(This is another of the songs which Hal used to sing as a boy)-  
(I cannot remember the whole of it and I am not even sure )  
(that such as I do remember is properly arranged. )

1

As I walked along  
Through New York's gay throng  
I met a young orphan  
Forgotten by God  
Although he was smiling  
He wanted for bread  
Although he was cheerful  
He wished himself dead

Chorus---

Cold blew the blast  
Down came the snow  
No home to shelter him  
Nowhere to go  
No mother to guide him  
In the grave she lies low  
Out on the cold streets  
Lived poor little Joe

2

A carriage passed by  
With a lady inside  
She looked on Joe's face  
And saw that he cried  
He followed the carriage  
She not even smiled  
But fondly caressed  
Her own darling child

---Chorus:-

3

The lights they were out (?)  
The clocks they struck one  
Along came a policeman  
Whose duty was done  
-(four lines lacking)-

4

Oh, what is this  
The policeman said  
As he looked on Joe's face  
And saw he was dead  
His eyes turned to Heaven  
All covered with snow  
Out on the cold streets  
Died poor little Joe

WATSON'S SONGS  
FROM THE "JOE"

(This is another of the songs which I used to sing as a boy.)  
(I cannot remember the whole of it and I am not even sure  
that such as I do remember is properly arranged.)

1

As I walked along  
Through New York's gay throng  
I met a young orphan  
Forgotten by God  
Although he was smiling  
He wanted for bread  
Although he was cheerful  
He wished himself dead

Chorus--

Cold blew the blast  
Down came the snow  
We have to shelter him  
However to go  
No mother to guide him  
In the grave she lies low  
Out on the cold streets  
Lived poor little Joe

2

A carriage passed by  
With a lady inside  
She looked on Joe's face  
And saw that he cried  
He followed the carriage  
She not even smiled  
But fondly caressed  
Her own darling child  
--Chorus--

3

The lights they were out (?)  
The clock they struck one  
Along came a policeman  
Whose duty was done  
(Four times looking)--

4

Oh, what is this  
The policeman said  
As he looked on Joe's face  
And saw he was dead  
His eyes turned to Heaven  
All covered with snow  
Out on the cold streets  
Died poor little Joe

122  
FATHER'S SONGS

HOE OUT YOUR ROW

1

One sultry day a farmer's boy  
Was hoeing in the field of corn  
And anxiously had waited long  
To hear the welcome dinner horn  
The welcome call was heard at last  
And down he quickly dropped his hoe  
The farmer shouted in his ear  
Hoe out your row! Hoe out your row!

2

Although a hard one was the row  
The farmer's pay but meagre hire  
The lad had worked from early morn  
And now had well begun to tire  
I can-- said he -- and manfully  
He seized again the fallen hoe  
The good man smiled well pleased to see  
The farmer's boy hoe out his row

3

The lad the text remembered long  
And often proved the moral well  
That perseverance to the end  
At last will always nobly tell  
Take courage then -- resolve you can  
And strike an earnest, vigorous blow  
In life's great field of varied toil  
Hoe out your row! Hoe out your row!

---

HOE YOUR OWN ROW

1

Avery many maxims under the sun  
Scarce worth preservation - but here, boys, is one  
So sound and so simple - 'tis worth while to know  
And all in a single line --- Hoe your own row

2

A very many workers, known in my prime  
Some builders of houses, some builders of rhyme  
And they who have prospered have prospered I know  
By intent and meaning of -- Hoe your own row

3

I've known, too, a good many -- idlers who said  
I've a right to my living -- the world owes me bread  
A right! Lazy lubber! A thousand times No  
'Tis his and his only who -- Hoes his own row

## FATHER'S SONGS

### HOE OUT YOUR ROW

1

One sultry day a farmer's boy  
Was hoeing in the field of corn  
And anxiously had waited long  
To hear the welcome dinner horn  
The welcome call was heard at last  
And down he quickly dropped his hoe  
The farmer shouted in his ear  
Hoe out your row! Hoe out your row!

2

Although a hard one was the row  
The farmer's pay but meagre hire  
The lad had worked from early morn  
And now had well begun to tire  
I can-- said he -- and manfully  
He seized again the fallen hoe  
The good man smiled well pleased to see  
The farmer's boy hoe out his row

3

The lad the text remembered long  
And often proved the moral well  
That perseverance to the end  
At last will always nobly tell  
Take courage then -- resolve you can  
And strike an earnest, vigorous blow  
In life's great field of varied toil  
Hoe out your row! Hoe out your row!

### HOW YOUR OWN ROW

1

Avery many maxims under the sun  
George worth preservation - but here, boys, is one  
So sound and so simple - 'tis worth while to know  
And all in a single line --- Hoe your own row

2

A very many workers, known in my prime  
Some builders of houses, some builders of rhyme  
And they who have prospered have prospered I know  
By intent and meaning of -- Hoe your own row

3

I've known, too, a good many -- idlers who said  
I've a right to my living -- the world owes me bread  
A right! Lazy lubber! A thousand times No  
'Tis his and his only who -- Hoe his own row



FATHER'S SONGSGOOD NIGHT

-(Mother learned this of the older boys and girls when she was  
ten or twelve years old.)

## 1

How sweet the happy evening's close  
'Tis the hour of calm repose  
Goodnight!  
The Summer winds have sunk to rest  
The moon, serenely bright  
Unfolds her calm and gentle ray  
Softly now she seems to say  
Good-night!

## 2

Those tranquil hours of social mirth  
Form the dearest links of earth  
Good-night!  
Oh, could we ever feel as now -  
Our hearts with love up-raised  
And while our warm affections flow  
Hear in murmurs soft and low  
Good-night!

## 3

Oh, how each gentle thought is stirred  
As we breathed the parting word  
Good-night!  
And while each hand is kindly pressed  
Oh, may our prayers to Heaven  
With gentle fervor be addressed  
For His blessing on our rest  
Good-night!

"THE WORST THING EVER I DONE"

-(Listen to George Bowen's gentle plaint of bygone days)-

The worst thing ever I done  
My brother Caleb done  
He set a pigeon trap for a quail  
And caught a blue-jay  
He pulled out all of his tail-feathers  
Excepting his wing-feathers.  
And let him go again  
And the blue-jay flew up toward Heaven crying  
Caleb! Caleb! What shall I do  
To be saved.

GOOD NIGHT

-(Mother learned this of the older boys and girls when she was  
ten or twelve years old.)

1

How sweet the happy evening's close  
'Tis the hour of calm repose  
Good-night!  
The summer winds have sunk to rest  
The moon, serenely bright  
Unfolds her calm and gentle ray  
Softly now she seems to say  
Good-night!

2

Those tranquil hours of social mirth  
Form the dearest links of earth  
Good-night!  
Oh, could we ever feel as now  
Our hearts with love up-raised  
And while our warm reflections flow  
Hear in murmurs soft and low  
Good-night!

3

Oh, how each gentle thought is stirred  
As we breathe the parting word  
Good-night!  
And while each hand is kindly pressed  
Oh, may our prayers to Heaven  
With gentle fervor be addressed  
For His blessing on our rest  
Good-night!

"THE WORST THING EVER I DONE"

-(Listen to George Bowen's gentle plaint of pigeon days)-

The worst thing ever I done  
My brother Caleb done  
He set a pigeon trap for a quail  
And caught a blue-jay  
He pulled out all of his tail-feathers  
Excepting his wing-feathers  
And let him go again  
And the blue-jay flew up toward Heaven crying  
Caleb! Caleb! What shall I do  
To be saved

FATHER'S SONGSYANKEE DOODLE

(In copying Father's and Mother's and other Songs, I left this page vacant so that it would be available for any that might be remembered at the Eleventh Hour! I do not know of any better purpose for which the space can be used than for a record of that old standby--Yankee Doodle--the words and description of the origin of which I take from Pages 18-19 of "War Songs" published by Oliver Ditson & Co. in 1883 (?).

"Origin of Yankee Doodle.---In the summer of 1775, the British army, under command of Abercrombie, lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson river, a little south of the city of Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the Eastern States, previous to marching on Ticonderoga. During the month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped and accoutred from his neighbor, and the whole presenting such a spectacle as was never equalled, unless by the celebrated regiment of merry Jack Falstaff. Their outré appearance furnished great amusement to the British officers. One Dr. Shamburg, an English surgeon, composed the tune of Yankee Doodle and arranged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come down to this day. The original words, which we take from Farmer and Moore's "Historical Collections", published in 1820, we have not, however, met with before in many years."

## 1

Father and I went down to camp  
Along with Captain Good-win  
And there we saw the men and boys  
As thick as hasty pudding

---Chorus:-

Yankee Doodle, Keep it up  
Yankee Doodle dandy  
Mind the music and the step  
And with the girls be handy

## 2

And there was Captain Washington  
Upon a slapping stallion  
And giving orders to his men  
I guess there was a million---Chorus

## 3

And then the feathers on his hat  
They looked so tarnal fine-y  
I want-ed pes-ki-ly to get  
To give to my Je-mi-ma---Chorus

## 4

And there they had a swamping gun  
As big as a log of ma-ple  
On a deu-ced lit-tle cart  
A load for father's cattle---Chorus



YAMKEN DODDIE-C-114

5

And every time they fired it off  
It took a horn of powder  
It made a noise like father's gun  
Only a nation leader

6

I went as near to it myself  
As Jacob's underground  
And father went as near again  
I thought the dance was in him

7

(It scared me as I ran the streets  
Nor stopped as I remember  
Till I got home and safely looked  
In granny's little chamber)

8

And there I see a little keg  
Its heads were made of leather  
They knocked upon it with little sticks  
To call the folks together

9

And there they'd lift away like fun  
And play on corn stalk fiddles  
And some had ribbons red as blood  
All bound around their middles

10

The troopers too, would gallop up  
And fire right in our faces  
It scared me almost half to death  
To see them run such races

11

Uncle Sam came there to change  
Some pancakes and some onions  
For 'lasses cakes to carry home  
To give his wife and young ones

12

But I can't tell you half I see  
They kept up such a another  
So I took my bat off, made a bow  
And scampered home to mother

(I do not seem able to reconcile the above with the history  
(of 1775, on June 15th of which year the Continental Congress  
(at Philadelphia) at which he was present as a delegate from  
(Virginia) appointed George Washington Commander-in-Chief of  
(the Colonial forces, of which he took command on July 2nd--  
(fifteen days after the Battle of Brandywine. Besides, how  
(happened Americans to be joining the British forces in con-  
(siderable numbers after war had already begun?

FATHER'S SONGSPRETTY PHYLLIS GRAY

1

Pretty Phyllis lives alone with her father in the lane  
 Where the elm trees make an arch across the way  
 And shield the little cottage from the snow-fall and the rain  
 And the pretty birds are warbling all the day  
 And when I go to see her as the shades of evening fall  
 And the labors of the summer day are o'er  
 I seem to hear the robins in the orchard sweetly call  
 Oh, Phyllis, here's your sweetheart at the door

---Chorus---

The song-birds sweetly sing of pretty Phyllis Gray  
 They tell her of my true love all the day  
 The nightingale its tune no more sings to the moon  
 But calls the name of pretty Phyllis Gray

2

In the cottage in the lane you can hear the happy song  
 Of Phyllis, charming Phyllis all the day  
 And the cattle in the evening as they slowly pass along  
 Try to get a smile from pretty Phyllis Gray  
 Oh, she is a lovely picture with her eyes and cheeks aglow  
 And the glint of sunshine gleaming on her hair  
 Oh, the singing birds all love her and it is for her I know  
 That the honeysuckle sweetens all the air

---Chorus:--

3

She has named the happy day and we'll shortly married be  
 And live there in the cottage in the lane  
 And I know she'll be a loving and a faithful wife to me  
 And our honeymoon will never, never wane  
 To the daisies and the roses and the birds our love we'll tell  
 And the cattle as they down the meadow stray  
 To the goldenrod and clover and the grasses in the dell  
 When I'm wedded to my pretty Phyllis Gray

---

-(The above, as well as "The Song of Other Days" on the succeed-  
 ing page, was written off for Mother by Gertrude Stiles twen- )  
 ty-odd years ago. "The Little Brown Church in the Vale", )  
 (also on the succeeding page, was a great favorite of Carrie )  
 (Stiles, who used to play an accompaniment to her singing of )  
 (it on the old organ of Mother's during her summer vacation )  
 (visits here thirty-five or forty years ago! Mother first )  
 (learned it of her! )

PRETTY PHYLLIS GRAY

1

Pretty Phyllis lives alone with her father in the lane  
Where the elm trees make an arch across the way  
And shield the little cottage from the snow-fall and the rain  
And the pretty birds are warbling all the day  
And when I go to see her in the shades of evening fall  
And the labor of the summer day are o'er  
I seem to hear the robins in the orchard sweetly call  
Oh, Phyllis, here's your sweetheart at the door

---Chorus---

The song-birds sweetly sing of pretty Phyllis Gray  
They tell her of my true love all the day  
The nightingale its tune no more sings to the moon  
But calls the name of pretty Phyllis Gray

2

In the cottage in the lane you can hear the happy song  
Of Phyllis, charming Phyllis all the day  
And the cattle in the evening as they slowly pass along  
Try to get a smile from pretty Phyllis Gray  
Oh, she is a lovely picture with her eyes and cheeks aglow  
And the glint of sunshine gleaming on her hair  
Oh, the singing birds all love her and it is for her I know  
That the honey-suckle sweetens all the air

---Chorus---

3

She has named the happy day and we'll shortly married be  
And live there in the cottage in the lane  
And I know she'll be a loving and a faithful wife to me  
And our honeymoon will never, never wane  
To the daisies and the roses and the birds our love we'll tell  
And the cattle as they down the meadow stray  
To the goldenrod and clover and the grasses in the dell  
When I'm wedded to my pretty Phyllis Gray

(The above, as well as "The Song of Other Days" on the succeed-  
(ing page, was written off for Mother by Gertrude Stiles Swen-  
(ty-odd years ago. "The Little Brown Chimney in the Vale,"  
(also on the succeeding page, was a great favorite of Gertrude  
(Stiles, who used to play an accompaniment to her singing of  
(it on the old organ of Mother's during her summer vacation  
(visits here thirty-five or forty years ago! Mother first  
(learned it of her!)

## FATHER'S SONGS

### THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS

1

As I sit and dream in my solitude  
 And into the firelight gaze  
 I think of a dear, sweet old melody  
 A song of other days  
 'Tis linked with the love of bygone days  
 Like a chain it seems to bind me  
 As my thoughts go drifting and drifting away  
 Till the present is far behind me

---Chorus---

'Tis only the verse of an old love song  
 Tender and sweet and true  
 'Tis the song that you used to love so well  
 'Tis the one I sung for you

2

Oh, that summer night in the long ago  
 Ah! 'tis but a memory now  
 The memory of what might have been  
 If you had but kept your vow  
 No-one could have loved you as I loved you  
 Through all these years of grief and pain  
 And the sweet old song with its cadences low  
 Bring the happy past back again

---Chorus:--

### THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALE

1

There's a little brown church in the wildwood  
 No lovelier spot in the dale  
 No spot is so dear to my childhood  
 As the little brown church in the vale

---Chorus:--

Oh, come to the church in the wildwood  
 Oh, come to the church in the vale  
 No spot is so dear to my childhood  
 As the little brown church in the vale

2

-(lacking)-

3

Close to the church in the wildwood  
 Lies the one that I loved so well  
 She sleeps, sweetly sleeps in the valley  
 Disturb not her rest in the vale

---Chorus:--



THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS

I

As I sit and dream in my solitude  
And into the twilight gaze  
I think of a dear, sweet old melody  
A song of other days  
The linked with the love of yestern days  
Like a chain it seems to bind me  
As my thoughts go drifting and drifting away  
Till the present is far behind me

---Chorus---

'Tis only the verse of an old love song  
Tender and sweet and true  
'Tis the song that you used to love so well  
'Tis the one I sung for you

2

Oh, that summer night in the long ago  
Ah! 'tis but a memory now  
The memory of what might have been  
If you had but kept your vow  
No-one could have loved you as I loved you  
Through all these years of grief and pain  
And the sweet old song with its cadences low  
Bring the happy past back again

---Chorus---

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH IN THE VALLE

I

There's a little brown church in the wildwood  
No lovelier spot in the dale  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the little brown church in the vale

---Chorus---

Oh, come to the church in the wildwood  
Oh, come to the church in the vale  
No spot is so dear to my childhood  
As the little brown church in the vale

2

-(Lacking)-

3

Close to the church in the wildwood  
Lies the one that I loved so well  
The aleys, sweetly alleys in the valley  
Disturb not her rest in the vale  
---Chorus---

## FATHER'S SONGS

### THE WHITE SQUALL

-(This song used to be a great favorite of Fred Kendall's and )-  
 (was (I believe) much sung during his sea-faring days. He )  
 (sent this and "The Cumberland's Crew" to me from Oxford, Mass )  
 (after returning there in September, 1916. Following the )  
 ("Cumberland's Crew" I have included a few verses of songs )  
 (and chanteys which Fred used to sing but which he cannot now )  
 (remember. Will Staples has promised to make me a set of )  
 (copies of sailors' chanteys if he can locate some which he )  
 (says are around his house.)

X X

Oh, the sea was bright and the barque rode well  
 The breeze bore the tones of the vesper bell  
 'Twas a gallant barque with a crew as brave  
 As e'er was launched on the heaving wave  
 --As e'er was launched on the heaving wave  
 For she shone in the light of declining day  
 Each sail was set and each heart was gay  
 For she shone in the light of declining day  
 Each sail was set and each heart was gay  
 --And each heart was gay

2

They neared the land where in beauty smiles  
 The sunny shores of the Grecian isles  
 All thought of home and the welcome dear  
 That soon should greet each wand'rer's ear  
 --That soon should greet each wand'rer's ear  
 And in fancy joined in the social throng  
 The festive dance and the joyous song  
 And in fancy joined in the social throng  
 The festive dance and the joyous song  
 --And the joyous song

3

The White Squall glides through the azure sky  
 Hark! What means that despairing cry  
 Farewell the transient dreams of home  
 'Tis the cry for help where no help can come  
 1-'Tis the cry for help where no help can come  
 For The White Squall glides o'er the surging wave  
 And the barque is gulfed in an ocean grave  
 For the White Squall glides o'er the surging wave  
 And the barque is gulfed in an ocean grave  
 --In an ocean grave

THE WHITE SONNET

(This song used to be a great favorite of Fred Henderson's and (was I believe) much sung during his wedding days. He (went this and "The Cumberland's Crew" to me from Oxford, Mass (after returning there in September, 1916. Following the ("Cumberland's Crew" I have included a few verses of songs (and clankety which used to sing out which he cannot now (remember. Will Staples has promised to make me a set of (copies of letters ' clankety if he can locate some which he (says are around his house.

1  
Oh, the sea was bright and the purple robe well  
The breeze bore the tones of the vesper bell  
'Twas a gallant barque with a crew as brave  
As a star was launched on the heaving wave  
--As a star was launched on the heaving wave  
For the shone in the light of declining day  
Each sail was set and each heart was gay  
For the shone in the light of declining day  
Each sail was set and each heart was gay  
--And each heart was gay

2  
They moved the land where in beauty smiles  
The sunny shores of the ocean fair  
All thought of home and the welcome dear  
That soon should greet each wand'ring ear  
--That soon should greet each wand'ring ear  
And in fancy joined in the social throng  
The festive dance and the joyous song  
And in fancy joined in the social throng  
The festive dance and the joyous song  
--And the joyous song

3  
The White Sonnet glides through the azure sky  
Hark! What means that despairing cry  
Unwail the transient dream at home  
'Tis the cry for help where no help can come  
--'Tis the cry for help where no help can come  
For the White Sonnet glides o'er the surging wave  
And the barque is gulfed in an ocean grave  
For the White Sonnet glides o'er the surging wave  
And the barque is gulfed in an ocean grave  
--in an ocean grave



FATHER'S SONGSTHE CUMBERLAND'S CREW

U.S.S.

-(This of course recounts the destruction of the U.S.S. "Cumber- )-  
 land" (along with the "Saratoga" and others) by the iron or )  
 (steel rails protected "Merrimac", to which the Confederates )  
 (had added a ram and re-named her the "Virginia"! The fol- )  
 (lowing day the re-named "Merrimac" sallied forth from Nor- )  
 (folk to finish up the Federal Fleet---and met the "Monitor" )  
 (and her finish instead! )

1

Oh, shipmates, come gather and join in my ditty  
 Of a terrible battle that's happened of late  
 Let each good Union tar shed a sad tear of pity  
 As they think of the once gallant Cumberland's fate

2

The eighth day of March told a terrible story  
 And many a brave tar to the world bid adieu  
 But our Flag it was wrapped in a mantle of glory  
 By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew

3

On that ill-fated day about ten in the morning  
 The sky it was cloudless and bright shone the sun  
 When the drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning  
 That told every seaman to stand by his gun

4

An iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing  
 And high in the air the base rebel flag flew  
 The pennant of Treason she proudly was waving  
 Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew

5

Then up spoke our Captain with stern resolution  
 Saying:- Boys, by this monster now don't be dismayed  
 We swore to maintain our beloved Constitution  
 And to die for our Country we are not afraid

6

We'll fight for the Union - Our cause it is glorious  
 To the Stars and the Stripes we will ever stand true  
 We'll die at our quarters or conquer victorious  
 Was answered with cheers by the Cumberland's crew

7

They fought us three hours with stern resolution  
 Till those rebels found cannon would never avail  
 For the flag of secession had no power to gall us  
 Though the blood from our scuppers it crimsoned the wave

8

She struck us amidships - Our plank she did sever  
 Her sharp iron prow pierced our noble ship through  
 As slowly she sank on that dark, rolling river  
 We'll die at our guns cried the Cumberland's crew

THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW

U.S.S.

(This of course recounts the destruction of the N.H. "Cumberland" (along with the "Saratoga" and others) by the iron or steel vessels protected "Merrimack", to which the Confederates had added a ram and re-named her the "Virginia"! The following day the re-named "Merrimack" sailed forth from Norfolk to finish up the Federal Fleet---and met the "Monitor" and her finish finished!

1

Oh, shipmates, come gather and join in my dirge  
Of a terrible battle that's happened of late  
Let each good Union tar shed a sad tear of pity  
As they think of the once gallant Cumberland's fate

2

The eighth day of March told a terrible story  
And many a brave tar to the world bid adieu  
But our flag it was wrapped in a mantle of glory  
By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew

3

On that ill-fated day about ten in the morning  
The sky it was cloudless and bright shone the sun  
Then the drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning  
That told every seaman to stand by his gun

4

An iron-clad frigate down on us came bearing  
And light in the air the dense rebel flag flew  
The moment of treason she proudly was waving  
Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew

5

Then up spoke our Captain with stern resolution  
Saying: Boys, by this weather now don't be dismayed  
We were to maintain our beloved Constitution  
And to die for our Country we are not afraid

6

We'll fight for the Union - Our cause it is glorious  
To the Stars and the Stripes we will ever stand true  
We'll die at our quarters or conquer victorious  
Was answered with cheers by the Cumberland's crew

7

They fought us three hours with stern resolution  
Till these rebels found cannon would never avail  
For the flag of secession had no power to call us  
Though the blood from our wounds it crimsoned the wave

8

She struck us amidships - Our plank she did sever  
Our sharp iron prow pierced our noble ship through  
As slowly she sank on that dark, rolling river  
We'll die at our guns cried the Cumberland's crew

## FATHER'S SONGS

### THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW - (cont'd)

9

Slowly they sank 'neath Virginia's waters  
 Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more  
 They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters  
 May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore

10

In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying  
 Their souls have forever to earth bid adieu  
 But The Star Spangled Banner above them is flying  
 It was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew

11

Columbia's sweet birthright of Freedom's communion  
 Thy Flag never floated so proudly before  
 For the spirits of those who have died for our Union  
 Above its broad folds now exultingly soar

12

And when our sailors in battle assemble  
 God bless our dear Banner, The Red, White and Blue  
 Beneath its broad folds we'll cause tyrants to tremble  
 Or we'll die at our guns - like the Cumberland's crew

### THE BUTTERFLY DUDE

-(This was one of the popular hits of well-nigh forty years ago. I remember that it used to be sung by Fred Kendall (and Frank Crockett - (Tyler's son)- at a time when they may be said to have exhibited "some class" themselves --- so far as (at that time) thoroughly up-to-date dress was concerned!) (Fred couldn't remember any more of it than I have given!)-

1

Oh, the latest sensation, they say  
 That the dude is the swell of the day  
 He's all neck and collar- He'd make a mule holler  
 He's tender as flowers in May  
 He's a birdie that 's fond of his ease  
 To get into his pants is a squeeze  
 And the ladies cry - Maybe! Now aint he a baby  
 He'd fall all apart if he'd sneeze

Chorus---

Oh, the dude, the butterfly dude  
 The sweet-scented monkey - He's softer than honey  
 Oh, the dude, the butterfly dude  
 Say! Did you ever "get on" to a dude

2

He's his mother's own dear little pet  
 He can smoke a real strong cigarette- (Bal. forgotten)



THE DUNDEE'S OWN - (cont'd)

Slowly they sank 'neath Virginia's waters  
Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more  
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters  
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore

In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying  
Their souls have forever to earth bid adieu  
But the Star Spangled Banner above them is flying  
It was raised to the mast by the Dundee's crew

Columbia's sweet dirty light of Freedom's communion  
The flag never flutters so proudly before  
For the spirit of those who have died for our Union  
Above the broad folds now exultingly soar

And when our sailors in battle assemble  
God bless our dear Banner, The Red, White and Blue  
Beneath its broad folds we'll cause tyrants to tremble  
Or we'll die at our guns - like the Dundee's crew

THE BUTTERFLY DUNE

-(This was one of the popular hits of well-nigh forty years ago. I remember that it used to be sung by Fred Kendall and Frank Orchest - (Duke's son) - at a time when they were he said to have exhibited "some glass" themselves - as far as (at that time) thoroughly up-to-date dress was concerned. Fred couldn't remember any more of it than I have given!)

I

Oh, the latest sensation, they say  
That the dune is the swell of the day  
He's all neck and collar - He'd make a nice fellow  
He's a tender as flowers in May  
He's a dandy that's a fond of his ease  
To get into his pants is a nuisance  
And the ladies cry - "My dear, how aint he a baby  
He'd fall all apart if he'd sneeze

Chorus--

Oh, the dune, the butterfly dune  
The sweet-scented monkey - He's a softer than honey  
Oh, the dune, the butterfly dune  
Say! Did you ever "get on" to a dune

2

He's his mother's own dear little pet  
He can smoke a real strong cigarette - (all forgotten)

FATHER'S SONGSSAILORS' CHANTEYS

-(The following are parts of two chanteys which I used to hear)-  
 (sung by Fred Kendall and Will Staples---when they were sea- )  
 (faring men and at a time when a large proportion of the )  
 (young men of Searesport looked upon the sea as their natural )  
 (calling. I am not sure that even these extracts are correct)

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

The Captain gives out the word of command  
 Then it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down  
 The Captain gives out the word of command  
 Will you give me some time to blow the man down

Now when I say Halt! Then I want you to stand  
 And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down  
 Now when I say Halt! Then I want you to stand  
 Will you give me some time to blow the man down

And when I say Go! Then I want you to scoot  
 And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down  
 And when I say Go! Then I want you to scoot  
 Will you give me some time to blow the man down

For if you do not - You'll get the toe of my boot  
 And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down  
 For if you do not-- You'll get the toe of my boot  
 Will you give me some time to blow the man down

HOMEWARD BOUND

We're homeward bound up Liverpool Sound  
 Good-bye! Fare-ye-well! Good-bye! Fare-ye-well!  
 We're homeward bound up Liverpool Sound  
 Three Cheers! My Boys! We're Homeward Bound!

WATSON'S SONGS

SAILORES' CHALLENGE

(The following are parts of two choruses which I used to hear)-  
(sung by Fred Kendall and Will Stegler--when they were sea-  
(sailing men and at a time when a large proportion of the  
(young men of Liverpool looked upon the sea as their natural  
(calling. I am not sure that even these extracts are correct)

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

The Captain gives out the word of command  
Then it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down  
The Captain gives out the word of command  
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

Now when I say Heil! Then I want you to stand  
And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down  
Now when I say Heil! Then I want you to stand  
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

And when I say Go! Then I want you to accept  
And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down  
And when I say Go! Then I want you to accept  
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

For if you do not - You'll get the toe of my boot  
And it's Yo! Ho! Blow the man down  
For if you do not - You'll get the toe of my boot  
Will you give me some time to blow the man down

HOMEWARD BOUND

We're homeward bound up Liverpool Bound  
Good-bye! Fare-ye-well! Good-bye! Fare-ye-well!  
We're homeward bound up Liverpool Bound  
Three Cheers! Ye Boys! We're Homeward Bound!



## FATHER'S SONGS

### THE CHICKADEE SONG

-(This and the two following songs were long sung to Helen by )-  
 (her mother each night as a part of the regular order of )  
 (things---as they had been sung to Bertha by her mother in )  
 (the long ago. In fact, they were written off for Bertha by )  
 (her mother the last time she visited us in Brooklyn in Sep- )  
 (tember, 1912. She died August 6, 1913. -(in Dubuque, Iowa)

1

The ground was all covered with snow one day  
 When two little sisters were busy at play  
 And a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree  
 And merrily singing his Chick-a-dee-dee  
 Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
 And merrily singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

2

He had not been singing this tune very long  
 Ere Emily heard him - so loud was his song  
 Oh! sister! come here to the window and see  
 Here's a dear little bird singing Chick-a-dee-dee  
 Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
 Here's a dear little bird singing Chick-a-dee-dee

3

Poor fellow! He walks in the cold and the sleet  
 And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet  
 I wonder what makes him so full of his glee  
 He's all the time singing his Chick-a-dee-dee  
 Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
 He's all the time singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

4

Oh, Mother! Do buy him some stockings and shoes  
 And a dear little frock - and a hat if he choose  
 I wish he'd come into the parlor and see  
 How warm we would make him- Poor Chick-a-dee-dee  
 Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
 How warm we would make him - Poor Chick-a-dee-dee

5

The bird had flown down for some sweet crumbs of bread  
 And heard every word little Emily said  
 What a figure I'd make in that dress, thought he  
 And laughed as he warbled his Chick-a-dee-dee  
 Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
 And laughed as he warbled his Chick-a-dee-dee

6

I'm grateful, said he, for the wish you express  
 But have no occasion for such a fine dress  
 I'd rather remain with my little limbs free  
 Than to hobble about singing Chick-a-dee-dee  
 Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
 Than to hobble about singing Chick-a-dee-dee

See next page

THE CHICKADEE SONG

(This and the two following songs were long sung to Helen by)  
(her mother each night as a part of the regular order of  
(things--as they had been sung to her by her mother in  
(the long ago. In fact, they were written off for her by  
(her mother the last time she visited us in Brooklyn in Sep-  
(tember, 1912. She died August 2, 1913. - (in Dubuque, Iowa)

1

The ground was all covered with snow one day  
When two little sisters were busy at play  
And a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree  
And merrily singing his Chick-a-dee-dee  
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
And merrily singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

2

He had not been singing this tune very long  
When Emily heard him - so loud was his song  
Oh sister! come here to the window and see  
Here's a dear little bird singing Chick-a-dee-dee  
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
Here's a dear little bird singing Chick-a-dee-dee

3

Foot follow! He walks in the cold and the sleet  
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet  
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee  
He's all the time singing his Chick-a-dee-dee  
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
He's all the time singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

4

Oh, Father! Do buy him some stockings and shoes  
And a dear little frock - and a hat if he chooses  
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see  
How warm we would make him - Poor Chick-a-dee-dee  
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
How warm we would make him - Poor Chick-a-dee-dee

5

The bird had flown down for some sweet crumbs of bread  
And hearing every word little Emily said  
What a figure I'd make in that dress, thought he  
And laughed as he warbled his Chick-a-dee-dee  
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
And laughed as he warbled his Chick-a-dee-dee

6

I'm grateful, said he, for the wish you express  
But have no occasion for such a fine dress  
I'd rather remain with my little limbs free  
Than to hobble about singing Chick-a-dee-dee  
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
Than to hobble about singing Chick-a-dee-dee

FATHER'S SONGSTHE CHICKADEE SONG -(concl'd)-

7

There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who  
 Has clothed me already and warm enough, too  
 Good Morning! Oh, who are so happy as we  
 And he flew away singing his Chick-a-dee-dee  
 Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
 And he flew away singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

---

JIPPIE AND JIMMIE

1

Jippie and Jimmie were two little dogs  
 They went to ride on some floating logs  
 The logs rolled over - The dogs rolled in  
 They got very wet for their clothes were thin

2

Jippie and Jimmie crept out again  
 They said - The water is full of rain  
 They said - The water is far from dry  
 Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi-yi-yi-yi!

3

Jippie and Jimmie went shivering home  
 They said - The water no more we'll roam  
 And we won't go to sail until we know how  
 Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow!

---

-(If anyone asks if "Jippie" would not better be spelled )-  
 ("Gyppie", the answer is---Quien sabe!!! )

THE CHICKADEE SONG - (Conc'd.)

7

There is one, my dear child, though I cannot tell who  
Has clothed me already and warm enough, too  
Good morning! Oh, who are so happy as we  
And he flew away singing his Chick-a-dee-dee  
Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!  
And he flew away singing his Chick-a-dee-dee

TIPPLE AND TIMBLE

1

Tipple and Timble were two little dogs  
They went to ride on some floating logs  
The logs rolled over - The dogs rolled in  
They got very wet for their clothes were thin

2

Tipple and Timble crept out again  
They said - The water is full of rain  
They said - The water is far from dry  
Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi-yi-yi-yi!

3

Tipple and Timble went shivering home  
They said - The water no more we'll roam  
And we won't go to sail until we know how  
Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow-wow!

(-If anyone asks if "Tipple" would not better be spelled -  
"Cyphe", the answer is-- Better capital!)



FATHER'S SONGSWHERE HAS MY LITTLE BASKET GONE

1

Where has my little basket gone  
Said Charlie boy, one day  
I guess some little boy or girl  
Has taken it away

2

And kitty, too! where has she gone  
Oh, dear! what shall I do  
I wish I could my basket find  
And little kitty, too

3

I'll go to Mother's room and look  
Perhaps she may be there  
For kitty likes to take a nap  
In Mother's easy chair

4

Oh, Mamma! Mamma! Come and look  
See what a little heap  
My kitty's in the basket here  
All cuddled down to sleep

5

He took the basket carefully  
And brought it in a minute  
And showed it to his mother dear  
With little kitty in it

WHEN THE LITTLE BASKET CAME

1  
Where was my little basket gone  
Said Charlie boy, one day  
I guess some little boy or girl  
Has taken it away

2  
And kitty, too! Where was she gone  
Oh, dear! What shall I do  
I wish I could my basket find  
And little kitty, too

3  
I'll go to Mother's room and look  
Perhaps she may be there  
For kitty likes to take a nap  
In Mother's easy chair

4  
Oh, Mamma! Mamma! Come and look  
See what a little heap  
My kitty's in the basket here  
All cuddled down to sleep

5  
He took the basket carefully  
And brought it in a minute  
And showed it to his mother dear  
With little kitty in it



## MOTHER'S POEMS

NOTHING IS TO BE

MOTHER'S POEMS

GRANITE GRANGE

-(When we lived on the Steele Place in 1876, Uncle Nelson was )  
 (a member of Granite Grange, which met in Whitcomb's Hall, )  
 (North Searsport, and ran a co-operative store for the bene- )  
 (fit of its members? Uncle Nelson was always telling about )  
 (the low prices at this store. Mother got tired of it, with )  
 (the result that she wrote this screed and hung it, together )  
 (with a freshly-baked pie, on Uncle Nelson's door in a May- )  
 (basket! Next morning, "Uncle Nelse" betook himself and the )  
 (poem to the stone-wall down in front of his house and, sit- )  
 (ting astride of same, carefully "pized" his spectacles on )  
 (his "lovely nose", submitted it to a careful and long-drawn- )  
 (out perusal, after which he went back to the house, showed )  
 (it to Aunt Lucy, and remarked:- "I don't see who could have )  
 (sent me that!" "Huh!", replied Aunt Lucy, "I shouldn't )  
 (think you would have to think long, Father, with "Manda" liv- )  
 (ing in the neighborhood!"

1

You belong to Granite Grange  
 Though why so-called we cannot tell  
 The name to us seems rather strange (strange)  
 As naught but softness in it dwells

2

You think you are a boy again  
 Mrs. Whitcomb thinks so, too  
 But that to us looks rather thin  
 When your large family we view

3

Your "wild oats" should have been sown  
 Long years ago - if sown at all  
 But some allowance we'll make for you  
 When young men all obey her call

4

Anticipate her slightest wish  
 And strive to gain her approving smile  
 While their poor wives with wrinkled brows  
 Look on in anger all the while

5

But now your morals - good or bad  
 We'll lay upon the shelf to dry  
 And talk of more substantial things  
 And of the prices - low and high

6

You say you can good flour sell  
 At prices very low  
 You may to Grangers - not to us  
 Who its poor quality know

7

To our mind flour should be white  
 In your Grange it is awful black

## MOTHER'S POWER

## GRANITE GRANGE

When we lived on the Steele Place in 1878, Uncle Nelson was a member of Granite Grange, which met in Whitcomb's Hall, North Georgetown, and ran a co-operative store for the benefit of its members? Uncle Nelson was always telling about the low prices at this store. Mother got tired of it, with the result that she wrote this screed and hung it, together with a freshly-baked pie, on Uncle Nelson's door in a basket! Next morning, "Uncle Nelson" posted himself and the poem to the stone-wall down in front of his house and, sitting outside of same, carefully "skimmed" his spectacles on his "lovely nose", submitted it to a certain and long-drawn-out process, after which he went back to the house, showed it to Aunt Lucy, and remarked:-- "I don't see who could have sent me that!" "Huh!", replied Aunt Lucy, "I shouldn't think you would have to think long, Father, with 'Mamma' living in the neighborhood!"

1

You belong to Granite Grange  
Though why so-called we cannot tell  
The name to us seems rather strange (strange)  
As naughty but serious in it dwells

2

You think you are a boy again  
Mrs. Whitcomb thinks so, too  
But that to us looks rather thin  
When your large family we view

3

Your "wild cats" should have been sown  
Long years ago - if sown at all  
But some allowance we'll make for you  
When young men all obey her call

4

Anticipate her slightest wish  
And strive to gain her approving smile  
While their poor wives with wrinkled brows  
Look on in anger all the while

5

But now your morals - good or bad  
We'll lay upon the shelf to dry  
And talk of more substantial things  
And of the prices - low and high

6

You say you can good flour sell  
At prices very low  
You say to Grangers - not to us  
Who the poor quality know

7

To our mind flour should be white  
In your Grange it is awful black

MOTHER'S POEMSGRANITE GRANGE - (concl'd)-

7

To our mind flour should be white  
 In your Grange it is awful black  
 Its color doesn't matter so much  
 But oh, of sweetness, what a lack

8

Next comes the saleratus  
 Oh, where's the nose can stand  
 The odors that from it arise  
 In this, our Christian land

9

Your molasses, we'll admit  
 Is passable - not extra good  
 To those who choose to purchase it  
 But we'd not be the ones who would

10

And as for tea! Oh, dear! Oh, me!  
 Such a vile compound we never did see  
 As that you sell at Granite Grange  
 And call it good! 'Tis strange! 'Tis strange!

11

And now of sugar we would speak  
 What we have seen is very good  
 We hope Bro. S. will get enough  
 Of sugar - likewise firewood

12

Now in conclusion we would say  
 Let not your angry passions rise  
 When on the bridge of your lovely nose  
 Your spectacles you carefully "pize"

13

And scan the lines which we have penned  
 In friendly spirit - not in wrath (wrath)  
 'Tis not too late to mend your ways  
 So hasten back to the good old path

14

And taste these eatables of ours  
 Then wonder if you think it strange  
 We thank Kind Fortune day and night  
 That we're not members of Granite Grange



GRANGE - (b) - (b)

7  
To our mind there should be white  
In your Grange it is a swifly black  
The color doesn't matter so much  
But oh, of sweetness, what a lack

8  
Next comes the relation  
Oh, where's the man can stand  
The color that from it arise  
In this, our Christian land

9  
Your molasses, we'll admit  
Is possible - not extra good  
To those who choose to purchase it  
But we'd not be the ones who would

10  
And as far as that, Oh, well  
Such a vile compound we never did see  
As that you call a Grange  
And call it good! 'Tis strange!

11  
And now of sugar we would speak  
What we have seen is very good  
We hope Bro. S. will get enough  
Of sugar - likewise firewood

12  
Now in conclusion we would say  
Let not your angry passions rise  
When on the bridge of your lovely nose  
Your spectacles you carefully "place"

13  
And soon the lines which we have penned  
In friendly spirit - not in wrath (wrath)  
'Tis not too late to send your ways  
No matter back to the good old path

14  
And taste these odes of ours  
Then wonder if you think it strange  
We thank kind fortune day and night  
That we're not members of Grange



MOTHER'S POEMSWHO IS IT?

- (When, during his strenuous efforts to secure Etta Piper for )  
 (his wife, Mother used to see Fred Savery returning home af- )  
 (ter "sun-up", she felt impelled to chronicle the circumstan- )  
 (ces in the following "poem"! This was in 1881. The poem )  
 (was read at one of the "Exhibitions" which used to be given )  
 (at the Porter Schoolhouse. Fred and Etta were present. Fred )  
 (began to get "wise" as the reading proceeded and at the de- )  
 (nouncement he rose up in his seat as if he were going to make. )  
 (a speech. Etta only laughed! Which goes to prove (?) )  
 (that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male")

1

Who is it rides o'er dale and hill  
 Past the schoolhouse, past the mill  
 Then takes the first turn to the right  
 And quickly passes from our sight

2

Let the wind blow high or low  
 Down the road he's sure to go  
 Is he doctor, lawyer, scribe  
 That in such weather he must ride

3

No old gray horse for him, I ween  
 When in her company he's seen  
 His team must be the very best  
 His person also neatly dressed

4

For now he has the inside track  
 He's no idea of turning back  
 And let some other fellow win  
 The prize he's sure was meant for him

5

Returning he's not always seen  
 Sometimes 'tis 'neath the moon's pale beams  
 Sometimes the sun has risen high  
 When this young man goes dashing by

6

But this we know - and that's a fact  
 For sleep his eyes doth surely lack  
 And we can tell - though we're no writer  
 'Tis Fred Savery been to see Miss Piper!

WHO IS IT?

(When, during his strenuous efforts to secure Miss Piper for  
(his wife, Mother used to see Fred Savory returning home at-  
(ter "sun-up", she felt impelled to chronicle the circumstan-  
(ces in the following "poem": This was in 1881. The poem  
(was read at one of the "Exhibitions" which used to be given  
(at the Porter Schoolhouse. Fred and Miss were present. When  
(began to get "wise" as the reading proceeded and at the be-  
(ginning he rose up in his seat as if he were going to make  
(a speech. His only laugh! Which goes to prove (?)  
(that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male")

1

Who is it rides o'er Dale and Mill  
Past the schoolhouse, past the mill  
Then takes the first turn to the right  
And quickly passes from our sight

2

Let the wind blow high or low  
Down the road he's sure to go  
Is he doctor, lawyer, scribe  
That in such weather he must ride

3

No old gray horse for him, I ween  
When in her company he's seen  
His team must be the very best  
His person also neatly dressed

4

For now he has the inside track  
He's no loser at turning back  
And let some other fellow win  
The prize he's sure was meant for him

5

Returning he's not always seen  
Sometimes 'tis north the moon's pale beam  
Sometimes the sun has risen high  
When this young man goes passing by

6

But this we know - and that's a fact  
For aye his eyes both surely lack  
And we can tell - though we're no writer  
'The Fred Savory been to see Miss Piper!

MOTHER'S POEMSSOLOMON DA-VID

-(This is the appearance that the final smash-up of what was )-  
 (apparently one person's fond dream had to two persons "up a )  
 (tree" --- in the shape of Mother and Mannie Matthews! )  
 (David Nickerson and Martha Bowen are the principals! )  
 (Time:- The late eighties! The original was sent me in Boston)

1

Solomon David, with his quadrupid  
 Drove up to Henry's door  
 But Martha said with a toss of her head  
 She ne'er would ride with him more.

2

Then Solomon David, with his qua-dru-pid  
 He asked what was the matter  
 But Martha said - I am going to bed  
 And you had better scatter

3

So Solomon David, with his qua-dru-pid  
 Drove away from Henry's door.  
 And said that he, with his quadrupid  
 Would never trouble her more

4

Now the light of day had passed away  
 And the stars shone out in the sky  
 As Solomon David, with his qua-dru-pid  
 Kicked up his heels and died!

OUR PEDDLER

1

Who comes oft-times with loaded cart  
 To please our eyes, and cheer our heart  
 And never fails to do his part  
 ---Our Peddler!

2

Who brings us goods from other shores  
 The best of teas, from Japan's stores  
 Molasses nice, and sugar sweet  
 Made from the cane, or sugar beet  
 ---Our Peddler!

3

Who buys our eggs, when high or low  
 And pays us down, as well we know  
 In goods, assorted, from the shelves  
 Where you can choose, and suit yourselves  
 ---Our Peddler!

4

And if our purses e'er run low  
 As sometimes is the case, you know  
 Who would bring these goods we see  
 And never hint the C. O. D.---Our Peddler!

-(This offering was from Mrs. Freeman Partridge--between 1900-10)-

## NOTHER'S BOWEN

### SOLOMON DAVID

(This is the appearance that the final break-up of what was  
(apparently one person's long dream had to be persons "up a  
(tree" --- in the shape of Notther and Notther's  
(David Notther and Notther Bowen are the principals!  
(Times: The late slightest! The original was sent me in Boston)

1

Solomon David, with his daughter  
Drove up to Henry's door  
But Notther said with a look of her head  
The nother would with him more

2

Then Solomon David, with his daughter  
He asked what was the matter  
But Notther said - I am going to bed  
And you had better scunter

3

So Solomon David, with his daughter  
Drove away from Henry's door  
And said that he, with his daughter  
Would never trouble her more

4

Now the light of day had passed away  
And the stars shone out in the sky  
As Solomon David, with his daughter  
Kicked up his heels and died!

## OUR BEDDING

1

Who comes oft-times with loaded cart  
To please our eyes, and cheer our heart  
And never fails to do his part  
---Our Beddler!

2

Who brings us goods from other shores  
The best of teas, from Japan's stores  
Mosses nice, and sugar sweet  
Made from the cane, or sugar beet  
---Our Beddler!

3

Who buys our eggs, when high or low  
And buys us down, as well we know  
In woods, assorted, from the shelves  
Where you can choose, and suit yourselves  
---Our Beddler!

4

And if our purses e'er run low  
As sometimes is the case, you know  
Who would bring these goods we see  
And never hint the O. C. D. ---Our Beddler!  
(This offering was from Mrs. Freeman Partridge--between 1900-1910)



MOTHER'S POEMS"AFTER THE BALL"-AN OLD VERSION

- (When, in 1866, Mother's sister Clara became somewhat "peevish"  
 (at Joseph Griffin because of his taking another girl to a  
 dance she delivered a broadside at him in the shape of the  
 following poetic effusion---in the preparation of which she  
 was aided and abetted by Hattie Diekey, afterward the wife  
 of Granville Grant! Griffin heard of it and the girls laid  
 it on to Mother. "Uncle Joe" taxed her with it at a party  
 given at Isaac George's--next house below the Alfred Berry  
 place! Mother wouldn't stand for it and gave the perpetra-  
 tors away! Joe went into the woods---up river! He married  
 Aunt Clara some two years later! )

## 1

Joseph Griffin, old Eben's son  
 He learned to play when he was young  
 And all the tunes that he could play  
 Were "Broken Vow" and "Lucy May"---Tel-de-rel-de-ri-de!

## 2

With silk cravat and light pants on  
 Who would think it was Eben's son  
 He carried Melinda to the ball  
 Up to M. R. Staples' hall

## 3

But bad luck seemed to attend poor Joe  
 For he lost his heart and his sleigh-robe, too  
 I think he much deserves our pity  
 And for such I have written this little ditty

## 4

Next morn Joe and Fred arose with the lark  
 And up to Staples's they did start  
 The robe to find - but all in vain  
 'Tis doubtful if Joe goes to a ball again

## 5

Joseph now has "took to the woods"  
 He'd stayed at home if he possibly could  
 I pity Melinda with all my heart  
 To think she and Joseph had to part

JOE'S RHAPSODY

To no more balls or parties I'm going  
 For they have proved my entire ruin  
 So farewell, Melinda! My joy and pride  
 No more can I carry you on a ride

But bad luck seemed to attend poor Joe  
 For his thoughts on Melinda he did bestow  
 He lost his heart, his sleigh-robe too  
 What a plight to be in - that splendid beau!

-(Father and Mother had difficulty in recalling the above in )-  
 (the Fall of 1916. This last is Father's version of the 3rd )  
 (verse! )

"WATSON'S BALL" - AN OLD VERSION

When, in 1866, Mother's sister Clara became somewhat "peevish" (at Joseph Griffin because of his taking another girl to a dance she delivered a broadside at him in the shape of the following poetic effusion--in the preparation of which she was aided and abetted by Mattie Blakey, afterwards the wife of Grinnell Grant! Griffin heard of it and the girls laid it on to Mother. "Uncle Joe" taxed her with it at a party given at Isaac George's--next house below the Alfred Perry place! Mother wouldn't stand for it and gave the response--"four away! Joe went into the woods--up river! He married Aunt Clara some two years later!

Joseph Griffin, old Moon's son  
He learned to play when he was young  
And all the tunes that he could play  
Were "Broken Vow" and "Uncle Joe"---"Fol-de-rol-de-ri-do!"

With silk cravat and light pants on  
Who would think it was Moon's son  
He carried Melinda to the ball  
Up to W. S. Staples' hall

But bad luck seemed to attend poor Joe  
For he lost his heart and his sleigh-rode, too  
I think he much deserves our pity  
And for such I have written this little ditty

Next morn Joe and Fred arose with the lark  
And up to Staples' they did start  
The rope so kind - but all in vain  
'Tis doubtful if Joe goes to a ball again

Joseph now has "look to the woods"  
He'd stayed at home if he possibly could  
I pity Melinda with all my heart  
To think she and Joseph had to part

TOE'S REMARKS  
To no more balls or parties I'm going  
For they have proved my entire ruin  
So farewell, Melinda! My joy and pride  
No more can I carry you on a ride

But bad luck seemed to attend poor Joe  
For his thoughts on Melinda he did bestow  
He lost his heart, his sleigh-rode too  
What a plight to be in - that splendid beau!

-(Father and Mother had difficulty in recalling the above in  
(the Fall of 1916. This fact is Father's version of the end  
verse!)



- (Cover Design) -  
for the  
- (THE CROCKETT GENEALOGY) -  
(If It Is Ever Written)

THE CROCKETT COAT OF ARMS

- {Of course this proposed cover design applies only to such } -  
{ part of the present volume as may be used in "The Crockett }  
{ Genealogy"---if it is ever written! }

-(Cover Design)-

for the

-(THE CROCKETT GENEALOGY)-

(If it is ever written)

THE CROCKETT COAT OF ARMS

-(Of course this proposed cover design applies only to such  
(part of the present volume as may be used in "The Crockett  
(Genealogy"---if it is ever written!)

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

YIMAM TTEMOCOSO ENT

- (Photograph of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett) -

- (Photograph of Grandfather Daniel Crockett(?)) -

-(Photograph of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett)-  
-(Photograph of Grandfather Daniel Crockett?)-



### THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Although the Crocketts have been Americans so long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" I have always understood that they were of English stock, an opinion shared by the Acting Librarian of the Maine Genealogical Society, although G. T. Ridlon, Sr., in his article in the "Portland Sunday Telegram" of November 27, 1910, avers that their ancestry is Scotch! So far as I can learn, no Genealogy of the family exists, its members---like most Americans of the Colonial Period,---appearing to have been too busy establishing themselves in a new land to take much interest in preserving a written record of their family history! More's the pity!

While I have since boyhood carried in the back of my head a hazy recollection to the effect that Uncle Nelson Staples and, I am quite certain, Grandfather Crockett himself, have told me that the Crockett ancestor of our family came to the then American Colonies from England and either immediately or eventually settled at Amesbury, Massachusetts, the earliest definite record which I have been able to obtain during my recent investigations is that of Daniel Crockett who, according to the First Census of the United States taken in 1790 was in that year living in "Windham Town" in Cumberland County of what is now the State of Maine and had a family of five persons composed of "one free white male of sixteen years and upward, including heads of families" - "one free white male under sixteen years" - and "three free white females including heads of families"! The only other Crockett shown in Windham by the First Census is George Crockett (whom The History of Windham mentions as having died in 1834,

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Although the Crocketts have been Americans so long that "the memory of men runseth not to the contrary" I have always understood that they were of English stock, an opinion shared by the leading historian of the Maine Genealogical Society, although C. T. Nisbet, Esq., in his article in the "Portland Sunday Telegram" of November 27, 1910, avers that their ancestry is Scotch! So far as I can learn, no genealogy of the family exists, its members---like most Americans of the Colonial Period,---appearing to have been too busy establishing themselves in a new land to take much interest in preserving a written record of their family history! None the less!

While I have since doubted carried in the back of my head a hazy recollection to the effect that Uncle Nelson Taylor and I am quite certain, Grandfather Crockett himself, have told me that the Crockett ancestor of our family came to the New American Colonies from England and either immediately or eventually settled at Amesbury, Massachusetts, the earliest definite record which I have been able to obtain during my recent investigations is that of Daniel Crockett who, according to the First Census of the United States taken in 1790 was in that year living in "Windham town" in Cumberland County of what is now the State of Maine and had a family of five persons composed of "one free white male of sixteen years and upward, two young heads of four years" - "one free white male under sixteen years" - and "three free white females including heads of families"! The only other Crockett shown in Windham by the First Census is George Crockett (whom The History of Windham mentions as having died in 1834,

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

aged 90 years) who had a family of eleven members composed of  
 "1", "3", and "7" under the <sup>same</sup> ~~same~~ Census headings as those I have  
 quoted in the case of Daniel Crockett.

As the Trevett Family Record shows Great-Grandfather Daniel  
 Crockett to have been born at Windham on July 29, 1775 (accord-  
 ing to his tombstone it was July 16, 1775) and as it was then  
 a quite general rule to follow the old English custom of naming  
 the eldest son for his father, I have assumed that Great-Grand-  
 father Daniel Crockett constituted that portion of the family  
 of the Daniel Crockett of Windham <sup>alluded to</sup> ~~described~~ in the First Census  
 described as "one free white male under sixteen years"!---he  
 having been fifteen years of age at the time!

Of Great-Grandfather Crockett's life up to the time when  
 he settled on the farm on Spout Hill in Prospect (probably)  
 more than a hundred years ago I have been unable to obtain any  
 consecutive or definite record other than that as a young man  
 he sailed with a Captain Powers in a trading packet which used  
 to ply between Massachusetts and Penobscot Bay ports and that  
 he made a voyage to Labrador---whether with the same Captain  
 Powers or not I do not know! That he married Anna Trundy for  
 his first wife is certain but where he married her I do not  
 know. I have always understood that she belonged in Frankfort  
 but the First Census does not show that a single head of family  
 by that name was living within the confines of "Frankfort Town"  
 in Hancock County in 1790---Frankfort then extended from <sup>Bangor</sup> ~~Hampden~~  
 to Belfast! The Records of the old Town of Frankfort were de-  
 stroyed in a fire some years ago so there is no information to  
 be gained from that quarter but as Grandfather Crockett's  
 brother Samuel was born on January 28, 1801, and his sister

\*\*\*See Aunt Mary Gray's letter on Page 392.



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

aged 80 years) who had a family of eleven members composed of "1", "3", and "7" under the same Census headings as those I have quoted in the case of Daniel Crockett.

As the Trestle Family Record shows Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett to have been born at Windham on July 22, 1775 (second-  
ing to his tombstone it was July 18, 1775) and as it was then a quite general rule to follow the old English custom of naming the eldest son for his father, I have assumed that Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett constituted that portion of the family  
of the Daniel Crockett of Windham mentioned in the First Census described as "one free white male under sixteen years"!--he

having been fifteen years of age at the time!

Of Great-Grandfather Crockett's life up to the time when he settled on the farm on Spout Hill in Prospect (probably) more than a hundred years ago I have been unable to obtain any consecutive or definite record other than that as a young man he sailed with a Captain Powers in a trading packet which used to ply between Massachusetts and Barbadoes Bay ports and thence he made a voyage to Labrador--whether with the same Captain Powers or not I do not know! That he married Anna Trundy for his first wife is certain but where he married her I do not know. I have always understood that she belonged in Windham but the First Census does not show that a single head of family by that name was living within the confines of "Frankfort Town" in Hancock County in 1790--Frankfort then extended from Langdon to Belfast! The Records of the old Town of Frankfort were destroyed in a fire some years ago so there is no information to be gained from that quarter but as Grandfather Crockett's brother Samuel was born on January 22, 1801, and his sister

\*\*\*See Aunt Mary Gray's letter on Page 103.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Ann was older than he, they must have been married in or prior to 1799. If they were married in Frankfort the record is destroyed. When the First Census was taken there were but three heads of families named Trundy living within the boundaries of what now constitutes the State of Maine. They were

Samuel Trundy,	Deer Isle Town, Hancock County	"3"	"1"	"7"
Jno. Trundy,	Buxton Town, York County,	"1"	---	"1"
George Trundy,	Cape Elizabeth Town,	---	Cumberland County	"3" "1" "3"

-(The figures give the number of males above sixteen years of age, those under sixteen, and the number of female members of the family, under the headings quoted on the first page of this chapter)-!

As Anna (Trundy) Crockett was a sister of George William Trundy, the father of Job Larrabee's first wife and of Levi Trundy of Searsport (Perd's father), and as George William's grandson --- William Henry Trundy of North Searsport --- wrote me under date of December 6, 1916:- "My grandfather, whose name was George William, first found himself in the home of one Rethman Dodge at the early age of seven years" and further on in his letter states that Dodge lived in Islesboro' -(probably the Rathburn Dodge of the First Census)-, I am inclined to think that Great-Grandmother Anna (Trundy) Crockett was a daughter of Samuel Trundy of Deer Isle, that her brother George William (who was born in 1785) was that part of Samuel Trundy's family described by the figure "1" in the First Census and that, probably because of death or business reverses, he was "farmed out" to Dodge---where he "found himself" two years later! I am strengthened in this belief by the fact that there seems to be

# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Ann was older than he, they must have been married in or prior to 1799. If they were married in Vermont the record is likely destroyed. When the first Census was taken there were but three heads of families named Trundy living within the boundaries of what now constitutes the State of Maine. They were:

Samuel Trundy, Deer Isle Town, Hancock County "1" "7"  
 Tho. Trundy, Buxton Town, York County, "1" --- "1"  
 George Trundy, Cape Elizabeth Town, Cumberland County "1" "3"

-(The figures give the number of males above sixteen years of age, those under sixteen, and the number of female members of the family, under the headings quoted on the first page of this chapter)-!

As Anna (Trundy) Crockett was a sister of George William Trundy, the father of Job Larabee's first wife and of Levi Trundy of Searport (Perry's father), and as George William's grandson -- William Henry Trundy of North Searport -- wrote me under date of December 6, 1918:-- "My grandfather, whose name was George William, first found himself in the home of one Nathan Dodge at the early age of seven years" and further on in his letter states that Dodge lived in Islesboro, -- (probably the Rainbow Dodge of the first Census) --, I am inclined to think that Great-Grandmother Anna (Trundy) Crockett was a daughter of Samuel Trundy of Deer Isle, first son of George William (who was born in 1763) was that part of Samuel Trundy's family described by the figure "1" in the first Census and that, probably because of death or business reverses, he was "tamed out" to Dodge -- where he "found himself" two years later! I am strengthened in this belief by the fact that there seems to be



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

a quite general impression among the descendants of Grandfather Crockett's brothers, Samuel and Jonathan, to the effect that they were born at Deer Isle---Joshua Crockett of Winterport -(Samuel's son)- in particular sent word to Mrs. Trevett in reply to an inquiry to the effect that:- "All the Crockett boys were born at Deer Isle!", the "boys" referred to being his father and brothers! If Anna (Trundy) Crockett was a daughter of -(of Deer Isle)- Samuel Trundy and if the first part of her married life was spent there and at least part of her children born there, I have as yet been unable to confirm it from any written record--- although I hope to determine the fact from the communication which I have established with Postmaster Elmer E. Crockett and Dr. B. Lake Noyes, both of Stonington, Maine! Elmer E. Crockett is a great-great-grandson of Captain Robinson Crockett who came to Deer Isle from Falmouth -(Portland)- in 1785, his brother, Josiah Crockett having come there from the same place in 1768---seventeen years earlier. The First Census shows that both Josiah and Robinson Crockett were living at "Deer Isle Town" in 1790. Elmer E. Crockett and myself began our correspondence on the assumption that we had the same common ancestors but investigation developed the fact that---as Great-Grandfather Crockett was living at Windham in 1790 while both Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett were then living at Deer Isle--- this was not the case---unless, perchance, Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett may have been brothers of or otherwise related to Daniel Crockett of Windham, of which town The History of Windham says that:- "Commissioners were appointed in Dec., 1734, to lay out the contents of a township six miles square on the back of the Town of Falmouth in Casco Bay"!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

a quite general impression among the descendants of Grandfather  
Crockett's brothers, Samuel and Jonathan, to the effect that  
they were born at Deer Isle--Jonathan Crockett of Winsport  
--(Samuel's son)--in particular sent word to Mrs. Trevel in re-  
ply to an inquiry to the effect that:- "All the Crockett boys  
were born at Deer Isle!", the "boys" referred to being his father  
and brother. If Anne (Trundy) Crockett was a daughter of  
--(at Deer Isle)--  
Samuel Trundy and if the first part of her married life was  
spent there and at least part of her children born there, I  
have as yet been unable to confirm it from any written record--  
although I hope to determine the fact from the communication  
which I have established with Postmaster, Elmer E. Crockett and  
Dr. H. Laie Hayes, both of Stonington, Maine. Elmer E. Crockett  
is a great-great-grandson of Captain Robinson Crockett who  
came to Deer Isle from Portland--(Portland)--in 1782, his brother,  
Jonathan Crockett having come there from the same place in  
1788--seventeen years earlier. The first census shows that  
both Jonathan and Robinson Crockett were living at "Deer Isle  
Town" in 1790. Elmer E. Crockett and myself began our correspondence on the assumption that we had the same common ancestor but investigation developed the fact that--as Great-Grand-  
father Crockett was living at Winham in 1790 while both Jonathan  
and Captain Robinson Crockett were then living at Deer Isle--  
this was not the case--unless, perchance, Jonathan and Captain  
Robinson Crockett may have been brothers of or otherwise related  
to Daniel Crockett of Winham, of which town The History of  
Winham says that:- "Commissioners were appointed in Dec., 1734,  
to lay out the contents of a township six miles square on the  
back of the Town of Winham in Casco Bay!"

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Grandfather Crockett himself has told me on many occasions that he "was born down at Cape "Rose-you-a!" but since I began delving into this proposition it has occurred to me that usually, if not always, when he told me this we were standing in the yard here and looking down at Cape Rosier -(named for James Rosier, the historian of Waymouth's Expedition of 1605)- with the result that I have wondered if he was trying to give a young boy merely an idea of the locality where he was born! In a letter dated February 23, 1917, Mrs. A. M. Crockett of Harborside, widow of Charles Robinson Crockett, a grandson of Captain Robinson Crockett whose father (Robinson Crockett) "came to Cape Rosier about 1816 from Deer Island", says:- "We do not know of any Crocketts ever living at the Cape (Rosier) only our family"! At any rate, it is an undoubted fact -(as shown by the Trevett Family Record---prepared by Richard Trevett many years ago)- that Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born at Windham in July, 1775; that his first wife's maiden name was Anna Trundy; that they settled on the farm at Spout Hill, Prospect, around the opening years of the Nineteenth Century; that Anna (Trundy) Crockett died there on December 23, 1821, at the age of 41 years, 7 months, and 3 days; and that Great-Grandfather lived there for many years after his second marriage to the Widow Trevett on December 1st, 1825! Speaking of him in a letter to Mother dated September 21, 1916, Mother's sole remaining Aunt, Lydia Mackenzie, now living at 2 Edinboro' Place, Newtonville, Mass., with her grandson Dr. William T. White, says:- "He must have lived a long time on Spout Hill as his first wife and daughter Olive were buried in our field, with many others"! He married my mother's sister, Sally Trevett"!



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Grandfather Crockett himself has told me on many occasions that he "was born down at Cape Rosa-vee-d!" but since I began delving into this proposition it has occurred to me that usually, if not always, when he told me this we were standing in the yard here and looking down at Cape Roaster - (named for James Roaster, the historian of Waymouth's Expedition of 1805) - with the result that I have wondered if he was trying to give a young boy merely an idea of the locality where he was born! In a letter dated February 23, 1917, Mrs. A. M. Crockett of Harborside, widow of Charles Robinson Crockett, a grandson of Captain Robinson Crockett whose father (Robinson Crockett) "came to Cape Roaster about 1815 from Deer Island", says: - "We do not know of any Crocketts ever living at the Cape (Roaster) only our family!" At any rate, it is an undoubted fact - (as shown by the Trevel Family Record---prepared by Richard Trevel many years ago) - that Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born at Wingham in July, 1775; that his first wife's maiden name was Anna Trundy; that they settled on the farm at Spout Hill, Trevel, around the opening years of the Nineteenth Century; that Anna (Trundy) Crockett died there on December 23, 1821, at the age of 41 years, 7 months, and 2 days; and that Great-Grandfather lived there for many years after his second marriage to the Widow Trevel on December 1st, 1821. Speaking of him in a letter to Mother dated September 21, 1916, Mother's sole remaining Aunt, Lydia Mackenzie, now living at 8 Edinboro' Place, Newtonville, Mass., with her grandson Dr. William T. White, says: - "He must have lived a long time on Spout Hill as his first wife and daughter Olive were buried in our field, with many others! He married my mother's sister, Sally Trevel!"

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Lydia Mackenzie was Mother's mother's half sister, having been the daughter of Abijah Reed and Lucy Ann (Staples) Heagan-Reed, Mother's grandmother Heagan having married Reed after James Heagan's early death (death). The field referred to is therefore that of the old Heagan farm on Spout Hill where Mother's mother was born and which is now owned and occupied by Charles Kazick. Anna (Trundy) Crockett's remains must have been removed later to their present resting-place in the "Marsh Village" Cemetery ---probably by Mrs. French as her tombstone bears the inscription "Erected by her daughter, Ann French"---but there is no record to show that Mrs. French removed the remains of her sister Olive! Replying to an inquiry from me on the subject in the Fall of 1916, George Dockham, who lives on the opposite side of the road from the old Crockett and Heagan places on Spout Hill, said that he did not know of any old graves in the vicinity. Possibly Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield, Manager of the Riverside Inn, Kennebunkport, Maine, who wrote me on December 17, 1916, that her daughter (who lives in California) has Mrs. Littlefield's Aunt Olive's for a middle name and also a nearly life-size picture of her painted by a then celebrated artist in Bangor shortly before her death, may know if her Aunt Olive Crockett still sleeps on Spout Hill or not! I doubt if anyone else does!

"Spout Hill" was so-called from a large spring whose waters "spouted" from the earth. It is about one mile and a quarter north of Prospect Marsh Village on the road "around the mountain" to Bangor---or rather, about a quarter of a mile from that road. About a mile from Prospect Marsh Village the Bangor road turns sharp to the right to go around the mountain---the old

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Lydia Mackenzie was Mother's half sister, having been the daughter of Adolph Reed and Lucy Ann (Staples) Hagan-Reed. Mother's grandmother Hagan being married Reed after James Hagan's early death (death). The field referred to is therefore that of the old Hagan farm on Spout Hill where Mother's mother was born and which is now owned and occupied by Charles Kankole. Anne (Trundy) Crockett's remains must have been removed later to their present resting-place in the "Marsh Village" Cemetery---probably by Mrs. French as her tombstone bears the inscription "Directed by her daughter, Ann French"---but there is no record to show that Mrs. French removed the remains of her sister Olive! Replying to an inquiry from me on the subject in the Fall of 1916, George Dockham, who lives on the opposite side of the road from the old Crockett and Hagan places on Spout Hill, said that he did not know of any old graves in the vicinity. Possibly Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield, Manager of the Riverside Inn, Kennepesunkport, Maine, who wrote me on December 17, 1916, that her daughter (who lives in California) has Mrs. Littlefield's Aunt Olive's for a middle name and also a nearly life-size picture of her painted by a then celebrated artist in Bangor shortly before her death, may know if her Aunt Olive Crockett still sleeps on Spout Hill or not! I doubt if anyone else does!

"Spout Hill" was so-called from a large spring whose waters "spouted" from the earth. It is about one mile and a quarter north of Prospect Marsh Village on the road "around the mountain" to Bangor---or rather, about a quarter of a mile from that road. About a mile from Prospect Marsh Village the Bangor road turns sharp to the right to go around the mountain---the old



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

telegraph line follows it although the telephone wires now go straight up over Spout Hill. Instead of taking this turn of the major road, keep straight ahead on the lesser one and after about a quarter of a mile you will have reached the classic confines of Spout Hill---These are the directions which Mother gave me before I had ever visited it and with them in my mind I did not fail to recognize it from afar! "Go thou and do likewise!"

Reverting to Daniel Crockett of Windham and the description of his family as set forth in the First Census, it would appear therefrom that although Great-Grandfather Crockett did not, in 1790, have any brothers, he probably did have two sisters! I have been unable to unearth any record of them! Possibly it may have been one or both  $\frac{1}{2}$  of them that, according to Mrs. Trevett, he was accustomed to visit at Bowerbank!

As one of the results of "My V'y'ge to Spout Hill" on September 10, 1916, I later received through Mr. George Dockham and Mrs. A. R. Trevett a photograph of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett, taken when he was (probably) more than ninety years old and already blind, which Mrs. Trevett's daughter, Mrs. Grace Ames, was kind enough to volunteer to give to me. I am going to have photographic copies made of it for the different members of the family---as well as of the Coat-of-Arms a reproduction of which is given in the "Portland Sunday Telegram's" article of November 27, 1910!

Mother remembers "Grandsir" (Grandsire) Crockett---Great-Grandfather---very well, he having been a frequent visitor at her father's house during her girlhood after approaching blindness and increasing age had caused him to sell his home at Spout

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

telegraph line follows it although the telephone wires now go straight up over Spout Hill. Instead of taking this turn of the major road, keep straight ahead on the lesser one and after about a quarter of a mile you will have reached the classic confines of Spout Hill---These are the directions which Mother gave me before I had ever visited it and with them in my mind I did not fail to recognize it from afar! "Go then and do likewise!"

Reverting to Daniel Crockett of Windham and the description of his family as set forth in the First Census, it would appear therefrom that although Great-Grandfather Crockett did not, in 1790, have any brothers, he probably did have two sisters! I have been unable to unearth any record of them! Possibly it may have been one or both of them that, according to Mrs. Trevel, he was accustomed to visit at Rowland!

As one of the results of "My V'y'ge to Spout Hill" on September 10, 1916, I later received through Mr. George Dockham and Mrs. A. R. Trevel a photograph of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett, taken when he was (probably) more than ninety years old and already blind, which Mrs. Trevel's daughter, Mrs. Grace Ames, was kind enough to volunteer to give to me. I am going to have photographic copies made of it for the different members of the family---as well as of the Out-of-Arms a reproduction of which is given in the "Portland Sunday Telegram's" article of November 27, 1910!

Mother remembers "Grandfather" (Grandfather) Crockett---Great-Grandfather---very well, he having been a frequent visitor at her father's house during her girlhood after approaching blindness and increasing age had caused him to sell his home at Spout

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Hill and go to live with his son, George Crockett, who resided about a half mile beyond the Turner Schoolhouse on the road to Prospect Marsh---the first (?) house on the right beyond "Billy" Smith's! She recalls that one of his most constant themes of conversation consisted of a relation of his "V'y'ge to the North", a relation which seems to have been so constant that a reference to it became a form of good-natured family badinage --- Leastwise one of the old gentleman's great-grandsons often alludes to it, although he is sorry to admit that he doesn't know when nor to what part of Labrador the "V'y'ge" took place, nor any of its details! During the last few years of his life almost total blindness made it impossible for Great-Grandfather to see even the road and he was compelled to discontinue visiting Grandfather's house alone! I have elsewhere referred to his wife as "Anna Trundy of Frankfort" and have stated that the first years of their married life were spent at Cape Rosier where some of their children (including Grandfather) were born. When these statements were set down I believed them to be correct and, although some doubt seems to have been raised in the matter, I am not yet assured that they are not! They are therefore permitted to stand until fuller information is forthcoming ---one way or the other! Where Grandfather Crockett and other people of his day and generation got the pronunciation "Rose-you-a" for Cape Rosier I do not know but that seems to have been the common way of pronouncing it two and three generations ago!

Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett, Senior, died at the residence of his son, George Crockett, on December 6, 1869, aged 94 years, 4 months, and 20 days! The children of this Daniel Crockett and his first wife (Anna Trundy) were as follows:-



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Bill and go to live with his son, George Crockett, who resided about a half mile beyond the Turner Bathhouse on the road to Prospect Marsh--the first (?) house on the right beyond "Billy Smith's! The recollection of one of his most constant themes of conversation consisted of a relation of his "V'y'ge to the North" a relation which seems to have been so constant that a reference to it became a form of good-natured family badinage --- Least- what one of the old gentlemen's great-grandsons often alludes to it, although he is sorry to admit that he doesn't know when nor to what part of Labrador the "V'y'ge" took place, nor any of its details! During the last few years of his life almost total blindness made it impossible for Great-Grandfather to see even the road and he was compelled to discontinue visiting Grandfather's house alone! I have elsewhere referred to his wife as "Anna Trundy of Wanktort" and have stated that the first years of their married life were spent at Cape Rozier where some of their children (including Grandfather) were born. When these statements were set down I believed them to be correct and, although some doubt seems to have been raised in the matter, I am not yet assured that they are not! They are therefore permitted to stand until fuller information is forthcoming ---one way or the other! Where Grandfather Crockett and other people of his day and generation got the pronunciation "Rozier-you-a" for Cape Rozier I do not know but that seems to have been the common way of pronouncing it two and three generations ago! Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett, Senior, died at the residence of his son, George Crockett, on December 8, 1869, aged 84 years, 4 months, and 20 days! The children of this Daniel Crockett and his first wife (Anna Trundy) were as follows:-

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

### Children of Daniel and Anna (Trundy) Crockett!

- (1) Ann            Born                    Died (about) 1897.  
                  Married, first, Captain Jeremiah French!  
                  "                    second, Dr. (?) Herbert C. Penney!
  
- (2) Samuel      Born January 28, 1801.    Died October 30, 1880.  
                  Married Mehitabel Bachelder!  
                  Their sole surviving child is Joshua Crockett of  
                  Winterport, with whom I have so far been unable to  
                  establish direct communication! So far as I have been  
                  able to determine they had seven children, viz:-  
                  Allard, Lyman, Ammon, Albion, Joshua, Luther, and Rachel.  
                  Joshua Crockett is still living at Winterport, Me.,  
                  where he used to run a boarding-stable for fancy trot-  
                  ting stock until advancing age forced him to relin-  
                  quish active business. In addition to their own chil-  
                  dren, Samuel and his wife also brought up a girl named  
                  Etta Sanborn who married Captain Thomas Bartlett of  
                  Belfast. Their daughter Rachel married twice, her  
                  second husband having been Frank Milliken of Belfast,  
                  a brother of the redoubtable Seth L., who in spite of  
                  his penchant for looking upon the wine when it was red  
                  in a prohibition state, nevertheless was for many years  
                  continuously elected by the voters of Maine's Third  
                  Congressional District to represent them in the House  
                  of Representatives at Washington---and the records show  
                  that he never was severely criticised for the manner in  
                  which he held down the job! At any rate, he still ap-  
                  peared to have a strangle hold on it at the time of his  
                  death! Dr. C. Langtry Crockett, City Physician of  
                  Thomaston, Me., is the son of Luther Crockett who was  
                  Mother's first cousin, he (Luther) having been the son  
                  of Grandfather's brother Samuel. Luther married  
                  Almira Ausplund of Prospect!
  
- (3) Daniel      Born January 28, 1803.    Died April 18, 1889.  
                  Married Jane Heagan of Prospect December 21, 1826.  
                  (This was my grandfather. See Pages 154-160)
  
- (4) Jonathan    Born January 29, 1805.    Died November 17, 1889.  
                  Married Jane R. Bachelder - (Mehitabel's sister)-  
                  They had twelve children, as follows:-  
                  Samuel, Jonathan, Sarah Ann, Kingsbury, Maria, Hannah  
                  Jane, Elijah, Henry Trevett, Mary, Orren, Ammon, and  
                  Eliza Ann. Such details as I have obtained regarding  
                  them are set forth in the chapter on Henry Trevett  
                  Crockett!
  
- (5) Olive        Born  
                  She died while still a young woman. Henry Trevett  
                  Crockett and his niece (Mrs. Twombly) think it was she  
                  who was lost at sea with Captain Jeremiah French's sis-  
                  ter, by the capsizing of Captain French's vessel.  
                  Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield's daughter is named  
                  for her (middle name) and has a nearly life size picture  
                  of her. Mrs. Lydia Mackenzie says that she (Olive)  
                  was buried in the Heagan-Reed field!



THE CROCKETT FAMILYChildren of Daniel and Anna (Trinity) Crockett!

- (1) Ann Born \_\_\_\_\_ Died (about) 1897.  
 Married, first, Captain Jeremiah French!  
 second, Dr. (?) Herbert C. Penney!
- (2) Samuel Born January 28, 1861. Died October 20, 1880.  
 Married Rebecca Beckwith!  
 Their sole surviving child is Joshua Crockett of  
 Winterset, with whom I have so far been unable to  
 establish direct communication! So far as I have been  
 able to determine they had seven children, viz:-  
 Alfred, Lyman, Alphon, Joshua, Luther, and Rachel!  
 Joshua Crockett is still living at Winterset, Mo.,  
 where he used to run a boarding-stable for fancy trot-  
 ting stock until advancing age forced him to relinquish  
 active business. In addition to their own child-  
 dren, Samuel and his wife also brought up a girl named  
 Ella Sampson who married Captain Thomas Bartlett of  
 Belfast. Their daughter Rachel married twice, her  
 second husband having been Frank Wilkin of Belfast,  
 a brother of the respectable Seth L., who in spite of  
 his penchant for looking upon the wine when it was red  
 in a prohibition state, nevertheless was for many years  
 continuously elected by the voters of Maine's Third  
 Congressional District to represent them in the House  
 of Representatives at Washington--and the records show  
 that he never was severely criticized for the manner in  
 which he held down the job! At any rate, he still ap-  
 peared to have a stringy hold on it at the time of his  
 death! Dr. C. Langtry Crockett, City Physician of  
 Winterset, Mo., is the son of Luther Crockett who was  
 father's first cousin, he (Luther) having been the son  
 of Grandfather's brother Samuel. Luther married  
 Almira Asaph of Prospect!
- (3) Daniel Born January 28, 1863. Died April 16, 1889.  
 Married Jane Keegan of Prospect December 31, 1886.  
 (This was my grandfather. See Pages 164-166)
- (4) Jeremiah Born January 29, 1865. Died November 17, 1889.  
 Married Jane W. Beckwith - (Rebecca's sister)-  
 They had twelve children, as follows:-  
 Samuel, Jonathan, Sarah Ann, Winifred, Maria, Hannah  
 Jane, William, Henry Trevelt, Mary, Orrin, Aaron, and  
 Milna Ann. Such details as I have obtained regarding  
 them are set forth in the chapter on Henry Trevelt  
 Crockett!
- (5) Olive Born \_\_\_\_\_  
 She died while still a young woman. Henry Trevelt  
 Crockett and his niece (Mrs. Twombly) think it was she  
 who was lost at sea with Captain Jeremiah French's ves-  
 sel, by the captaining of Captain French's vessel.  
 Mrs. Minnie K. (Worner) Littlefield's daughter is named  
 for her (middle name) and has a nearly life size picture  
 of her. Mrs. Lydia McKenna says that she (Olive)  
 was buried in the Wagner-Road field!



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

## (6) Simon Born

Henry Trevett Crockett says he was lost (or buried?) at sea. He thinks he was married and left a wife and two children but Mother is under the impression that her Uncle Simon never married!

## (7) Mary Born

Married Captain David Pierce. They lived in Brewer something like fifty years ago but later moved to Hampden, where Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Twombly think they are now in the foundry business---or rather, that some of their children are! It is Mother's impression that although they live in Hampden, the business is in Bangor! In a letter dated Dec. 17, 1916, Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield says that her mother's first husband "was a brother of Captain David Washington Pierce of Orrington"! Mother thinks that the Captain David W. Pierce referred to was her Aunt Mary's husband and that he and her Aunt Martha's first husband were brothers! Mother remembers that Captain David and her Aunt Mary (Crockett) Pierce had at least ten children, viz:- Helen, Belle, Alice, Warren, French, Albert, Marcus, Willis, Ella, and Annie. Mrs. Littlefield says that Helen (Pierce) Folsom lives in California. Marcus was the Captain Pierce with whom we have all travelled on the Boston and Bangor steamers, he having spent practically his whole active life in the employ of the B. & B. S.S. Co. in various capacities up to and including those of Pilot and Captain. I myself remember that on one occasion when I was a boy the newspapers told how, during a heavy gale, he saved one of the steamers of the Line -(I think it was the old "Katahdin")- at the risk of his life by going into the fore-hold and cutting away a bulkhead --- thus distributing the water which had entered through a damaged bow and which was holding the ship "down by the head"!

## (8) David Born Died

He lived at Hampden, Me., where his wife had a millinery store---No "knock" at him! Mother says he was a capable and (practically) well-educated man! They had one son named Horace who emigrated to Waco, Texas, as a young man and lived and died there. They also reared as their daughter a girl named Carmelita who died at Hampden while yet a young woman. After his first wife's death Mother's Uncle David married a woman from Winterport. They afterward separated. I remember him as a venerable old gentleman who used to come here visiting with Grandfather Crockett, and the joints of whose fingers were crippled from rheumatism---to remedy which he used to wear gold rings in his ears!!! He is buried at Hampden! For a reference to at least one of his grandchildren see the chapter on Henry Trevett Crockett! Mother says this daughter of Horace's lectured at Union Hall, Searsport, during her tour of this section some years ago!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(6)

Simon Born  
Henry Thvest Crockett says he was lost (or buried?) at sea. He thinks he was married and left a wife and two children but whether in order the impression that her Uncle Simon never married!

(7)

Henry Born  
Married Captain David Pierce. They lived in Brewer something like fifty years ago but later moved to Hampton, where Henry Thvest Crockett and Mrs. Woodly think they are now in the foundry business---or rather, that some of their children are! It is Mother's impression that although they live in Hampton, the business is in Bangor! In a letter dated Dec. 17, 1918, Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield says that her mother's first husband "was a brother of Captain David Washington Pierce of Orono!" Mother thinks that the Captain David W. Pierce referred to was her Aunt Mary's husband and that he and her Aunt Martha's first husband were brothers! Mother remembers that Captain David and her Aunt Mary (Crockett) Pierce had at least ten children, viz:- Helen, Belle, Alice, Warren, Vernon, Albert, Marjorie, Willie, Ella, and Annie. Mrs. Littlefield says that Helen (Pierce) Wilson lives in California. There was the Captain Pierce with whom we have all travelled on the Boston and Bangor steamer. He having spent exactly all his whole active life in the employ of the B. & N. S. Co. in various capacities up to and including those of Pilot and Captain. I myself remember that on one occasion when I was a boy the newspaper told how, during a heavy gale, he saved one of the steamers of the line -- (I think it was the old "Katahdin") -- at the risk of his life by going into the fore-hold and cutting away a bulhead --- thus discharging the water which had entered through a damaged bow and which was holding the ship "down by the head!"

(8)

David Born  
He lived at Hampton, Me., where his wife had a millinery store---No "knock" at that! Mother says he was a capable and (practically) well-educated man! They had one son named Horace who emigrated to Texas, as a young man and lived and died there. They also reared as their daughter a girl named Carmelita who died at Hampton while yet a young woman. After his first wife's death Mother's Uncle David married a woman from Winthrop. They afterward separated. I remember him as a venerable old gentleman who used to come here visiting with Grandfather Crockett, and the points of whose fingers were crippled from rheumatism---to remedy which he used to wear gold rings in his ears!!! He is buried at Hampton! For a reference to at least one of his grandchildren see the chapter on Henry Thvest Crockett! Mother says this daughter of Horace's is located at Union Hall, Bangor, during her tour of this section some years ago!



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

- (9) Martha Born Died (about) 1900.  
 Married, first, Captain William Pierce of Orrington, Me. on October 17, 1841. He was washed overboard at sea December 3, 1842! He was a brother of Captain David Washington Pierce of Orrington!  
 Married, second, Captain Richard Warren of Deer Isle (?) on August 26, 1849. There were two children by the second marriage, Minnie and William. I believe the latter was formerly a mail-carrier at South Deer Isle. A letter from his sister, Mrs. M. E. W. Littlefield, Manager of the Riverside Inn, Kennebunkport, Maine, under date of Dec. 17, 1916, says that he died in 1905, about five years after his mother. Of herself and family Mrs. Littlefield says that she has been away from home since she was fifteen, that she had been married 38 years in May, 1916; that she was 61 in April, 1916; that in addition to her own activities as a hotel manager her son and husband own and run "a very large garage" - (Ocean Bluff Garage--Hamlin L. Littlefield & Son, Kennebunkport, Maine)-; that she has a son, Warren Littlefield, 29 and single, and a daughter (Mrs. J. M. Asher, Pacific Beach, San Diego, California) who is 37 and herself has a daughter of ten and a son of six "so you see I am a grandmother"! Of her mother she says:- "My mother was a wonderfully smart woman. I presume you know she spent the winter before she went away with me. She was in fine health all winter and until about three days before she went, when she had an attack of indigestion and was recovering as we supposed. This morning I was talking with her about eight o'clock and went down stairs and had not been out of her room three minutes when my son came running down and said "Something ails Grandma!" and I went right up and she had passed away! It was beautiful for her but very hard for me!" Of her brother she says:- "When Brother Will went he was sick only four days and I did not know he was sick until I received a telephone from one of my cousins' wives. It was in the winter and in a terribly cold time. I had been ill for a number of weeks and could not go and have never been since!" - (evidently to Deer Isle)!  
 The Maine Register of 1896-7 gives Mrs. Martha Warren as one of the "Merchants" of South Deer Isle! Aunt Mary Matthews and Aunt Ruth Grant visited her there on at least one occasion---probably in the early eighties or something like 35 years ago! In her letter, Mrs. Littlefield says she remembers this visit although she was not at home at the time! Mrs. Littlefield is spending the winter with her daughter in California---a custom of several years standing!

- (10) Jeremiah Born Died  
 Information regarding him may be best described as "limited"! Mrs. Littlefield thinks he married a Miss Warren of Lowell and the last I knew he had a daughter, Luella. I think her grandparents brought her up. --- The last I knew she was alive"! Mother knows that Jeremiah's

# THE GROOMING FAMILY

(9)

Born 1890

(Died about 1900)

Married, first, Captain William Pierce of Orlington, Va. on October 17, 1841. He was washed overboard at sea December 3, 1842. He was a brother of Captain David Washington Pierce of Orlington.

Married, second, Captain Richard Warren of Deer Isle (?) on August 26, 1849. There were two children by the second marriage, Annie and William. I believe the latter was formerly a mail-carrier at South Deer Isle. A letter from his sister, Mrs. M. W. Littlefield, Bangor, of the Riverdale Inn, Bangor, Maine, under date of Dec. 17, 1916, says that he died in 1908, about five years after his mother. Of herself and family Mrs. Littlefield says that she has been married 38 years in May, 1916; that she was 61 in April, 1916; that in addition to her own activities as a hotel manager her son and husband own and run "a very large garage" -- (Ocean View Garage) -- William L. Littlefield & Son, Bangor, Maine; that she has a son, Warren Littlefield, 29 and single, and a daughter, Mrs. T. W. Asher, Pacific Beach, San Diego, California, who is 37 and herself has a daughter of ten and a son of six "so you see I am a grandmother!" Of her mother she says: "My mother was a wonderfully smart woman. I presume you know she spent the winter before she went away with me. She was in fine health all winter and until about three days before she went, when she had an attack of indigestion and was recovering as we supposed. This morning I was talking with her about eight o'clock and went down stairs and had not been out of her room three minutes when my son came running down and said "Some-thing ails Grandma!" and I went right up and she had passed away! It was beautiful for her but very hard for me!" Of her brother she says: "When Brother William was sick only four days and I did not know he was sick until I received a telephone from one of my cousins' wives. It was in the winter and in a terribly cold time. I had been ill for a number of weeks and could not go and have never been since!" -- (evidently to Deer Isle!)

The Maine Register of 1890-? gives Mrs. Martha Warren as one of the "Merchants" at South Deer Isle. Aunt Mary Matthews and Aunt Ruth Grant visited her there on at least one occasion -- probably in the early eighties or something like 35 years ago! In her letter, Mrs. Littlefield says she remembers this visit although she was not at home at the time! Mrs. Littlefield is spending the winter with her daughter in California -- a cousin of several years standing!

Died

Born 1890

(10)

Information regarding him may be best described as "faded" Mrs. Littlefield "thinks he married a Miss Warren of Lowell and the last I knew he had a daughter, Lucille. I think her grandparents brought her up. -- The last I knew she was alive!" Mother knows that Jeremiah



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(?) daughter Luellawas brought up by a Mr. & Mrs. Hopkins of Troy, Maine --- she has a letter from her somewhere now written while she was a girl in Troy and shortly after she had returned there from a visit to relatives in Prospect and Stockton (among them Grandfather Crockett and his family) on which Mr. Hopkins had brought her and reference to which is made in the chapter on Henry Trevett Crockett. This girl, Luella Crockett, married Pearl Harmon---Years ago he was the partner of Freeman Young of "Moxie" fame under the style of Harmon & Young of Lowell, Mass., and used to come to Searsport with Freeman! The only part of the above that Mother isn't absolutely sure of is as to whether Luella was a daughter of Jeremiah Crockett or his brother Simon and she had no doubt on this point until Henry Trevett Crockett said he thought she was Simon's child and that she had a brother! I don't think she has any doubt on the subject now, for that matter, and she does not remember that Luella Crockett had a brother! The only way Mrs. Littlefield's idea that Luella Crockett's mother's maiden name was Warren can be reconciled with the above, if she was brought up by her grandparents, (which Mother doesn't claim to have been the case) is by assuming that her grandmother had a second husband named Hopkins!

---

It is not claimed that either the names of Daniel Crockett, Sr.'s. children or those of his children's children are given in their proper order. The best that can be said is that they may be! Anna (Trundy) Crockett had been born on May 20, 1780; She died December 23, 1821. Great-Grandfather Crockett remained a widower for four years and then, on December 1st, 1825, took as his second wife Sarah (Staples) Trevett, the widow of Samuel Trevett of Prospect, by whom she had had three sons and one daughter, viz:- Henry S., Richard M., Samuel Sewell, and Mary Jane Trevett. There were three sons, Heman N., George W., and Ellis R. Crockett, by this second marriage of Daniel Crockett, Senior, and Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett such particulars as I have been able to obtain regarding whom are given in the chapter entitled "Our Visit to Mrs. Trevett"! --- To which, however, may be added the information that among anecdotes told of Great-Grandfather is one to the effect that when he was visiting at Grandfather's and his grand-daughters, in sweeping, told him he "needn't move" he would insist on doing so, explain-

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(?) daughter Inella was brought up by a Mr. & Mrs. Hopkins of Troy, Maine --- she has a letter from her somewhere now written while she was a girl in Troy and shortly after she had returned there from a visit to relatives in Prospect and Stockton (among them Grandfather Crockett and his family) on which Mr. Hopkins had brought her and reference to which is made in the chapter on Henry Trevelick Crockett. This girl, Inella Crockett, married Pearl Harman --- Years ago he was the partner of Freeman Young of "Mexico" fame under the style of Harman & Young of Lowell, Mass. and used to come to Bearport with Freeman! The only part of the above that Mother Ian's is absolutely sure of is as to whether Inella was a daughter of Jeremiah Crockett or his brother Simon and she had no doubt on this point until Henry Trevelick Crockett said he thought she was Simon's child and that she had a brother! I don't think she has any doubt on the subject now, for that matter, and she does not remember that Inella Crockett had a brother! The only way Mrs. Littlefield's idea that Inella Crockett's mother's maiden name was Harman can be reconciled with the above, if she was brought up by her grandparents, (which Mother doesn't claim to have been the case) is by assuming that her grandmother had a second husband named Hopkins!

It is not claimed that either the names of Daniel Crockett or his children or those of his children's children are given in their proper order. The best that can be said is that they may be! Anna (Trudy) Crockett had been born on May 30, 1780! She died December 22, 1831. Great-grandfather Crockett married a widow for four years and then, on December 1st, 1825, took as his second wife Sarah (Staples) Trevelick, the widow of Samuel Trevelick of Prospect, by whom she had three sons and one daughter, viz: Henry S., Richard M., Samuel Sewell, and Mary Jane Trevelick. There were three sons, Herman M., George W., and Miss R. Crockett, by this second marriage of Daniel Crockett, Bonier, and Sarah (Staples) Trevelick each particular as I have been able to obtain regarding them are given in the chapter entitled "Our Visit to Mrs. Trevelick! --- To which, however, may be added the information that many anecdotes told of Great-Grandfather is one to the effect that when he was visiting at Grandfather's and his grand-daughters, in sweeping, told him to "needn't move" he would insist on doing so, explain-



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

ing rather irritably that:- "I like a clean place to sit as well as anyone!" --- while the historic incident in which he declared:- "That ought to be kivered up!" has received wide and irrelevant currency!

---

According to himself Grandfather Daniel Crockett, Junior, was born at Cape Rosier, Maine - (where Mother thinks two or three of his brothers and sisters were also born)- on January 28, 1803, but came to Prospect to live while yet a small boy when his father removed there in the early years of the Nineteenth Century. He lived on the farm at Spout Hill until shortly after coming of age when he bought ---presumably from the Sears-Thorndike-Prescott crowd of Boston who had become owners of the Waldo Patent and who are usually referred to as "The Original Proprietors" from whom run all the primary deeds to land in this part of the state--- the tract of some one hundred acres of land which after being cleared became The Crockett Farm. The Waldo Patent was so-called from <sup>Brigadier</sup> General Samuel Waldo, its owner, one of the principal commanders in the expedition against the French at Louisburg in 1745 whose name is perpetuated hereabouts by being attached to a mountain, a county, and two towns, and comprised a portion <sup>or all</sup> of the original Muscongus Patent, a royal grant to which had been issued by the Crown of England early in the Seventeenth Century. <sup>\*\*\*</sup> General Waldo died---still a Britisher--- on the banks of the Penobscot River a short distance above Bangor <sup>May 23, 1759,</sup> in 1759, while making a visit of inspection to his boundaries. <sup>in company with Governor Pownall.</sup> He was first buried at Fort Point, Maine, but was later removed to King's Chapel Burying Ground in Boston, where his grave may still be seen --- near the north-east corner of the burying-ground and close up to the

THE CROCKETTS

ing rather irritably that: "I like a clean place to sit as well as anyone!" --- while the historic incident in which he declared: "That ought to be reversed up!" has received wide and irreverent currency!

According to himself grandfather Daniel Crockett, Junior, was born at Cape Roaster, Maine - (where Mother thinks two or three of his brothers and sisters were also born) - on January 28, 1803, but came to Prospect to live while yet a small boy when his father removed there in the early years of the nineteenth century. He lived on the farm at Prospect Hill until shortly after coming of age when he bought --- presumably from the Sears-Thornlike-Prescott crowd of Boston who had become owners of the Waldo Patent and who are usually referred to as "The Original Proprietors" from whom run all the primary deeds to land in this part of the state --- the tract of some one hundred acres of land which after being cleared became the Crockett farm. The Waldo Patent was so-called from General Samuel Waldo, its owner, one of the principal commanders in the expedition against the French at Louisiana in 1765 whose name is perpetuated hereabouts by being attached to a mountain, a county, and two towns, and comprised a portion of the original Massachusetts Patent, a royal grant to which had been added by the Crown of England early in the seventeenth century. General Waldo died --- still a Britisher --- on the banks of the Penobscot River a short distance above Bangor in 1789, while making a visit in company with Governor Pownall. He was first buried at Fort Point, Maine, but was later removed to King's Chapel Burying Ground in Boston, where his grave may still be seen --- near the north-east corner of the burying-ground and close up to the

### THE CROCKETT FAMILY

railing (railing) which runs along the western windows of the basement of City Hall.

Some forty years later -(about 1867)- and in conjunction with his son-in-law Amos Matthews and his son Adelbert Crockett - Grandfather bought of Eben Seavey, who owned a saw-mill by the stream below Amos Lane's, a wooded tract of two hundred acres lying to the west of his (the Crockett) farm. Uncle Amos's 66-2/3 acres were set off from the balance of the tract and he built thereon in 1867 the house familiar to my boyhood as "Aunt May's" and from which on one occasion Frank Crockett, George Matthews, Dan Staples, Bert and myself chased "May-basket" hangers all the way to Fred Ellis's in our shirt-tails---we caught them, too! It is needless to say that we were yet very young! The remaining 133-1/3 acres were never divided and when Grandfather made over all his property to Uncle "Del" some two years later they became a part of the Crockett Farm as I have always known it.

To this farm Grandfather took his bride and on it all his children were born---Many of them also died there! Here, with the exception of sundry trips to New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts extending over well up to a half century for the purpose of visiting various ones of his sons and daughters, Grandfather -(and his wife)- spent the entire balance of his life, following the occupations of a farmer, lumberman and ship-carpenter. His original dwelling was a log house and in it the first five of his children were born. Increased prosperity and payment of the debts assumed when the original land was bought were followed, first by the erection of the ell as it stands today and later by the present main house. In a



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

running (railings) which runs along the western windows of the  
basement of City Hall.

Some forty years later - (about 1867) - and in conjunction  
with his son-in-law Amos Matthews and his son Adelbert Crockett  
- Grandfather bought of Eben Sawyer, who owned a saw-mill by the  
stream below Amos Lane's, a wooded tract of two hundred acres  
lying to the west of his (the Crockett) farm. Uncle Amos's  
66-2 1/2 acres were set off from the balance of the tract and he  
built thereon in 1867 the house familiar to my boyhood as "Aunt  
May's" and from which on one occasion Frank Crockett, George  
Matthews, Ben Staples, Bert and myself chased "May-basket".  
Hangers all the way to Fred Miller's in our shirt-tails--we  
caught them, too! It is needless to say that we were yet very  
young! The remaining 133-1 1/2 acres were never divided and  
when Grandfather made over all his property to Uncle "Del" some  
two years later they became a part of the Crockett farm as I  
have always known it.

To this farm Grandfather took his bride and on it all his  
children were born--many of them also died there! Here, with  
the exception of sundry trips to New York, Rhode Island and  
Massachusetts extending over well up to a half century for the  
purpose of visiting various ones of his sons and daughters,  
Grandfather - (and his wife) - spent the entire balance of his  
life, following the occupations of a farmer, lumberman and  
ship-carpenter. His original dwelling was a log house and in  
it the first five of his children were born. Increased prop-  
erty and payment of the debts assumed when the original  
land was bought were followed, first by the erection of the old  
as it stands today and later by the present main house. In a

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

letter to Mother dated Belfast, Dec. 20, 1911, Aunt Mary Gray says of the various houses, etc.:— "The old log house sat about half way between the (present) house and the road. The road was not quite as far from the (present) house as it is now. The five oldest children were born in the log house. Dan and Ruth were born in the ell part. The rest of them were born in the new house. The ell was built by James Marden and old Billy Stinson built the chimney. Richard and Sewell Trevett built the house part. I remember when we lived in the log house!"

Under Grandfather's vigorous sway the primeval forest had disappeared and been replaced by fertile fields but his time was by no means entirely devoted to farming and lumbering. Like so many of the early settlers on the Maine Coast he was an excellent ship-carpenter and not only supplied much ship timber from his own lands but helped to build many of the ships of the period when the American Merchant Marine was the finest on earth, having worked during parts of many years in the ship-yards of Stockton, Sandypoint, Searsport, Belfast and Frankfort.

It was while working in a ship-yard in that part of Frankfort which is now called Winterport (?) in 1850 (?) that he and Uncle "Bill" Gray contracted Asiatic cholera during the epidemic of that year. Grandfather was attended by Dr. Woodman of Stockton but became so ill that his son-in-law, Uncle Nelson Staples, evidently having what in these degenerate days would be termed "a hunch" and probably thinking that unless desperate measures were adopted he would die anyhow, went over into the swamp on the southern side of the road in Amos Partridge's pasture and secured some "bog-onions" which he stewed in cream,

THE O'CONNOR FAMILY

latter to Mother dated Belfast, Dec. 30, 1911, Aunt Mary Gray says of the various houses, etc.:-- "The old log houses sat about half way between the (present) house and the road. The road was not quite as far from the (present) house as it is now. The five oldest children were born in the log house. Dan and Ruth were born in the old part. The rest of them were born in the new house. The old was built by James Gordon and old Billy Stinson built the chimney. Richard and Howell Trevellick built the house part. I remember when we lived in the log house!" Under Grandfather's vigorous sway the primeval forest had disappeared and been replaced by fertile fields but his time was by no means entirely devoted to farming and lumbering. Like so many of the early settlers on the Maine Coast he was an excellent ship-carpenter and not only supplied much ship timber from his own lands but helped to build many of the ships of the period when the American Merchant Marine was the finest on earth, having worked during parts of many years in the ship-yards of Stockton, Sandpoint, Bearport, Belfast and Frankfort. It was while working in a ship-yard in that part of Frankfort which is now called Winterport (?) in 1850 (?) that he and Uncle "Bill" Gray contracted Asiatic cholera during the epidemic of that year. Grandfather was attended by Dr. Woodman of Stockton but became so ill that his son-in-law, Uncle Nelson Staples, evidently having what in these degenerate days would be termed "a hunch" and properly thinking that unless desperate measures were adopted he would die anyhow, went over into the swamp on the southern side of the road in Ames Partridge's pasture and secured some "hog-onions" which he stewed in cream,



### THE CROCKETT FAMILY

giving the resulting brew to the patient. Whether it was the "bog-onions" or not cannot be certainly stated but the man who had been exceedingly ill of one of the world's most dreaded scourges recovered and Uncle Nelson was generally credited with having been the instrument of such recovery---he was at home from sea at the time and living in one part of Grandfather's house! No others of the Crockett family contracted the disease!

The Grays were not so fortunate! The rest of the family took it from Uncle "Bill" and three of its members---his mother, Charlotte Austin Gray, and his brother and sister, Willard and Caroline---died of it. They, together with other members of ~~the~~ the Gray family, are buried in the little private cemetery in ~~the~~ the field south of the house on the old Gray farm---now owned by Manson Littlefield---the title to which cemetery and an approach thereto were reserved by the Grays in perpetuity when the farm was sold!

At the time when the Grays were ill of cholera Grandfather Kneeland and his daughter Harriet -(now Mrs. Isaac C. Closson)- helped to care for them. Grandfather K. escaped the disease but Aunt Hattie being less fortunate considered that she was cured thereof by making a frantic onslaught on one of the staple remedies of that day---I think it was Perry's Pain Killer!

In 1869 Grandfather and Grandmother Crockett made over their property to their son Adelbert in consideration of his caring for them for the balance of their lives. They had desired Father and Mother to accept such an offer but it had been declined as they thought the old people should keep their property in their own hands. Adelbert married the next year and he and his wife -(Aunt "Mel")- went to the old farm to live,

THE GROCETT FAMILY

giving the resulting blow to the patient. Whether it was the "dog-onions" or not cannot be certainly stated but the man who

had been exceedingly ill of one of the world's most dreaded scourges recovered and Uncle Nelson was generally credited with having been the instrument of such recovery---he was at home from sea at the time and living in one part of Grandfather's house! No others of the Grockett family contracted the disease!

The Grays were not so fortunate! The rest of the family took it from Uncle "Bill" and three of its members---his mother, Charlotte Austin Gray, and his brother and sister, William and Caroline---died of it. They, together with other members of the Gray family, are buried in the little private cemetery in the field south of the house on the old Gray farm---now owned by Hanson Littlefield---the title to which cemetery and an approach thereto were reserved by the Grays in perpetuity when the farm was sold!

At the time when the Grays were ill of cholera Grandfather, Israel and his daughter Harriet (now Mrs. Isaac O. Glosson) helped to care for them. Grandfather N. escaped the disease but Aunt Hattie being less fortunate considered that she was cured thereof by making a frantic onslaught on one of the staple remedies of that day---I think it was Perry's Pain Killer!

In 1869 Grandfather and Grandmother Grockett made over their property to their son Adelbert in consideration of his caring for them for the balance of their lives. They had de- cided Father and Mother to accept such an offer but it had been declined as they thought the old people should keep their prop- erty in their own hands. Adelbert married the next year and he and his wife (Aunt "Mel")---went to the old farm to live,

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

their ~~a~~ children were born there, Uncle "Del" died there, and it remained the family home of his widow and children until September 25, 1902, when they moved to Searsport village---later renting the farm to Percy Partridge! They sold it to Henry Littlefield, its present owner and occupant, in December, 1907 --- reserving the "Seavey" wood-lot, however!

For many years it was the custom to give Grandfather a party on his birthday. I particularly remember one of these occasions when after a very heavy snow-fall the whole Damm family was on its way to "Grandpa's" in the old green pung (which was loaded to the guards) --- as we were climbing the hill this side of Fred Ellis's! As I recollect it the occasion partook very much of the nature of Thanksgiving --- transferred to January!

During the last years of his life Grandfather used to visit his remaining ~~sons and~~ daughters at frequent intervals, staying for a few days or weeks as his fancy dictated. Always happiest when occupied, he often enlivened these visits by making a sled or other plaything dear to the heart of childhood for his grandchildren or more useful articles for his daughters. Many a chair and "Indian" basket bore testimony to the excellence of his handiwork and he made an oaken rocking-chair for each of his remaining daughters after he was more than eighty years of age. The rocking-chair which Hal used as a baby was made for him by his Grandfather Crockett long after he had passed his eightieth birthday!

For several of his last years Grandfather had been subject to attacks from which he suffered much distress and during one of which he finally died on April 18, 1889. Mother thinks his



THE COCKNEY FAMILY

their 4 children were born there, Uncle "Dad" died there, and the family home of his widow and children until September 28, 1903, when they moved to Bearport Village--later renting the farm to Percy Partridge! They sold it to Henry Littlefield, its present owner and occupant, in December, 1907 --- receiving the "Beevy" wood-lot, however!

For many years it was the custom to give Grandfather a party on his birthday. I particularly remember one of these occasions when after a very heavy snow-fall the whole family was on its way to "Grandpa's" in the old green buggy (which was loaded to the guards) --- as we were climbing the hill this side of Fred Ellis's! As I recollect it the occasion partook very much of the nature of "Thanksgiving" --- transferred to January!

During the last years of his life Grandfather used to visit his remaining sons and daughters at frequent intervals, staying for a few days or weeks at his family dictated. Always happiest when occupied, he often enlivened these visits by asking a sled or other plaything dear to the heart of childhood for his grandchildren or more useful articles for his daughters. Many a chair and "Indian" basket bore testimony to the excellence of his handiwork and he made an eager rocking-chair for each of his remaining daughters after he was more than eighty years of age. The rocking-chair which I used as a baby was made for him by his Grandfather Crockett long after he had passed his eightieth birthday!

For several of his last years Grandfather had been subject to attacks from which he suffered much distress and during one of which he finally died on April 16, 1889. Father thinks his

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

death was due to rheumatism of the heart!

Grandfather had been married on December 21, 1826, by Ezra Treat of and in Frankfort, to Jane Heagan of Prospect, daughter and granddaughter of James - (of Spout Hill)- and John Heagan respectively. She was born October 8, 1808, and died of "old-fashioned" consumption on January 23, 1873 - (For further details see Notes re The Heagan Family!) I am going to include here an explanation of the origin of what we will all recognize as a household couplet? At table one day Grandmother, who took such an interest in politics and other current events as would almost certainly have insured her now being an ardent suffragist, was giving point to an argument by quoting the much-used

"Old men for counsel! Young men for war!"

when, catching sight of some of her numerous progeny making what she considered unreasonable inroads on that dish she continued in the same breath (breath) with the admonition:-

"Be careful with the butter, boys!----  
---There's but little in the jar!"

---

One of my earliest recollections if not the very earliest is of my Grandmother Crockett on her death-bed! Father and Mother were over there to see her shortly before her death and before they started for home she expressed a wish to see the "kid"---they didn't call us that in those days! Grandmother's sick-room was what was ordinarily the sitting-room, in the south-west corner of the main house. Mother took me in to see her. The room was almost entirely dark as we entered, the curtains being closely drawn. One was run up and my grandmother,

THE GOSWORTHY FAMILY

death was due to rheumatism of the heart!

Grandmother had been married on December 31, 1836, by Rev. Treat of and in Frankfurt, to Jane Heggen of Prospect, daughter and granddaughter of James - (of Spout Hill) - and John Heggen respectively. She was born October 6, 1808, and died of "old-fashioned" consumption on January 23, 1873 - (for further details see Notes re The Heggen Family!) I am going to include here an explanation of the origin of what we will all recognize as a household couplet? At table one day Grandmother, who took such an interest in politics and other current events as would almost certainly have involved her now being an ardent suffragist, was giving point to an argument by quoting the much used

"Old men for counsel! Young men for work!"

when, catching sight of some of her numerous tragically smiling what she considered unbecomingly immodest or that dish she continued in the same breath (breath) with the admonition:-

"Be careful with the butter, boys! ---  
---There's but little in the jar!"

One of my earliest recollections is not the very earliest is of my Grandmother Crockett on her death-bed! Father and Mother were over there to see her shortly before her death and before they started for home she expressed a wish to see the "kid"---they didn't call us that in those days! Grandmother's sick-room was what was ordinarily the sitting-room, in the south-west corner of the main house. Mother took me in to see her. The room was almost entirely dark as we entered, the curtains being closely drawn. One was run up and my Grandmother,



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

with a smile on her face, said what she very likely knew was "Good-bye!" to her grandchild---who hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about but was so strongly impressed by the darkened room and general air of sorrow that the memory has never left him!

---

The children of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett were as follows:----

- (1) Orren C. Born in 1827. Died when but a few months old.

He was buried with Heagan's children in Sam Heagan's field. Mother thinks he was removed later.

- (2) Lucy Ann. Born March 9, 1829. Married Nelson Panno Staples April 16, 1848. He was born September 16, 1826, and was the son of Jotham and Sally (Ames) Colcord-Staples, who lived on the western of Stockton Harbor side of Cape Jellison. Mother thinks Uncle Nelson's grandfather was also named Jotham. Webster remembers his father telling him that his (Webster's) great-grandfather Staples came to the Province of Maine from Marshfield, Mass., in 17 , and that from certain corroborating circumstances it was inferred that he was a member of The Boston Tea Party! Webster has been told that the Boston Tea Party was made up largely if not wholly of members of the Masonic Fraternity and that there is a Masonic Lodge in Boston or some near-by town today which possesses a sort of memorial on which are inscribed the names of the men who made up that famous "Party"! If such a Lodge exists I have as yet been unable to learn of it. The tombstone of Robert Hichborn -(who brought

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

With a smile on her face, said what she very likely knew was "Good-bye!" to her grandchild---who hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about but was so strongly impressed by the garbioned room and general air of sorrow that the memory has never left him!

"The children of Daniel and Jane (Hagan) Crockett were as follows:---

- (1) Orren C. Born in 1827. Died when but a few months old. He was buried with Hagan's children in Sam Hagan's field. Mother thinks he was removed later.
- (2) Lucy Ann. Born March 2, 1829. Married Nelson Tanno Staples April 16, 1848. He was born September 16, 1826, and was the son of Nathan and Sally (Ames) Colcord-Staples, who lived on the western of Stockton Harbor side of Cape Tullison. Mother thinks Uncle Nelson's grandfater was also named Nathan. Webster remembers his father telling him that his (Webster's) great-grandfather Staples came to the Province of Maine from Marshfield, Mass., in 17 , and that from certain corroborating circumstances it was inferred that he was a member of the Boston Tea Party! Webster has been told that the Boston Tea Party was made up largely if not wholly of members of the Masonic Fraternity and that there is a Masonic Lodge in Boston or some near-by town today which possesses a sort of memorial on which are inscribed the names of the men who made up that famous "Party"! If such a lodge exists I have as yet been unable to learn of it. The tombstone of Robert Nicholson - (who brought

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland to Cape Jellison from Boston as an orphan in -(about)- 1785)- in the Cape Cemetery near Fort Point (Stockton Springs) says that he (Hichborn) was "A Member of the Boston Tea Party"! Whether there was any connection between Hichborn and Staples prior to their coming to Cape Jellison I do not know---nor do I know if Hichborn was a Mason--- though it is exceedingly probable that a man of his standing was a member of that fraternity!

When Uncle Nelson's father and mother were married he was a widower and she was the Widow Colcord---each of them having had several sons and daughters by their former marriages. As several sons and daughters blessed the Staples-Colcord marriage a condition resulted which "Webbie" says often gave rise to the complaint that "Your children and my children are licking our children!"

While I was quizzing Mother about the Staples's she laughingly told me two incidents relating to Uncle Nelson's half-brothers Daniel and Peleg. It seems that Daniel was what Uncle Isaac Closson characterized as being "consider'ble olus"! When he committed suicide by taking poison the only workd he left behind was an injunction to "Buy me a cheap coffin"! Peleg was known far and near as "Slick-Haired-Peleg" from the fact that his hair was always carefully combed. On one occasion when he was teaching in the Roberts Schoolhouse and Frank Knowles at the old Center Schoolhouse,,and both were spending the evening at Mother's father's, they staid all night and were assigned to the same room and bed. At breakfast next morning Knowles, who had arisen first, exclaimed to Grandfather and Grandmother Crockett:- "What did you make me sleep with that lunatic for?"



THE CHOCOMET FAMILY

Great-Grandfather Edward Knowles to Cape Telford from Boston as an orphan in - (about) - 1788 - in the Cape Colony near West Point (Stockton Springs) says that he (Nicholson) was "A Member of the Boston Tea Party"! Whether there was any connection between Nicholson and Staples prior to their coming to Cape Telford I do not know---nor do I know if Nicholson was a Mason---though it is exceedingly probable that a man of his standing was a member of that fraternity!

When Uncle Nelson's father and mother were married he was a widower and she was the Widow Colcord---each of them having had several sons and daughters by their former marriages. As several sons and daughters blessed the Staples-Colcord marriage a condition resulted which "Webbie" says often gave rise to the complaint that "Your children and my children are licking our children!"

While I was drinking Mother about the Staples's she laughingly told me two incidents relating to "Uncle Nelson's Hall- Brothers Daniel and Belag. It seems that Daniel was what Uncle Isaac Cresson characterized as being "consider'ble ome"! When he committed suicide by taking poison the only word he left behind was an injunction to "Buy me a cheap coffin"! Belag was known far and near as "Ello-Helred-Belag" from the fact that his hair was always carefully combed. On one occasion when he was teaching in the Roberts Schoolhouse and Frank Knowles at the old Center Schoolhouse, and both were spending the evening at Mother's father's, they staid all night and were assigned to the same room and bed. At breakfast next morning Knowles, who had arisen first, exclaimed to Grandfather and Grandmother Crockett:- "What did you make me sleep with that lunatic for?"

### THE CROCKETT FAMILY

I happened to touch his head with my elbow during the night and he immediately jumped out of bed and began arranging his hair with a fine-tooth comb!"

For twenty-six years Uncle Nelson followed the sea his first voyage having been made when he was nine years of age as a cabin-boy with his half-brother, Captain William Colcord. Later, at the age of fourteen, he ran away from home and sailed under captains to whom he was not bound by family ties, he and another boy having shipped on one voyage as one full-sized man---on the pay-roll at least! Most of Uncle Nelson's voyages were to South America and the West Indies and on at least two occasions he was a member of ships' companies engaged in trading with the natives on some undesignated portion of the South American coast!

At one time he was in the Brig "Somers" which had formerly belonged to the United States Navy and on board of which several persons -(among them a midshipman who was reputed to be the son of a former Secretary of War)- had been hung for mutiny. On another of his voyages Uncle Nelson was caught in a small-pox -(or yellow-fever)- epidemic at New Orleans and was in quarantine for a long time. To add to the pleasures of the situation the Captain and First Mate decamped, leaving the rest of the ship's company without funds!

Uncle Nelson advanced by successive stages until he became Master of a vessel, although I remember him always as "Uncle Nelse" --- we never called him "Cap'n Staples" during my boyhood! He quit the sea at the outbreak of the Civil War and although he was afterwards a Democrat, he promptly enlisted for three years as a private in Company I, Fourth Maine Volunteers!

THE GROCERIES

I happened to touch his head with my elbow during the night and he immediately jumped out of bed and began arranging his hair with a fine-tooth comb!"

For twenty-six years Uncle Nelson followed the sea his first voyage having been made when he was nine years of age as a cabin-boy with his half-brother, Captain William Colcord. Later, at the age of fourteen, he ran away from home and sailed under captains to whom he was not bound by family ties, he and another boy having shipped on one voyage as one full-sized man--on the pay-roll at least! Most of Uncle Nelson's voyages were to South America and the West Indies and on at least two occasions he was a member of ships' companies engaged in trading with the natives on some undesignated portion of the South American coast! At one time he was in the Brig "Semere" which had formerly belonged to the United States Navy and on board of which several persons - (among them a midshipman who was reputed to be the son of former Secretary of War) - had been held for custody. On another of his voyages Uncle Nelson was caught in a small-boat - (or yellow-fever) - epidemic at New Orleans and was in quarantine for a long time. To add to the pleasures of the situation the Captain and First Mate were engaged, leaving the rest of the ship's company without funds!

Uncle Nelson advanced by successive stages until he became Master of a vessel, although I remember him always as "Uncle Nelson" --- we never called him "Cap'n Stanley" during my boyhood! He quit the sea at the outbreak of the Civil War and although he was afterwards a Democrat, he promptly enlisted for three years as a private in Company I, Fourth Maine Volunteers!



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

He took part in the first Battle of Bull Run and was twice promoted---first being made a corporal and later a sergeant. Becoming incapacitated for duty by his rupture he was discharged for disability after thirteen months service.

Uncle Nelson never went to sea again but became a farmer and ship-carpenter. Although he had been born on the western side of Cape Jellison his father, while he was yet a boy, had bought and moved to the place which (after he had inherited it) was later sold by Uncle Nelson to Philip Holmes---the one between Fred Ellis's and Ivory George's, the latter being the former home of Aunt Mary Bretherick-Matthews-Gray while she was Mrs. Matthews! After Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy were married (in spite of the disappointment of Daniel Ames) they lived for a time in one part of Grandfather Crockett's house on the old Crockett farm. From there they moved over to Uncle Nelson's father's---later the Phil Holmes place. Thence they moved to what in my boyhood was the home of Marion Staples---up on the hill next to Wilmoth Staples's! Jotham Staples's wife dying, they returned to Uncle Nelson's father's home---then bought and moved to the old John Seavey place, (across the stream from the present home of Hervey Partridge and now constituting a part of his farm) taking Uncle Nelson's father to live with them. He (Jotham) died there. As Mrs. Thomas Bretherick, Aunt Mary (Crockett) Bretherick already owned and was living in the house now owned and occupied by Hervey Partridge when she married her second husband---Amos Matthews. She and Uncle Amos continued to live there for some years but two of their children (Frank and the baby) dying of canker-rash they felt that they could not remain there and sold the farm to Uncle Nelson who thereup-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

He took part in the first battle of Bull Run and was twice promoted---first being made a corporal and later a sergeant. Being coming incapacitated for duty by his rupture he was discharged for disability after thirteen months service.

Uncle Nelson never went to sea again but became a farmer and ship-carpenter. Although he had been born on the western side of Cape Jellison his father, while he was yet a boy, had bought and moved to the place which (after he had inherited it) was later sold by Uncle Nelson to Philip Holmes---the one between Fred Miller's and Ivory George's, the latter being the former home of Aunt Mary Brotherick-Matthews-Grey while she was Mrs. Matthews! After Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy were married (in spite of the disappointment of Daniel Ames) they lived for a time in one part of Grandfather Crockett's house on the old Crockett farm. From there they moved over to Uncle Nelson's father's---later the Bill Holmes place. Thence they moved to what in my boyhood was the home of Nelson Staples---up on the hill next to Wilmoth Staples's! John Staples's wife dying, they returned to Uncle Nelson's father's home---then bought and moved to the old John Geary place, (across the stream from the present home of Hervey Partridge and now constituting a part of his farm) taking Uncle Nelson's father to live with them. He (John) died there. As Mrs. Thomas Brotherick, Aunt Mary (Crockett) Brotherick already owned and was living in the house now owned and occupied by Hervey Partridge when she married her second husband---Ames Matthews. She and Uncle Ames continued to live there for some years but two of their children (Frank and the baby) dying of cancer---each they felt that they could not remain there and sold the farm to Uncle Nelson who there-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

on moved across the stream to the house in which Aunt Mary had been living. Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy had lived on the old John Seavey place for approximately fourteen years but something like a year after buying the Aunt Mary Matthews place they sold both it and the Seavey farm to Hervey Partridge, who owns and lives on them to this day. After renting the Whiteho Whitehouse - (later known as the Amos Lane)- place for less than a year Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy bought and moved to their final home here on "The Pinnacle" in May, 1875, their deed coming from Levi Trundy---Job Larrabee's brother-in-law---to whom I believe the place had been transferred because of some financial troubles which Job had experienced. While always living on a farm, Uncle Nelson spent a large part of the last forty years of his life as a ship-carpenter, chiefly in the ship-yards of Sandypoint, Stockton, Searsport and Belfast, although he spent one winter on the Waccamaw river - (or creek?)- in South Carolina, helping to build the Schooner "Hattie McGilvery Buck"---her port-of-hail was Bucksville, South Carolina!

Uncle Nelson was a kind-hearted - (even if phlegmatic)-, many-sided man. No layman was ever more competent or helpful in a sick-room than he - (I learned that at the early age of eight (?) when I had membranous croup)- --- a living exponent of the injunction to "Love thy neighbor as thyself!"

When Aunt Lucy died on May 11, 1897, he rented his place to Perley Andrews and went to Belfast to live with his granddaughter Ruth (Staples) Bachelder, but she also dying less than two years later he returned to his farm in April, 1899, where he and his son Webster - (who had returned from Reading, Mass., for the purpose)- kept bachelors' hall until the latter married



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

on moved across the stream to the house in which Aunt Mary had been living. Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy had lived on the old John Beavey place for approximately fourteen years but some-thing like a year after buying the Aunt Mary Matthews place they sold both it and the Beavey farm to Harvey Partridge, who owns and lives on them to this day. After renting the Whitehouse - (later known as the Anna Lane) - place for less than a year Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy bought and moved to their new home here on "The Pinnacle" in May, 1875, their dead coming from Levi Trundy--Job Larabee's brother-in-law---to whom I believe the place had been transferred because of some financial troubles which Job had experienced. While always living on a farm, Uncle Nelson spent a large part of the last forty years of his life as a ship-carpenter, chiefly in the ship-yards of Sandypoint, Stockton, Georgetown and Belfast, although he spent one winter on the Waccamaw river - (or creek?) - in South Carolina, helping to build the Schooner "Little Mollyvry Buck"---her port-of-call was Beaufort, South Carolina. Uncle Nelson was a kind-hearted - (even if phlegmatic)---many-sided man. He layman was ever more competent or helpful in a sick-room than he - (I learned that at the early age of eight (?) when I had membranous croup) - --- a living exponent of the injunction to "love thy neighbor as thyself!" When Aunt Lucy died on May 11, 1897, he rented his place to Berley Andrews and went to Belfast to live with his granddaughter Ruth (Staples) Bachelder, but she also dying less than two years later he returned to his farm in April, 1899, where he and his son Webster - (who had returned from Reading, Mass., for the purpose) - kept bachelors' hall until the latter married

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

in 1902, since which time there has again been a woman in the house!

Uncle Nelson died on June 19, 1905, just after I had returned home from a three years absence in the West and Old Mexico. He came up to Father's once after my return, only a short time before his death.--(death). He and Aunt Lucy sleep in the cemetery at the Marsh Village, Prospect. In this cemetery also rest Grandfather and Grandmother Crockett and likewise ~~the~~ their parents. Here also lie several of Grandfather's children besides Aunt Lucy, viz:- Daniel, James, Leander, Adelbert, and Clara. Uncle Nelson's son Norman is also (also) buried there. Webster has written to his brother William H. at North Easton, Mass., for further facts regarding their father's family but he -(Will)- was unable to supply much outside of general information. He did, however, confirm Mother's recollection to the effect that his and "Webbie's" great-grandfather Staples was also named Jotham and asserts that he was the first ship-builder in Penobscot waters, having constructed vessels both on Brigadier's -(now Sears')- Island---which Will says he owned---and at Lowder Brook in Stockton. Webster recalls his father telling him that one of the vessels built by this Jotham was intercepted by the British off Belfast (?) in the War of 1812 and that before she could make her get-a-way she was struck by a shot which pierced her from stem to stern---only its course was reversed---she was running away! "Webbie" says she was so proud of her scars that the places where she was struck were ever after kept painted a distinguishing color to show where the cannon-ball holes had been! He also says that his father could remember seeing her timbers rotting on the beach near ~~North~~

THE GROOMING FAMILY

in 1908, since which time there has again been a woman in the house!

Uncle Nelson died on June 12, 1908, just after I had returned home from a three years absence in the West and Old Ned died. He came up to Father's once after my return, only a short time before his death. He and Aunt Lucy sleep in the cemetery at the Marsh Village, Prospect. In this cemetery also rest Grandfather and Grandmother Crockett and likewise their parents. There are also several of Grandfather's children besides Aunt Lucy, viz: Daniel, James, Leander, Adelbert, and Clara. Uncle Nelson's son Norman is also (also) buried there. Webster has written to his brother William F. at North Weston, Mass., for further facts regarding their father's family but he - (Will) - was unable to supply much outside of general information. He did, however, confirm Father's recollection to the effect that his and "Webbie's" great-grandfather Staples was also named John and asserts that he was the first ship-builder in Rhode Island waters, having constructed vessels both on Bridgton's - (New Bern's) - Island - which Will says he owned - and at Lower Brook in Stockton. Webster recalls his father telling him that one of the vessels built by this John was intercepted by the British off Belfast (?) in the War of 1812 and that before she could make her get-a-way she was struck by a shot which pierced her from stem to stern - only the course was reversed - she was running away! "Webbie" says she was so proud of her scars that the places where she was struck were ever after kept painted a distinguishing color to show where the cannon-ball holes had been! He also says that his father could remember seeing the timbers rotting on the beach near Narragansett.



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Northport, where she found her final resting-place!

In helping Captain James Parse, Captain James Butman and Civil Engineer James H. Duncan to establish the boundaries of the B. O. Sargent lot down beyond his meadow in the early part of the winter of 1915-16 "Webbie" saw a blue-print reproduction of a map of the old Town of Prospect - (which included what is now Stockton Springs and part of the present Town of Searsport)- showing the properties in that vicinity on which a considerable tract of land to the south and east of the Sargent and Colcord - (old Ashley Mitchell)- lots was marked "The Jotham Staples Purchase" and on which it was indicated that Staples had swapped Brigadier's - (Sears')- Island for said land. "Webbie" says Henry McCaslin informs him that (a) Jotham Staples built a house at or near where the Captain George Colson buildings - (later owned by Uncle "Bill" and Fred Gray and now by Phillips of Brookline, Mass.)- now stand. This was ~~undoubtedly~~ probably the Jotham Staples shown by the First Census to have been living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790 --- who was undoubtedly "Webbie's" great-grandfather! "Webbie" also informs me that Allan Colcord, the present owner of the old Mahoney-Ashley Mitchell place, has a copy of the map referred to --- that he went in there one day to see it!

### Children of Nelson P. and Lucy (Crockett) Staples:-

(1) A son. Died in infancy.

(2) Ames Colcord Staples

Born April 14, 1850. Died October 12, 1889.

Married first, Annie Marden, in 1874.

They had two children:-

(1) Georgia, born November 8, 1875.

She married, 1st, Leslie Prentiss of Lowell, Mass., in May, 1893.

Divorced in May, 1902.

She married, 2nd, Guavara J. Lee, in April,

1906.

THE STAPLES FAMILY

Northport, where she found her final resting-place!

In helping Captain James Harse, Captain James Estlin and Civil Engineer James H. Ponson to establish the boundaries of the E. C. Harse's lot down beyond his meadow in the early part of the winter of 1815-16 "Webbie" saw a nice-print reproduction of a map of the old Town of Prospect - (which included what is now Stockton Springs and part of the present Town of Northport) - showing the properties in that vicinity on which a considerable tract of land to the south and east of the Harse and Colcord - (old Ashley Mitchell) - lots was marked "The Estlin Staples Purchase" and on which it was indicated that Staples had swapped his land for said land. "Webbie" says Henry McGee informs him that (a) John Staples built a house at or near where the Captain George Colcord buildings - (later owned by Uncle "Bill" and Fred Gray and now by of Brookline, Mass.) - now stand. This was undoubtedly probably the John Staples shown by the first Census to have been living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790 --- who was undoubtedly "Webbie's" great-grandfather! "Webbie" also informs me that Allan Colcord, the present owner of the old Mahoney-Ashley Mitchell place, has a copy of the map referred to --- that he went in there one day to see it!

Children of Nelson P. and Lucy (Crockett) Staples:-

- (1) A son. Died in infancy.
- (2) Mrs Colcord Staples  
Born April 14, 1830. Died October 12, 1889.  
Married first, Annie Menden, in 1874.  
They had two children:-  
(1) George, born November 6, 1875.  
The married, first, Leslie Tremaine of Lowell, Mass., in 1893.  
Divorced in 1903.  
The married, second, Guyard T. Lee, in April, 1906.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

She married, 3rd, Charles Larkey, on May 9, 1912. They are now living in Lipscomb County, Texas, although their mail address appears as Catesby, Oklahoma.

There are no children by any of the marriages.

24,\*\*\*

- (2) Ruth, born March 12, 1878.

She married Freeman Bahelder (Bachelder) of "Poverty Shore", Prospect, by whom she had one son, Nelson Edward Bachelder, shortly after whose birth she died at Belfast, Me., on April 13, 1899. The son is now living with his father and stepmother at Frankfort

Ames Colcord Staples married, second, Lizzie Helen Walls, on September 3, 1884. She was born in Waldo, Maine, September 3, 1859, and now (3/4/1917) resides in Cedar Street, Belfast, Me., as Lizzie H. Staples-Webber, being the widow of Horace Webber of Monroe.

Ames C. and Lizzie (Walls) Staples had three daughters, as follows:-

- (1) Della in Belfast,, June 26, 1885.

She married Will Webber, Aug. 16, 1909. They are now living at Monroe, Me., and have two children:-

Guy Ames, born June 16, 1910.

James Elbridge, born Dec. 9, 1915.

- (2) Lucy A., born May 25, 1887 -(Was it in Belfast, Me., or Waltham, Mass.?)-

Married on Aug. 30, 1914 -(Forest. Says Aug. 30, 1913)- to Mr. Aaron J. Moyer, Jr., They live in New York City and have no children. This is the daughter who, after Ames's death, was adopted by his brother George and re-named Zenaide Lucy.

- (3) Amy Colcord,, born in Waltham, Mass., May 24, 1889. Married Aug. 12, 1908, to Percy Hill Grant. They now live in Brooks, Maine, and have three children, viz:-

Zenaide Beatrice, born at Frankfort, Me., September 16, 1909.

Hervey James, born at Brooks, March 28, 1911.

Ruth Ethel, born at Brooks, July 25, 1915.

There is a mistake in the above. I saw Ames in Waltham, at Will's, the day before he came to his father's to die. According to Father's Diary, he died at Uncle Nelson's on October 12, 1889. Amy was born several months after her father's death. Therefore she must have been born 5.24/1890, in Belfast (7)

\*\*\*According to Father's )  
Diary, Ruth Staples was )  
born March 24, 1878! Her )  
son was born April 5, 1899 )  
She died April 13, 1899. )



# THE COONETT FAMILY

The married, Mrs. Charles Larkley, on May 9, 1912. They are now living in Liverpool County, Texas, although their mail address appears as Larkley, Oklahoma. There are no children by any of the marriages.

24,\*\*\*  
(2) Ruth, born March 12, 1878. The married Freeman Bachelor (Bachelor) of "Taverny Street", Prospect, by whom she had one son, Nelson Edward Bachelor, shortly after whose birth she died at Belfast, Me., on April 12, 1909. The son is now living with the father and stepmother at Frankfort.

Ames Colcord Staples married, second, Lizzie Helen Wells, on September 2, 1891. She was born in Maine, September 2, 1859, and now (2/4/1917) resides in Cedar Street, Belfast, Me., as Lizzie H. Staples-Wheeler, being the widow of Horace Wheeler of Monroe. Ames C. and Lizzie (Wells) Staples had three daughters, as follows:-

(1) Lelia in Belfast, June 26, 1893. The married Will Wheeler, Aug. 16, 1909. They are now living at Monroe, Me., and have two children:-  
Guy Ames, born June 16, 1910.  
James W. Bridges, born Dec. 9, 1912.

(2) Lucy A., born May 25, 1897 - (Was it in Belfast, Me., or Waltham, Mass.?) - married on Aug. 30, 1914 - (Forest City, N.Y.) - to Mr. Aaron T. Meyer, Jr., they live in New York City and have no children. This is the daughter who, after Ames's death, was adopted by his brother George and re-named Geraldine Lucy.

(3) Amy Colcord, born in Waltham, Mass., May 24, 1899. married Aug. 12, 1902, to Percy Will Grant. They now live in Brooks, Maine, and have three children, viz:-

Donald Beatrice, born at Frankfort, Me., September 16, 1902.  
Bervey James, born at Brooks, March 28, 1911.  
Ruth Ethel, born at Brooks, July 22, 1916.

There is a mistake in the above. I saw Ames in Waltham, at Will's, the day before he came to his father's to die. According to Nathan's diary, he died at Uncle Nelson's on October 12, 1899. Amy was born several months after her father's death. Therefore she must have been born 2.24/1899, in Belfast (?)

\*\*\*According to Nathan's  
diary, Ruth Staples was  
born March 24, 1878! Her  
son was born April 5, 1899  
The died April 12, 1909.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

- (3) Norman Dunbar Staples  
Born May 2, 1852. Died January 26, 1882.  
He never married.
- (4) George Nelson Staples  
Born December 10, 1854.  
Married, 1st, Isabelle Towle, on December 24, 1880.  
" 2nd, Jennie Rogers, on October 6, 1886.  
There are no children by either marriage but after Ames's death George and his wife adopted Ames's (Ames') daughter Lucy, re-naming her Zenaide Lucy. According to her mother, she was born on May 25, 1887. As stated elsewhere, she married Aaron J. Moyer, Jr., on August 30, of either 1913 or 1914, lives in New York City, and has no children. Her mother gives the date of her marriage as 8/30/1914 but both George and Forest give it as August (13th and 30th), 1913. George lives at No. 50 Sixth St., Lowell, Mass.
- (5) A son. Died in infancy.
- (6) William Henry Staples  
Born September 6, 1859, in Prospect, Maine.  
Married at Belfast, Me., on May 8, 1884, to Nellie J. Chase of Searsport, Me. She was born in Searsport on November 12, 1860. They now live near Sheridan and Plain streets, North Easton, Mass., where Will is a tool-maker in the machine shop of The Ames Shovel & Tool Company.  
Their children are as follows:-  
(1) Helen Valentine, born in Searsport, Feb. 14, 1886.  
She married Louis F. Wilson, July 12, 1905.  
They live at Charlestown, Mass., and have three children, viz:-  
Eleanor Harriet, born October 30, 1906.  
Albert William, born September 10, 1908.  
Lillian Florence, born November 29, 1915.  
(2) Fred Kendall, born in Waltham, Mass., Feb. 20, 1888  
(3) Grace Marion, born in Waltham, Mass., June 20, 1890  
She married Fred F. White, January 1, 1913.  
They live at South Easton, Mass., and have one child, Marie Lawson, born November 1st, 1914.  
(4) Amasa Foss, born in Medford, Mass., Feb. 1, 1892.  
(5) Elsie Chase, born in Medford, Mass., Feb. 9, 1894.  
She married Ernest Reed Sabeau, June 5, 1911.  
They live at Brockton, Mass., and have no children.  
(6) Esther Katherine,  
Born in Medford, Mass., May 3, 1898.  
Died October 28, 1903.  
(7) Edna Young, born in Medford, Mass., March 16, 1900.  
Died April 6, 1900.
- (7) Haskell Page Staples  
Born February 15, 1863. Died at Buffalo, N.Y., (?) in 1899 (?). Remains cremated and ashes buried at West Shazy, N. Y. - (Dan says at Lowell, Mass.) -  
Married Delphine Vassar of Lowell, Mass. She died (about) 1900 (?). They had one child, Walter Pollard Staples, born Nov. 22, 1890. Now living in the West!

Wells  
1897  
1897



# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(2) Norman Dunbar Staples  
Born May 2, 1882. Died January 22, 1922.  
He never married.

(4) George Nelson Staples  
Born December 10, 1884.  
Married, 1st, Isabelle Lewis, on December 24, 1886.  
2nd, Lennie Rogers, on October 6, 1886.  
There are no children by either marriage but after  
Anna's death George and his wife adopted her's (Anna's)  
daughter Lucy, re-naming her Geraldine Lucy. According  
to her mother, she was born on May 22, 1887. As  
stated elsewhere, she married Aaron T. May, Jr.,  
on August 30, of either 1912 or 1914. Lives in New  
York City, and has no children. Her mother gives the  
date of her marriage as 8/30/1914 but both George  
and Forest give it as August (19th and 30th), 1912.  
George lives at No. 50 Sixth St., Lowell, Mass.

(5) A son. Died in infancy.

(6) William Henry Staples  
Born September 6, 1889, in Prospect, Maine.  
Married at Belfast, Me., on May 8, 1884, to Nellie  
J. Chase of Searsport, Me. She was born in Sears-  
port on November 12, 1860. They now live near  
Sheridan and Plain streets, West Boston, Mass.,  
where Will is a tool-maker in the machine shop of  
The Ames Shovel & Tool Company.  
Their children are as follows:-  
(1) Helen Valentine, born in Searsport, Feb. 14, 1888.  
She married Louis F. Wilson, July 12, 1902.  
They live at Chestertown, Mass., and have three  
children, viz:-  
Kathleen Harriet, born October 30, 1907.  
Albert William, born September 10, 1908.  
William Florence, born November 22, 1912.  
(2) Fred Merrill, born in Westfield, Mass., Feb. 20, 1890.  
(3) Grace Marion, born in Westfield, Mass., June 20, 1890.  
She married Fred E. White, January 1, 1913.  
They live at South Weston, Mass., and have one  
child, Marie Lawson, born November 1st, 1914.  
(4) Emma Ross, born in Westfield, Mass., Feb. 1, 1892.  
(5) Mildred Chase, born in Westfield, Mass., Feb. 9, 1894.  
She married Ernest Ross Adams, June 2, 1911.  
They live at Brockton, Mass., and have no chil-  
dren.  
(6) Esther Katherine,  
Born in Westfield, Mass., May 3, 1898.  
Died October 22, 1903.  
(7) Edna Young, born in Westfield, Mass., March 10, 1900.  
Died April 5, 1900.

(7) Isabelle Page Staples  
Born February 12, 1883. Died at Bristol, N.Y., (?)  
in 1899 (?). Remains cremated and ashes buried at  
Westbury, N.Y. - (Dan and L. Merrill, Mass.) -  
Married Delphine Vassar of Lowell, Mass. She died  
(about) 1900 (?). They had one child, Walter Polaris  
Staples, born Nov. 22, 1890. Now living in the West.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(8) A son. Died in infancy.

(9) Forest Treat Staples

Born August 24, 1866, at Prospect, Maine.

Married Jessie May Bancroft of Reading, Mass., on August 5, 1890. She is the daughter of Albert J. and Sarah J. (Mason) Bancroft and was born in Reading August 6, 1870. They live at No. 60 Woburn Street, Reading, Mass., and have two children:-

(1) Malcolm Lewis, born March 14, 1892.

(2) Marcia Louise, born July 14, 1895.

(10) Daniel Crockett Staples

Born September 8, 1870, at Prospect, Maine.

Married, 1st, Lilla Millay of Hudson, Mass., on September 18, 1894.

They had one child, Ruth Mildred, born Sept. 12, 1895. She married Frederic Lewis Wheelock of Boston, March 22, 1914. They live in Boston.

Daniel C. Staples divorced his first wife June 5, 1907. He married, 2nd, on November 22, 1908, Georgia E. McIntire of Hudson, Mass. They now live at Shrewsbury, Mass. There are no children by the second marriage.

(11) Webster Kelly Staples

Born November 27, 1875. Married Isabelle Card.

She was born

Webster was the only one of the Staples boys born here on "The Pinnacle"---in his present home! All the others were born in Prospect, although the birth-places of some of them are included in the present Town of Stockton Springs!

Webster K. and Isabelle (Card) Staples have nine children, as follows:-

(1) Janie Evelyn, Born May 17, 1903.

(2) Russell Webster, " May 28, 1904.

(3) Alfred Nelson, " Aug. 25, 1905.

(4) Elmer Forest, " " 17, 1907.

(5) Lucy Augusta, " Nov. 16, 1908.

(6) Georgia Isabelle, " Apr. 18, 1910.

(7) Emma Frances, " July 18, 1911.

(8) Eugenia Mabel, " May 17, 1913.

(9) Bertha Amanda, " Nov. 3, 1914.

Of the sons who died in infancy, only one lived to be a day old, he dying about twenty-four hours after his birth! Undismayed by eleven sons -(Eleven! Count 'em!)- Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy secured from an institution in Tewksbury, Mass., through Aunt Caroline (Crockett) Stiles, an orphan girl named Belinda Templeton whom they reared as their own daughter under the name of Emma Staples and to whom, as she was apparently of about the same age as their son Norman and they were unable to learn the exact date of her birth, they "presented" the birthday of May 2, 1852. She became the wife of Freeman Young -(now of the Moxie Nerve Food Co)- some forty years ago. When she had arrived at middle life.

# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(8) A son. Died in infancy.

(9) Forest Treat Staples

Born August 24, 1868, at Prospect, Maine.

Married Jessie May Bennett of Reading, Mass., on

August 6, 1900. She is the daughter of Albert T.

and Sarah T. (Nason) Bennett and was born in Reading,

August 6, 1870. They live at No. 50 Western Street,

Reading, Mass., and have two children:-

(1) Malcolm Lewis, born March 14, 1892.

(2) Marcia Louise, born July 14, 1895.

(10) Daniel Crockett Staples

Born September 8, 1870, at Prospect, Maine.

Married, 1st, Ella Willy of Hudson, Mass.,

on September 18, 1894.

They had one child, Ruth Mildred, born Sept. 12, 1895.

She married Theodore Lewis Wheelock of Boston, March

22, 1914. They live in Boston.

Daniel C. Staples divorced his first wife June 5, 1907.

He married, 2nd, on November 22, 1908, Georgia E.

McIntire of Hudson, Mass. They now live at Shrews-

bury, Mass. There are no children by the second

marriage.

(11) Webster Kelly Staples

Born November 27, 1875. Married Isabelle Gird.

She was born

Webster was the only one of the Staples boys born

here on "The Pineola"---in his present home! All

the others were born in Prospect, although the birth

places of some of them are included in the present

Town of Stockton Springs!

Webster K. and Isabelle (Gird) Staples have nine

children, as follows:-

(1) Janie Evelyn, Born May 17, 1903.

(2) Russell Webster, " May 23, 1904.

(3) Alfred Watson, " Aug. 25, 1905.

(4) Elmer Forest, " " 17, 1907.

(5) Jack August, " Nov. 16, 1908.

(6) Georgia Isabelle, " Apr. 18, 1910.

(7) Emma Frances, " July 18, 1911.

(8) Eugene Albert, " May 17, 1913.

(9) Bertha Amanda, " Nov. 3, 1914.

Of the sons who died in infancy, only one lived to be a

day old, he dying about twenty-four hours after his birth.

Undisputed by eleven sons - (Eleven Count 'em) - Uncle Nel-

son and Aunt Lucy secured from an institution in Newbury,

Mass., through Aunt Caroline (Crockett) Staples, an orphan

girl named Helma Templeton whom they reared as their own

daughter under the name of Emma Staples and to whom, as she

was apparently of about the same age as their son Norman

and they were unable to learn the exact date of her birth,

they "presented" the birthday of May 5, 1883. She became

the wife of Norman Young - (now of the Maine Horse Food Co.) -

some forty years ago. When she had arrived at about the



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

some of her friends were so impressed at a theatrical performance in which Annie Pixley was the "star" by the resemblance between the two women that they sought an interview with the actress with the result ---as I am informed--- that the records of the Tewksbury Almshouse were unearthed and the fact established that they were sisters! In addition to this large flock, Uncle Nelson somewhere picked up while he was following the sea a friendless waif who was acting as cabin-boy to whom he took such a liking that he brought him home---with the result that Uncle Nelson's home became his home until he had established one of his own! This friendless waif eventually became Captain William Meyers, one of the most respected sea-captains of Searsport during the last generation!

---

- (3) Caroline - (third child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett)  
 Born April 17, 1831. Married Alba Glazier Stiles at Lowell, Mass., May 7, 1853. He was born at Waterford, Vermont, October 28, 1828 and died at Lowell, Mass., February 13, 1912. He was long one of the principal merchants of Lowell.  
 They had five children, viz:-
- (1) Helen Maria - ("Nellie")-, born Aug. 9, 1854.  
 Married Frank Kelly of Lowell, Sept. 14(?), 1871  
 Died December 28, 1874.
  - (2) Carrie Marietta - (Marietta Caroline?)-, born November 4, 1857. Married Fred F. Packard February 14, 1888. They have lived at Lowell, Mass., and Brooklyn, N. Y., but have recently been living on a farm---where, I do not know. They have no children.
  - (3) Alba James, born Aug. 7, 1859.  
 Died Oct. 16, 1860.
  - (4) George Francis, born Aug. 19, 1863.  
 Married to Grace L. Rowley, January 1, 1901.  
 They live in Lowell and have no children.
  - (5) Andrew Grant, born April 4, 1865.  
 He entered the office of the City Treasurer of Lowell, Mass., about thirty-four years ago and is himself now Treasurer of that city!
- Caroline (Crockett) Stiles died at Lowell on May 22, 1868, and is buried in the Edson Cemetery there
- 

- (4) Mary - (fourth child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett)-  
 Born July 3, 1833. Married, first, to Thomas Bretherick, an Englishman, at Lowell, Mass., May 11, 1854. They had two children:-

Sadie, who died when about six months old and was buried at Ballardvale, Andover, Mass., and Thomas William - ("Tommy")- born Dec. 31, 1856. He died of diphtheria Apr. 24, 1864, Aged 7 yrs., 3 mos., 24 ds.

# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

some of her friends were so impressed at a theatrical performance in which Annie Wiley was the "star" by the resemblance between the two women that they sought an interview with the result -- as I am informed -- that the records of the Tewksbury Almshouse were unearthed and the fact established that they were sisters. In addition to this large flock, Uncle Nelson somewhere picked up while he was following the sea a friendless white who was acting as cabin-boy to whom he took such a liking that he brought him home -- with the result that Uncle Nelson's home became his home until he had established one of his own! This friendless white eventually became Captain William Meyers, one of the most respected sea-captains of Newport during the last generation!

## (3) Caroline - (third child of Daniel and Jane (Hagan) Crockett)

Born April 17, 1831. Married Alice Gladier Bates at Lowell, Mass., May 7, 1853. He was born at Waterford, Vermont, October 28, 1828 and died at Lowell, Mass., February 13, 1912. He was long one of the principal merchants of Lowell.

They had five children, viz:-

(1) Helen Maria - ("Nellie") - born Aug. 9, 1854.

Married Frank Kelly of Lowell, Sept. 14 (7), 1871.

Died December 28, 1874.

(2) Carrie Marietta - (Marietta Caroline?) - born

November 4, 1857. Married Fred E. Packard

February 14, 1888. They have lived at Lowell, Mass., and Brockton, W. V., but have recently been living on a farm -- where, I do

not know. They have no children.

(3) Alice James, born Aug. 7, 1859.

Died Oct. 16, 1880.

(4) George Francis, born Aug. 12, 1863.

Married to Grace L. Rowley, January 1, 1901.

They live in Lowell and have no children.

(5) Andrew Grant, born April 4, 1868.

He entered the office of the City Treasurer

of Lowell, Mass., about thirty-four years ago

and is himself now Treasurer of that city.

Caroline (Crockett) Bates died at Lowell on May

22, 1888, and is buried in the Hagan Cemetery there.

## (4) Mary - (fourth child of Daniel and Jane (Hagan) Crockett)

Born July 3, 1833. Married, first, to Thomas

Brotherick, an Englishman, at Lowell, Mass., May

11, 1854. They had two children:-

Bodie, who died when about six months old and was

buried at Ballardsvale, Andover, Mass., and

Thomas William - ("Tommy") - born Dec. 21, 1863. He died

of diphtheria Apr. 24, 1884, aged 7 yrs., 3 mos., 24 ds.



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Thomas Bretherick, Sr., died of "stone-cutters' consumption" on March 27, 1857, at Grandfather Crockett's farm. His son "Tommy" died at what was then the Henry Matthews house (now occupied by the widow of Leroy Dow) at Searsport village, although he had caught the disease which caused his death from George Staples while on a visit to Grandfather Crockett's---where George lived as a boy! Mother says that Thomas Bretherick, Sr., had a brother William and a sister Annie in this country. She thinks Annie married a John F. Wilson who later moved from Massachusetts to Bangor! The Brethericks, father and son, sleep in the Prospect Marsh Village Cemetery!

Mary (Crockett) Bretherick married, second, Amos Matthews, in April (?), 1863. He was a son of Walter Matthews of Goose Pond, who was generally known as "Pond Walter" to distinguish him from "Red-Headed Walter", the father of the Matthews boys of my day and who lived this side of the schoolhouse at Bog Hill. Amos's brothers were Lewis Henry, Waldo, and "Willie J." Matthews, the last of whom lives on what used to be his father's farm at what is now more aristocratically termed Swan Lake! Waldo Matthews built and used to live in what is now the Ed. Chapin house at Dodge's Corner while John Littlefield now owns the Lewis Henry Matthews farm---"Singular circumstance!"

Amos and Mary (Crockett) Bretherick-Matthews had 5 children:

- (1) Frank Heagan, born Feb. 5, 1864. Died Jan. 12, 1867.
- (2) Ruth Grant, born Feb. 19, 1866. Died Dec. 27, 1866.
- (3) Amanda Kneeland, born Dec. 14, 1867.  
     She married Albert M. Fames of Stockton on Aug. 7, 1889.  
     They now live at No. 30 Dow St., Portland, Maine, and  
     have had four children:-
  - (1) Butler Matthews, born Aug. 15, 1898.
  - (2) John Heagan, born July 19, 1900.
  - (3) Albert Melvin, Jr., born April 16, 1906.
  - (4) Robert Jaynes, born Oct. 13, 1909. Died Jan. 22, 1915.
- (4) George Amos, born December 19, 1872.  
     He married, 1st, Effie Clifford of Belfast.

# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Thomas Brethrick, Sr., died of "stone-cutters' consumption" on March 27, 1857, at Grandfather Crockett's farm. His son "Tommy" died at what was then the Henry Matthews house (now occupied by the widow of Jerry Dow) at Bearport village, although he had caught the disease which caused his death from George Staples while on a visit to Grandfather Crockett's--where George lived as a boy. Mother says that Thomas Brethrick, Sr., had a brother or William and a sister Annie in this country. She thinks Annie married a John F. Wilson who later moved from Massachusetts to Bangor. The Brethricks, father and son, also in the Prospect Marsh Village Cemetery.

Jerry (Crockett) Brethrick married, second, Anna Matthews, in April (?), 1868. He was a son of Walter Matthews of Goose Pond, who was generally known as "Fond Walter" to distinguish him from "Red-Headed Walter", the father of the Matthews boys of my day and who lived this side of the schoolhouse at Hog Hill. Anna's brothers were Lewis Henry, Waldo, and "Willie T." Matthews, the last of whom lives on what used to be his father's farm at what is now more existentially termed Swan Lake! Waldo Matthews built and used to live in what is now the No. 30 house at Dodge's Corner while John Littlefield now owns the Lewis Henry Matthews farm--"Singular circumstances!"

Anna and Jerry (Crockett) Brethrick-Matthews had 5 children:

- (1) Frank Hagan, born Feb. 5, 1864. Died Jan. 12, 1887.
- (2) Ruth Grant, born Feb. 19, 1866. Died Dec. 27, 1886.
- (3) Amanda Kneeland, born Dec. 14, 1867.
- (4) The married Albert M. James of Stockton on Aug. 7, 1889. They now live at No. 30 Dow St., Portland, Maine, and have had four children:-
- (1) Butler Matthews, born Aug. 12, 1898.
- (2) John Hagan, born July 12, 1900.
- (3) Albert Melvin, Jr., born April 16, 1906.
- (4) Robert James, born Oct. 12, 1909. Died Jan. 22, 1915.

(4) George Ames, born December 19, 1878. He married, 1st, Miss Clifford of Belfast.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

They had three sons:-

- (1) George Ashley, born
  - (2) Donald, born
  - (3) Leon Elmer, born
- George A. and Effie (Clifford) Matthews were ~~divorced~~ <sup>on</sup>  
 He married, 2nd,  
 He divorced his second wife on  
 He married, 3rd, on  
 and now lives in Peach street, Belfast, Maine.
- (5) Nellie Kelley, ("Gyp"), born July 12, 1870. Died May 24, 1878. She was named for "Nellie" Stiles!

Amos Matthews had been born March 20, 1834. He died on April 10, 1879 (Father's Diary says April 8th) in Leadville, Colorado, whither he had gone with Freeman Matthews, Woodman Tyler, Warner C. Hamilton and Uncle Albert Sleeper Nichols during the great silver mining excitement. They left Searsport on March 10th, a month before he died of pneumonia in the rarefied atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains! According to Father's Diary, Tyler and Hamilton were gone from Searsport only about a month!

Mary (Crockett) Bretherick-Matthews married, third, William Austin Gray, on July 27, 1884. He was the widower of her deceased sister, Sarah! She separated from him some years before her death! During the latter part of her life she was for several years Matron of Lowell Jail, resigning in 1899 because of increasing age and deafness. She died December 5, 1912, (Father's Diary says Dec. 3rd), at the home of her son in Belfast, Maine, as the result of a fall in her own kitchen!

In her letter giving me the above dates, "Mannie" (Matthews) Eames says that the eldest child of Thomas and Mary (Crockett) Bretherick was born March 18, 1855, that she was named Sarah J., and that she died in either August or September, 1855.

---



# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

They had three sons:-

- (1) George Ashley, born
- (2) Donald, born
- (3) Leon Elmer, born

George A. and Effie (Clifford) Matthews were divorced on

He married, 2nd, He divorced his second wife on

He married, 3rd,

and now lives in Beach street, Belfast, Maine.  
(5) Nellie Kelley, ("Gyp"), born July 12, 1870. Died May 24, 1898. She was named for "Nellie" Stiles

Anna Matthews had been born March 20, 1834. He died on

April 10, 1879 (Father's Diary says April 8th) in Deadville,

Colorado, whither he had gone with Freeman Matthews, Woodman

Tyler, Warner C. Hamilton and Uncle Albert Sleeper Nichols dur-

ing the great silver mining excitement. They left Bearport

on March 10th, a month before he died of pneumonia in the yar-

ried atmosphere of the Rocky Mountains! According to Father's

Diary, Tyler and Hamilton were gone from Bearport only about

a month

Mary (Crockett) Bretnick-Matthews married, third, William

Austin Gray, on July 27, 1884. He was the widower of her de-

ceased sister, Sarah! She separated from him some years before

her death! During the latter part of her life she was for sev-

eral years pastor of Lowell Jail, resigning in 1899 because of

increasing age and deafness. She died December 5, 1912, (with

er's Diary says Dec. 3rd), at the home of her son in Belfast,

Maine, as the result of a fall in her own kitchen!

In her letter giving me the above dates, "Minnie" (Matthews)

James says that the eldest child of Thomas and Mary (Crockett)

Bretnick was born March 16, 1855, that she was named Sarah J.,

and that she died in either August or September, 1855.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(5) Sarah J.-(fifth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)-

Born December 16, 1834. Married William Austin Gray at Stockton, Maine, October 25, 1855. -(Fred says it was 10/23/55). She died of consumption at Brewer, Maine, on May 22, 1868, the same day on which her sister Caroline died of the same disease at Lowell, Mass. William Austin Gray and Sarah J. (Crockett) Gray had five children, viz:-

- (1) Fred Willis, born at Stockton, Me., July 31, 1856. Because of ill health, he went to California while yet a very young man. He married at San Gabriel, California, on April 5, 1884, Jane McLean--who was born at Manilla, Canada, April 29, 1859. Fred Willis and Jane (McLean) Gray have five children:-
  - (1) Jessie Mary Gray, born at Alhambra, California, Jan. 13, 1888. She married John D. Murphy at Whittier, California, on Aug. 1, 1910. They had one child, Marion Gray Murphy, born May 26, 1912, at Whittier, California,, and died March 23, 1913, at San Fernando, California.
  - (2) Rachael Jane Gray, born at Alhambra, California, September 10, 1887. Married to Lester Keith Cole at Whittier, California,, June 12, 1912. They have one child, Constance Jane Cole, born June 3, 1916.
  - (3) Fred Alexander Gray, born at Searsport, Me., March 4, 1890. (This was after Fred Willis Gray came "back East" to join his father (Uncle "Billy" on the old George Colson place--whence, after some years, he was mighty glad to get back to what he considers "God's Own Country"-California)
  - (4) Glen Th Latto Gray, born at Sandypoint, Me., March 4, 1893.
  - (5) Robert McLean Gray, born at La Mirada, California, March 6, 1899.
- (2) Daniel C. Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, July 12, 1858. He died at San Francisco, California, September 15, 1909. He never married.
- (3) Caroline Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, Sept. 17, 1860. Died at Searsport, Me., October 31, 1911. She married George A. Bowen of Searsport, Me., October 30, 1886.-(They were married at her father's -the old George Colson place- by the Rev. Robert G. Harbutt)- He was born at Searsport village March 9, 1857. His father died (lost at sea) while he was a babe-in-arms. His mother died Apr. 26, 1875.--the day Kit was born; George A. and Caroline (Gray) Bowen had two children:-
  - (1) Gertrude Elsinora, born Dec. 23, 1887. She was born on the old William Cunningham farm on the Swanville road in Searsport. The "Elsinora" is for Mayberry's ranch (ranch) in California, where



# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(5) Sarah J.--(fifth child of Daniel and Jane (Haugen) Crockett)--

Born December 16, 1834. Married William Austin Gray

at Stockton, Maine, October 25, 1855. -- (Fred says it

was 10/28/55). She died of consumption at Brewer, Maine, on

May 22, 1868, the same day on which her sister Caroline died of the same disease at Lowell, Mass. William Austin Gray and Sarah

J. Crockett Gray had five children, viz:--

(1) Fred Willis, born at Stockton, Me., July 31, 1856.

Because of ill health, he went to California while yet a very young man. He married at San Gabriel, California, on April 5, 1884, Jane McLean--who was born at Danville, Canada, April 29, 1859. Fred Willis and Jane (McLean) Gray have five children:--

(1) Jessie Mary Gray, born at Alhambra, California, Jan. 13, 1885. She married John D. Murphy at Whittier, California, on Aug. 1, 1910. They had one child, Lester Gray Murphy, born May 25, 1912, at Whittier, California, and died March 23, 1913, at San Fernando, California.

(2) Rachel Jane Gray, born at Alhambra, California, September 10, 1887. Married to Lester Keith Cole at Whittier, California, June 12, 1912. They have one child, Constance Jane Cole, born June 3, 1916.

(3) Fred Alexander Gray, born at Bearport, Me., March 4, 1890. (This was after Fred Willis Gray came "back East" to join his father (Uncle "Bill") on the old George Colson place--whence, after some years, he was mighty glad to get back to what he considers "God's own country"--California.)

(4) Glen Thelma Gray, born at Sandpoint, Me., March 4, 1893.

(5) Robert McLean Gray, born at La Merade, California, March 6, 1899.

(2) Daniel C. Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, July 12, 1856. He died at San Francisco, California, September 15, 1909. He never married.

(3) Caroline Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, Sept. 17, 1856. Died at Bearport, Me., October 31, 1911. She married George A. Bowen of Bearport, Me., October 30, 1884. -- (They were married at her father's--the old George Colson place--by the Rev. Robert G. Harbutt)-- We were born at Bearport village March 9, 1887. His father died (lost at sea) while he was a babe-in-arm. His mother died Apr. 26, 1878.--the day Kit was born. George A. and Caroline (Gray) Bowen had two children:-- (1) Gertrude Elsie, born Dec. 23, 1887. She was born on the old William Cunningham farm on the Newville road in Bearport. The "Elsie" is for Myberry's ranch (ranch) in California, where

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(in California) her mother taught school for five years, shortly after graduating from the Eastern Maine State Normal School at Castine before she returned to Maine in (about) 1885 and taught in the late "eighties". Ed. Mayberry, with whom "Carrie" lived most of the time while she was in California, was the husband of her aunt---her father's sister Emily,--- and was very fond of his niece. Gertrude followed in her mother's steps by graduating (graduating) from the Eastern Maine State Normal School, then---after a few terms in her native state---became a teacher in the public schools of New Haven, Connecticut, where she has been for a number of years.

- (2) Mildred E. -(she was named Emma Mildred but didn't fancy the juxtaposition of so many "m" sounds)-, born December 1, 1889, in the same room in which her father had been born before her---in the house which formerly belonged to George's grandmother---"Aunt" Huldah Bowen---at Searsport village and which George sold a few years since---. It is now occupied by Stephen Card. She was married on May 23, 1913, at Whittier, California (her father making the trip to her Uncle Fred's with her for the purpose) to Lieutenant Harold E. Marr of the United States Army who was then serving his term of foreign service and had returned from the Philippines to be married. En route on the return to the Philippines with his wife he received at Honolulu orders transferring him to that station but as he was the custodian of valuables to be delivered at Manila, he completed the voyage to that port, whence he and his wife returned to his new station at Honolulu (or was it Pearl Harbor?). After a considerable term of service at that point he was ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, whence he was sent to Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Texas, during the Mexican embroglio of last summer. Within the past few months he has been made Inspector Instructor of the Massachusetts Field Artillery and State Militia with headquarters at Boston---an assignment very much to the liking of his wife, who was a stenographer in Boston before her mother's death caused her to return home to act as her father's housekeeper up to the time of her marriage---shortly after which George took a second wife in the person of Miss Mary Littlefield. Mr. & Mrs. Bowen (George and his wife) are visiting Lieutenant and Mrs. Marr in Boston at this writing -(March 6, 1917). I believe Lieutenant Marr's native place is Farmington, Me. He and Mildred have one child, Harold, Junior, born December 7, 1915.

- (4) William Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, September 11, 1862. Died March 12, 1864.
- (5) Sarah Gray, born at Brewer, Maine, December 5, 1867. Died at Brewer, Me., February 4, 1869.



(in California) her mother taught school for five years, shortly after graduating from the Western Maine State Normal School at Castine before she returned to Maine in (about) 1885 and taught in the late "eighties". Ed. Mayberry, with whom "Corrie" lived most of the time while she was in California, was the husband of her aunt---her father's sister Emily,---and was very fond of his niece. Corrie followed in her mother's steps by graduating (graduating) from the Western Maine State Normal School, then---after a few terms in her native state---became a teacher in the public schools of New Haven, Connecticut, where she has been for a number of years.

(2) Mildred E.---(she was named Emma Mildred but didn't fancy the juxtaposition of so many "m" sounds)---born December 1, 1889, in the same room in which her father had been born before her---in the house which formerly belonged to George's Grand-mother---"Aunt" Hulda Bowen---at Searsport village and which George sold a few years since---It is now occupied by Stephen Card.

She was married on May 23, 1913, at Whittier, California (her father making the trip to her Uncle Fred's with her for the purpose) to Lieutenant Harold E. May of the United States Army who was then serving his term of foreign service and had returned from the Philippines to be married. En route on the return to the Philippines with his wife he received at Honolulu orders transferring him to that station but as he was the custodian of valuables to be delivered at Manila, he completed the voyage to that port, whence he and his wife returned to his new station at Honolulu (or was it Pearl Harbor?).

After a considerable term of service at that point he was ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he was sent to Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Texas, during the Mexican embargo of last summer. Within the past few months he has been made Inspector Inspector of the Massachusetts Field Artillery and State Militia with headquarters at Boston---an assignment very much to the liking of his wife, who was a stenographer in Boston before her mother's death caused her to return home to act as her father's housekeeper up to the time of her marriage---shortly after which George took a second wife in the person of Miss Mary Littlefield.

Mr. & Mrs. Bowen (George and his wife) are visiting Lieutenant and Mrs. May in Boston at this writing---(March 6, 1917). I believe Lieutenant May's native place is Farmington, Me. He and Mildred have one child, Harold, Junior, born December 7, 1913.

(4) William Gray, born at Stockton, Maine, September 11, 1888. Died March 12, 1888.

(5) Sarah Gray, born at Brewer, Maine, December 2, 1867. Died at Brewer, Me., February 4, 1892.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Both William Austin Gray and his first wife (Sarah J. (Crockett) Gray), as well as three of their children---Caroline, William, and Sarah, are buried in the Nichols' District Cemetery ---"Elmwood"---at Searsport. I presume that "Dan" was buried at San Francisco. Of all the children Fred is the only one left. He resides at Whittier, California, and the letter in which he gives me most of the above (above), or many of the above dates is written on paper bearing the imprint "F. W. Gray, Lem-on Grower"---although it does not show the address as being "The Garden of Love"! Fred gives me the following additional (additional) information regarding his father:-

WILLIAM AUSTIN GRAY

Born at Windham, Maine, June 20, 1824.

Died at Searsport, Maine, June 24, 1896.

Married, 1st, Sarah J. Crockett, Oct. 23, 1855.

" 2nd, at Worcester, Mass., Jan. 27, 1870,  
Addie Davis. She was born at  
Jackson, Maine, Sept. 11, 1835.

They had one child, William Lewis  
Gray, born at Brewer, Me., Feb. 10, 1871.

" 3rd, Mary (Crockett) Matthews

Except for references to the dates enclosed on a separate sheet, Fred W. Gray's letter reads as follows- (Dated 10/18/16):-  
"I was expecting to come East this fall and thought I would be at leisure in September but have been very busy since I left the Leffingwell Rancho. I thought when I moved on to my own place I would take life a little more quiet but I am called to different citrus ranches for consultation, etc., as I have had a good many years experience in that line, and I also have seven to ten men working for me all the time -- but I know that I keep in better health by having plenty of exercise. I weigh 170 and have not seen a sick day for a good many years. I would like to drive a machine through to the East when they get the roads in

# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Both William Austin Gray and his first wife (Sarah J.

(Crockett) Gray, as well as three of their children---Caroline, William, and Sarah, are buried in the Nichols' District Cemetery

---"Elmwood"---at Bearport. I presume that "Dan" was buried

at San Francisco. Of all the children Fred is the only one

left. He resides at Whittier, California, and the latter in

which he gives me most of the above (above), or many of the above

dates is written on paper bearing the imprint "T. W. Gray, Jew-

on Grower"---although it does not show the address as being "The

Garden of Love"! Fred gives me the following additional (addi-

tional) information regarding his father:-

## WILLIAM AUSTIN GRAY

Born at Windham, Maine, June 30, 1834.

Died at Bearport, Maine, June 24, 1894.

Married, 1st, Sarah J. Crockett, Oct. 23, 1855.

2nd, at Worcester, Mass., Jan. 27, 1870.

Adopted Davis. She was born at

Jackson, Maine, Sept. 11, 1833.

They had one child, William Lewis

Gray, born at Brewer, Me., Feb. 10, 1871.

3rd, Mary (Crockett) Matthews

Except for references to the dates enclosed on a separate

sheet, Fred W. Gray's letter reads as follows (Dated 10/13/16):-

"I was expecting to come East this fall and thought I would be

at leisure in September but have been very busy since I left

the Bellingwell Ranch. I thought when I moved on to my own

place I would take life a little more quiet but I am called to

different cattle ranches for consultation, etc., as I have had

a good many years experience in that line, and I also have seven

to ten men working for me all the time -- but I know that I keep

in better health by having plenty of exercise. I weigh 170 and

have not seen a sick day for a good many years. I would like to

drive a machine through to the West when they get the roads in



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

good shape. I think it would be a fine trip but expect it would get tiresome. My family is getting pretty small as Robert is the only one at home. He will graduate from High School this year and then he goes for four years to the University of California at Berkeley, California. Fred is Secretary and Manager of the Tustin Lemon Association. They ship over three hundred cars of lemons a year. Glen is foreman of the Atascadero Machine Shops at Atascadero. There are 33,000 acres in the subdivision and they have lots of machinery which keeps the shops pretty busy. They have fifteen 75-horse-power tractors and six 30-horse-power tractors, and I don't know how many autos, on the job! Glen has been there over two years. He is a husky - 6-feet and weighs 185!

We hope you will take a run out here sometime and make us a visit---I would be glad to have you! I hope these few lines find you in good health---and remember me kindly to your father and mother!"

---

(6) Daniel, 3rd,-(sixth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)

Born September 4, 1836. He never attained to the dignity of "Daniel Crockett, Junior," as his grandfather outlived him! He served in the United States Navy for seven years (during the "fifties") before the Civil War having enlisted in 185-, for two years and re-enlisted for five years. He was on the U. S. Ship " " in the Naval Expedition to Paraguay, South America, under Flag Officer Shubrick in 1859, to compel reparation for the firing upon the Str. "Water Witch" while engaged on a scientific expedition under Captain Thomas J. Page on the River Paraná four years before, when one of her crew was killed.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Good shape. I think it would be a fine trip but expect it would  
get tiresome. My family is getting pretty small as Robert is  
the only one at home. He will graduate from High School this  
year and then he goes for four years to the University of Cal-  
ifornia at Berkeley, California. Fred is Secretary and Manager  
of the Western Lemon Association. They ship over three hundred  
cars of lemons a year. Glen is foreman of the Atascadero Ma-  
chine Shops at Atascadero. There are 33,000 acres in the sub-  
division and they have lots of machinery which keeps the shops  
pretty busy. They have fifteen 75-horse-power tractors and  
six 30-horse-power tractors, and I don't know how many autos, on  
the job! Glen has been there over two years. He is a handy-  
6-foot and weighs 135!

We hope you will take a run out here sometime and make us  
a visit---I would be glad to have you! I hope these few lines  
find you in good health---and remember me kindly to your father  
and mother!"

(6) Daniel, 3rd.-(sixth child of Daniel and Jane (Hagan) Crockett)  
Born September 4, 1836. He never attained to the dig-  
nity of "Daniel Crockett, Junior," as his grandfather outlived  
him! He served in the United States Navy for seven years (dur-  
ing the "fifties") before the Civil War having enlisted in 185-  
for two years and re-enlisted for five years. He was on the  
U. S. Ship " " in the Naval Expedition to Paraguay, South  
America, under Flag Officer Smith in 1859, to compel repa-  
tion for the firing upon the Str. "Water Witch" while engaged  
on a scientific expedition under Captain Thomas L. Page on the  
River Paraná four years before, when one of her crew was killed.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Shubrick's fleet was composed of nineteen vessels. On its appearance, the Paraguayan Government said:- "You needn't shoot--- I'll come down!" For further details, see pages 389 to 392 of Mother's book "The Achievements of One Hundred Years --- The History and Triumphs of the Nineteenth Century" by Charles Morris, L. L. D., published by The King-Richardson Company, Springfield, Mass., and copyrighted by W. E. Scull in 1900! It was while Daniel Crockett, 3rd, was in the Navy that his father visited him in New York!

After leaving the Navy he went to sea up to within seven or eight months of the time of his death. He began "before the mast" and advanced through the different grades of mate until, after serving as First Mate for some seven years (Mother thinks) with Captain Henry Partridge, he was Captain of the "Windward" (his last ship) for one trip. Mother remembers hearing him say that he had been around Cape Horn eleven times ---must have gone around the world or come home overland once--- and ship-wrecked three times! In one of the wrecks he spent many hours lashed to a plank---with nothing else between him and Eternity! Some of his vessels were the Brig "Wacanáw" - - ("Waccanáw")-, Schooners "Daybreak" and "Windward", and the Barque "Dacotah"!

He died of consumption at his father's home on March 8, 1868!

---

(7) Ruth R. - (seventh child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett)-

Born September 8, 1838. She was named for Ruth Rid-  
Stockton, formerly  
ley! She was married (by Elder Carley) to Andrew Grant of Pros-  
pect, Me., on April 25, 1859. During the first ten or more



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Shubrick's fleet was composed of nineteen vessels. On its appearance, the Paraguayan Government said: "You needn't shoot-- I'll come down!" For further details, see pages 289 to 292 of Mother's book "The Achievements of One Hundred Years --- The History and Triumphs of the Nineteenth Century" by Charles Morris, L. L. D., published by The King-Richardson Company, Springfield, Mass., and copyrighted by W. W. Gould in 1900! It was while Daniel Crockett, 3rd, was in the Navy that his father visited him in New York!

After leaving the Navy he went to sea up to within seven or eight months of the time of his death. He began "before the mast" and advanced through the different grades of rate until, after serving as first mate for some seven years (Mother thinks) with Captain Henry Partridge, he was Captain of the "Windward" (his last ship) for one trip. Mother remembers hearing him say that he had been around Cape Horn eleven times --- must have gone around the world or come home overland once--- and ship-wrecked three times! In one of the wrecks he spent many hours lashed to a plank---with nothing else between him and eternity! Some of his vessels were the Brig "Waccaw" --- ("Waccaw")---, Schooners "Daybreak" and "Windward", and the Barque "Dacatan"!

He died of consumption at his father's home on March 5,

1861

---

(v) Ruth R. --- (seventh child of Daniel and Jane (Hagan) Crockett) Born September 8, 1838. She was named for Ruth Rild-Stockton, formerly (by Eliza Carley) to Andrew Grant of Prescott, Me., on April 25, 1859. During the first ten or more

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

years of her married life she accompanied her husband, who was a sea-captain in the service of the (then) rich and influential shipping and mercantile family known as "The Treats of Winterport", on all his voyages---principally in the West India trade! Save what he needed for actual expenses and against the wishes of his wife, Captain Grant "banked" all his money with the <sup>his</sup> employers Treats, never withdrawing any part of his salary or what a landlubber would call "commissions" otherwise, so that when the Treats went broke either in the late "sixties" or early "seventies" he found himself not only out of a ship but flat as a flounder financially as well! The shock unbalanced his mind and, although Mother says she has never seen a man who seemed to be more fond of his wife prior to that time, he deserted both wife and family sometime in the "seventies" while living at Warren, Rhode Island---whither they had moved within a few months of the <sup>after</sup> smash-up (smash-up) of the Treats! He would drop out of sight of everyone he had ever known for long intervals--then suddenly re-appear! Some years prior to his death, he Stockton Springs, formerly lived for a time at Prospect, his boyhood's home! He died at Damariscotta, Maine, in January, 1912.

Captain Andrew and Ruth (Crockett) Grant had three children:-

- (1) Ruth Andrew Grant, born at Grandfather Crockett's home on June 10, 1869. Mother says this was two or three months after the Treats "busted", that Captain Grant had previously disappeared, and that at the time of his eldest child's birth neither his friends nor his family knew where he was! Although the only thing of which he had been guilty was to lose all his earthly possessions, he seemed ashamed to meet his old friends! His wife -(who may have known where he was all the time)- joined him at Warren, R. I., within a few weeks after her child was born. This child, the Ruth of my boyhood and whom I remember as a visitor about the middle "eighties", died at Lowell, Mass., July 10, 1889.



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

years of her married life she accompanied her husband, who was a sea-captain in the service of the (then) rich and influential shipping and mercantile family known as "The Treasts of Winterport", on all his voyages--principally in the West India trade. Gave what he needed for actual expenses and against the wishes of his wife, Captain Grant "banked" all his money with the Treasts, never withdrawing any part of his salary or what a landlubber would call "commissions" otherwise, so that when the Treasts went broke either in the late "sixties" or early "seventies" he found himself not only out of a ship but flat as a flounder financially as well! The shock unbalanced his mind and, although Mother says she has never seen a man who seemed to be more fond of his wife prior to that time, he deserted both wife and family sometime in the "seventies" while living at Warren, Rhode Island--whether they had moved within a few months of the snap-up (smash-up) of the Treasts! He would drop out of sight of everyone he had ever known for long intervals--then suddenly re-appear! Some years prior to his death, he Stockton Springs, formerly lived for a time at Prospect, his boyhood's home! He died at Denmark, Maine, in January, 1912.

Captain Andrew and Ruth (Crockett) Grant had three children--

(1) Ruth Andrew Grant, born at Grandfather Crockett's home on June 10, 1869. Mother says this was two or three months after the Treasts "busted", that Captain Grant had previously disappeared, and that at the time of his eldest child's birth neither his friends nor his family knew where he was! Although the only thing of which he had been guilty was to lose all his earthly possessions, he seemed ashamed to meet his old friends! His wife--(who may have known where he was all the time)--joined him at Warren, R. I., within a few weeks after her child was born. This child, the Ruth of my boyhood and whom I remember as a visitor about the middle "eighties", died at Lowell, Mass., July 10, 1889.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

- (2) Mary Jane Grant, born at Warren, Rhode Island, November 7, 1871. Married to Elbridge B. Ward December 6, 1890, at Lowell, Mass. They have two children:-  
 (1) Arnold E. Ward, born at Searsport, Me., April 12, 1892.  
 (2) Frank Ward, born at Searsport, Me., September 22, 1894.  
 (3) A son. Died in infancy.

Since writing the above I have again been talking with Mother who says that as the Treats failed two or three months before Ruth Grant was born, the date of their failure must have been about March or April, 1869. She also says that Captain Andrew Grant, who was a son of the "Secesh" Andrew Grant whom Uncle Milton had very nearly "capsized" at the Turner Schoolhouse in Civil War days, was born on what was then his father's farm --- the first house on the right beyond "Old Ben" Partridge's as you went down over the Heagan Hill on the way from Grandfather Crockett's to the Turner Schoolhouse--- in what was then the Town of Prospect. This farm is now in Stockton Springs, the Town of Stockton having been set off from Prospect on March 13, 1857, and its name changed to Stockton Springs -(at the behest of some mineral water promoters)- on February 5, 1889. It was to this farm, which had long since become the property of his brother, Captain Jeremiah Grant, and was then owned and occupied by Captain "Jerry's" widow---who was a sister of Captain Andrew Grant's first wife, Clarissa Partridge, for whom Aunt Clara (Crockett) Griffin had been named--- that Captain Andrew Grant returned somewhere between 1905 and 1910 and where he was made welcome for some years until upon rising one morning the balance of the household found he had departed without leaving a word of explanation. The next word received of him was of his death at Damariscotta. He is buried there!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

- (2) Mary Jane Grant, born at Warren, Rhode Island, November 7, 1871. Married to M. Ward December 6, 1890, at Lowell, Mass. They have two children:-  
 (1) Arnold M. Ward, born at Seaboard, Me., April 12, 1892.  
 (2) Frank Ward, born at Seaboard, Me., September 22, 1894.  
 (3) A son. Died in infancy.

Since writing the above I have again been talking with Mother who says that as the Tests failed two or three months before Ruth Grant was born, the date of their failure must have been about March or April, 1889. She also says that Andrew Grant, who was a son of the "Gossiah" Andrew Grant whom Uncle Milton had very nearly "captained" at the Turner Schoolhouse in Civil War days, was born on what was then his father's farm --- the first house on the right beyond "Old Ben" Partridge's as you went down over the Heegan Hill on the way from Grandfather Crockett's to the Turner Schoolhouse--- in what was then the Town of Prospect. This farm is now in Stockton Springs, the Town of Stockton having been set off from Prospect on March 12, 1887, and its name changed to Stockton Springs - (at the best of some mineral water promoters) - on February 5, 1889. It was to this farm, which had long since become the property of his brother, Captain Jeremiah Grant, and was then owned and occupied by Captain "Jerry's" widow--- who was a sister of Captain Andrew Grant's first wife, Clarissa Partridge, for whom Aunt Clara (Crockett) Griffin had been named--- that Captain Andrew Grant returned somewhere between 1905 and 1910 and where he was made welcome for some years until upon rising one morning the balance of the household found he had departed without leaving a word of explanation. The next word received of him was of his death at Bangor, Me. He is buried there!



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

In passing, I may mention that it was a member of the Treat Family of Winterport, Charles (?) Treat, without whose signature no United States currency note was regarded as complete for many years---he was long Treasurer of the United States! Within the past ten or twenty years I myself met a man in New York who had just met him at a Bankers Convention in that city and who expressed surprise at the fact that the Treasurer of the United States had negro blood in his veins---Please remember that this gentleman had no idea whether I had been born in Maine or California! Mother says that she has heard that the Treats were of mixed blood but that she had always been of the opinion that the statement was unfounded---that she had heard her mother say that if it were true the fact was not apparent in their personal appearance!

After her husband had deserted her, Aunt Ruth continued to live at Warren, R. I., until the middle "eighties" when she moved to Lowell, Mass., where she and all her sisters <sup>except Mother and Lucy had</sup> ~~had~~ worked in the cotton mills for varying periods prior to their marriages---like those of many other occupations the operatives of the cotton mills of 50-75 years ago were made up from a different class than at present! Here she divorced her husband, took two elderly ladies to care for, and made a home for her daughters and niece (Jennie Griffin) until her eldest daughter had died and the other two girls had married. When Jennie (Griffin) Farr died Aunt Ruth assumed charge of and cared for the infant daughter she had left behind until she was old enough to turn over to others and her ministrations to those who were sick and in trouble as represented by her daughter and others did not cease until the day of her death---She was a Mother in Israel to the

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

In passing, I may mention that it was a member of the Treat Family of Winterport, Charles (T) Treat, without whose signature no United States currency note was regarded as complete for many years---he was long Treasurer of the United States! Within the past ten or twenty years I myself met a man in New York who had just met him at a Bankers Convention in that city and who expressed surprise at the fact that the Treasurer of the United States had negro blood in his veins---Please remember that this gentleman had no idea whether I had been born in Maine or California! Mother says that she has heard that the Treats were of mixed blood but that she had always been of the opinion that the statement was unfounded---that she had heard her mother say that if it were true the fact was not apparent in their personal appearance!

After her husband had deserted her, Aunt Ruth continued to live at Warren, R. I., until the middle "eighties" when she moved to Lowell, Mass., where she and all her sisters had worked in the cotton mills for varying periods prior to their marriages---like those of many other occupations the operatives of the cotton mills of 50-75 years ago were made up from a different class than at present! Here she divorced her husband, took two elderly ladies to care for, and made a home for her daughters and niece (Jennie Griffin) until her eldest daughter had died and the other two girls had married. When Jennie (Griffin) Barr died Aunt Ruth assumed charge of and cared for the infant daughter she had left behind until she was old enough to turn over to others and her ministrations to those who were sick and in trouble as represented by her daughter and others did not cease until the day of her death---She was a Mother in Israel to the



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

last! In 1899, she succeeded her sister Mary as Matron of Lowell Jail, a position which she held at the time of her death on December 29, 1909, as the result of heart failure while undergoing an operation for the removal of gall-stones in a hospital at Lowell. She rests in a lot which she had bought in the Edson (Edson) Cemetery at Lowell, Mass., and which is shared by her niece, Jennie (Griffin) Farr, together with the latter's little son, Earle. I am just now reminded that while visiting Mother during one of her vacations a few years before her death, Aunt Ruth took occasion to demonstrate to a certain one of her nephews that she had not yet forgotten all the Spanish she had picked up while sailing as the wife of the skipper of a West Indian man! After living at various places in Massachusetts and Maine since her marriage Aunt Ruth's surviving daughter, Mrs. Elbridge B. Ward, is now living in Brooks (or Monroe), Me., her postoffice address being R. F. D., No. 1, Brooks, Maine, although her husband has recently bought and proposes moving to what was formerly the Alice Kane place in Swanville!

Captain Andrew Grant had no children by his first wife. Mother thinks he lived with his brother's widow on the farm where he had been born for between three and four years between 1905 and 1910 and that it was something like one or two years before he died that ~~he~~ he disappeared therefrom!

(8) James Heagan-(eighth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)-

Born July 21, 1840. He was named for his

Grandfather Heagan! He was married on June 24, 1865, to Esther W. Twiss of Prospect, Me., They had no children.

He served in the United States Navy for one year during the

THE OROCKETT FAMILY

last! In 1899, she succeeded her sister Mary as Matron of Bow-  
ell Hall, a position which she held at the time of her death on  
December 29, 1909, as the result of heart failure while under-  
going an operation for the removal of gall-stones in a hospital  
at Lowell. She rests in a lot which she had bought in the Eden

(Nason) Cemetery at Lowell, Mass., and which is shared by her  
niece, Jennie (Griffin) Hart, together with the latter's little  
son, Charlie. I am just now reminded that while visiting Mother  
during one of her vacations a few years before her death, Aunt

Ruth took occasion to demonstrate to a certain one of her neph-  
ews that she had not yet forgotten all the Spanish she had pick-  
ed up while sailing as the wife of the skipper of a West India-  
man! After living at various places in Massachusetts and Maine

since her marriage Aunt Ruth's surviving daughter, Mrs. El-  
bridge B. Ward, is now living in Brooks (or Monroe), Me., her  
postoffice address being R. F. D., No. 1, Brooks, Maine, al-  
though her husband has recently bought and proposes moving to

what was formerly the Alice Kane place in Searsville.  
Captain Andrew Grant had no children by his first wife.

Mother thinks he lived with his brother's widow on the farm  
where he had been born for between three and four years between  
1905 and 1910 and that it was something like one or two years  
before he died that he disappeared mysteriously!

(8) James Heegan-(eighth child of Daniel and Jane (Heegan) Orock-  
ett)- Born July 21, 1840. He was named for his

Grandfather Heegan! He was married on June 24, 1865, to Esther  
W. Twiss of Prospect, Me., They had no children.  
He served in the United States Navy for one year during the

### THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Civil War! Mother has a small box made by him with a sheath-knife from a piece of a rebel gunboat! After the War he followed his trade as a carpenter in Massachusetts and Bangor, also building himself a house on Birch Street, Bangor, about 1867 or 1868. I remember going trout-fishing with him in the Clifford-Black brook in the Spring or Summer of 1875 on the occasions of one of his visits to Mother while we were living on the old Kneeland Farm---prior to moving to the Steele place!

He died of consumption March 31, 1876, at his wife's father's home at "The Mountain", Prospect, Me. After his death, his widow married Captain Hassell of Belfast and upon again becoming a widow she married a man named Jackson, also of Belfast. They now live on the place left her by Captain Hassell at City Point, Belfast, Me.

---

(9) Leander-(ninth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)-

Born November 8, 1842. Never married!

He was a member of Company K., Twenty-Sixth Maine Volunteers -(Father's company and regiment)- in the Civil War and contracted consumption while in the service (he first became ill with jaundice), being discharged from the Army for disability at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on February 5, 1863! -(See Page 307 of Father's copy of the "History of the 26th Maine Regiment")-

During the Summer of 1864 he made a trip to Kingston, Jamaica, for the benefit of his health as a passenger on the Schooner "Windward" (?) of which his brother, Daniel, 3rd, was First Mate and Henry Partridge (Amos's son) Captain. He improved very much on this voyage and contemplated a return to Jamaica or further sea-trips upon his return home but rapidly



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Civil War! Mother has a small box made by him with a sheath-knife from a piece of a rebel gunboat! After the War he followed his trade as a carpenter in Massachusetts and Bangor, also building himself a house on Birch Street, Bangor, about 1867 or 1868. I remember going trout-fishing with him in the Clifton-Black brook in the Spring or Summer of 1875 on the occasion of one of his visits to Mother while we were living on the old Kneland Farm--prior to moving to the Steele place!

He died of consumption March 31, 1876, at his wife's father's home at "The Mountain", Prospect, Me. After his death, his widow married Captain Hassell of Belfast and upon again becoming a widow she married a man named Jackson, also of Belfast. They now live on the place left her by Captain Hassell at City Point, Belfast, Me.

(9) Jeannet--(ninth child of Daniel and Jane (Hagan) Crockett)--

Born November 8, 1842. Never married!

He was a member of Company K., Twenty-Sixth Maine Volunteers - (Father's company and regiment) - in the Civil War and contracted consumption while in the service (he first became ill with jaundice), being discharged from the Army for disability at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on February 5, 1863! - (See Page 307 of Father's copy of the "History of the 26th Maine Regiment")-

During the Summer of 1864 he made a trip to Kingston, Maine, for the benefit of his health as a passenger on the Schooner "Windward" (?) of which his brother, Daniel, 3rd, was First Mate and Henry Partridge (Amos's son) Captain. He improved very much on this voyage and contemplated a return to Jamaica or further sea-trips upon his return home but rapidly

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

declining health discouraged him and he failed to make the final effort which might possibly have saved his life! -(Captain Henry Partridge later, in 18-- , shot himself in his cabin at Gibraltar and was buried there!).

Leander died of consumption at his father's home on January 4, 1866.

(10) Adelbert-(tenth child of Daniel and Jane(Heagan)Crockett)-

Born March 22, 1845. Married Melvina Whitten at Stockton November 24, 1870. They had three children:-

- (1) Frank Fenno Crockett, born Aug. 20, 1871.  
He was named for Dr. Frank Fenno Kelly, "Nellie" Stiles's husband. After leaving the old Crockett Farm, Frank studied Telegraphy and "took" to rail-roading! He is now a Station Agent (at Mile Junction?) in the employ of the Bangor and Arcostock Railroad! He has never married!
- (2) Addie Bradbury Crockett, born April 2, 1876.  
Married Harry F. Hichborn, May 17, 1904.  
He is Captain of the S.S. "Caracas", the Queen of the Fleet of the "Red D" Line to Venezuela! Their home is in Brooklyn, N. Y., but during his monthly trips to Venezuela, -(Porto Rico, Curacao, and La Guayra)- Addie often visits her mother at Brewer!
- (3) Jennie Heagan Crockett, born September 25, 1881.  
Since leaving the Crockett Farm in 1902, Jennie and her mother have lived at various times at Searsport village and in Brooklyn, N. Y., but now maintain their home at 196 Wilson Street, Brewer, Maine.  
Jennie gives me date of her mother's (Aunt "Mel's") birth as August 24, 1846. Mother thinks she was born in Monroe, Me., but is not certain!

Adelbert Crockett served first in the Union Army and later in the United States Navy during the Civil War! He was a member of the same company as Father and his brother Leander Crockett -(Company K., 26th Maine)- and, as well as his brother Leander, went with his regiment to Louisiana when Father was left behind sick with typhoid fever at a hospital in Newport News, Virginia. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Irish Bend



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

declining health discouraged him and he failed to make the final effort which might possibly have saved his life! - (Captain Henry Farbridge later, in 18-- , shot himself in his cabin at Gibraltar and was buried there!).

Leander died of consumption at his father's home on January 4, 1866.

(10) Adelbert - (tenth child of Daniel and Jane (Hessan) Crockett) -  
Born March 28, 1845. Married Melvina Whitten at Stockton November 24, 1870. They had three children:-

- (1) Frank Fenns Crockett, born Aug. 30, 1871. He was named for Dr. Frank Fenns Kelly, "Nellie" Stiles's husband. After leaving the old Crockett farm, Frank studied Telephony and "took" to rail-reading! He is now a Station Agent (at Erie Junction?) in the employ of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad! He has never married!
- (2) Adelle Broadway Crockett, born April 2, 1876. Married Harry R. Nicholson, May 17, 1904. He is Captain of the S.S. "Garcon", the Queen of the Fleet of the "Red D" line to Venezuela! Their home is in Brooklyn, N. Y., but during his monthly trips to Venezuela, - (Porto Rico, Curacao, and La Guayra) - Adelle often visits her mother at Brewer!
- (3) Jennie Hessian Crockett, born September 26, 1881. Since leaving the Crockett farm in 1902, Jennie and her mother have lived at various times at Bearport village and in Brooklyn, N. Y., but now maintain their home at 128 Wilson Street, Brewer, Maine. Jennie gives no date of her mother's (Aunt "Nellie's") birth as August 24, 1846. Mother thinks she was born in Monroe, Me., but is not certain!

Adelbert Crockett served first in the Union Army and later in the United States Navy during the Civil War! He was a member of the same company as father and his brother Leander Crockett - (Company K., 26th Maine) - and, as well as his brother Leander, went with his regiment to Louisiana when father was left behind sick with typhoid fever at a hospital in Newport News, Virginia. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Irish Bend

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

near Brashear City, Louisiana, but was released on parole and came home in 1863. Therefore when he enlisted in the Navy in September, 1864, he took a chance of execution if he should again be captured. While in the Navy he participated under Porter in both assaults on Fort Fisher---in December, 1864, and January, 1865! While ashore after the place had capitulated, he saw the trenches and burrows in which the Confederates had ensconced themselves---he said they were like rat-holes!

Father's "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" says that he (Uncle "Del") was mustered out of the Navy on September 1, 1865, but Mother informs me that several of the statements made therein regarding him -(Page 307)- are incorrect! For an account of the campaign in Louisiana in which he participated see the description given by Philip Souder Holmes on Pages 352 to 358 of the same book! Holmes used to live in the house which I can remember as standing between Aunt "May's" and Fred Ellis's -(he bought it of Uncle Nelson Staples)- and is the man regarding whom, when most of the women of the neighborhood were waiting in suspense for news of the casualties in some battle which had just taken place, his wife had confidently asserted in explanation of her apparent light-heartedness:- "Phil will take care of his-self!" Mother remembers the squirrel which campaigned with Holmes and which he brought home! Pages 356-7! The "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" was compiled by Comrade Elden B. Maddocks of Hampden, Me., -(still living)- and was printed by Chas. H. Glass & Co., of Bangor, Me., in 1899, but on February 8, 1917, Messrs. Glass & Co. could give me no information as to where I could obtain a copy other than to refer me to Maddocks at Hampden or the family of Joshua W.

near Breasler City, Louisiana, but was released on parole and came home in 1863. Therefore when he enlisted in the Navy in September, 1864, he took a chance of execution if he should again be captured. While in the Navy he participated under Porter in both assaults on Fort Fisher--in December, 1864, and January, 1865! While ashore after the place had capitulated, he saw the trenches and burrows in which the Confederates had entrenched themselves--he said they were like rat-holes!

Father's "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" says that he (Uncle "Del") was mustered out of the Navy on September 1, 1865, but Mother informs me that several of the statements made therein regarding him - (Page 307) - are incorrect! For an account of the campaign in Louisiana in which he participated see the description given by Philip Bowdler Holmes on Pages 358 to 368 of the same book! Holmes used to live in the house which I can remember as standing between Aunt "Mary's" and Fred Ellis's - (he bought it of Uncle Nelson Staples) - and as the men regarding whom, when most of the women of the neighborhood were waiting in suspense for news of the casualties in some battle which had just taken place, his wife had confidentially asserted in explanation of her apparent light-heartedness:- "Bill will take care of his-self!" Mother remembers the adventure which accompanied with Holmes and which he brought home! Pages 356-71 The "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" was compiled by George Edwin B. Haddock of Hampton, Me., - (still living) - and was printed by Chas. H. Glass & Co., of Bangor, Me., in 1892, but on February 8, 1917, Messrs. Glass & Co. could give me no information as to where I could obtain a copy other than to refer me to Haddock at Hampton on the family of Joshua W.



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Black of Searsport!

Although all four of Mother's brothers who reached maturity served their country in either the Army or Navy, Uncle "Del" was the only one to whom a pension was granted---and the papers allowing<sup>h</sup> his did not reach Stockton until after his death! Neither Uncle Jim nor Uncle Dan ever applied for a pension! Leander made application during his illness but was supposed to have been thwarted by the efforts of a neighbor - ("Uncle" Sam Heagan)- who was credited with having written the Federal authorities that he was not ill and did not deserve a pension!

After the Civil War Uncle "Del" returned to the Crockett Farm where the balance of his life was spent. In addition to carrying on the farm he did considerable building, erecting both his own and - (in 1869)- Father's barn on the old place where Kit, Bert and myself were born. He also served the Town of Stockton as Tax Collector for several years, occupying that position at the time of his death. He died of consumption on the Crockett Farm January 22, 1882!

---

(11) Clara P. - (eleventh child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett)

She was named for Clarissa Partridge but always wrote her name "Clara"! Born February 16, 1847. Before her marriage she went to Lowell, Mass., with the intention of working in the cotton mills but less than a fortnight's experience in the new venture serving to convince her that she preferred the tribulations of a "school-marm", she returned home and resumed teaching---she taught several terms in the Roberts District and George Settlement even though she was not yet twenty-  
 one when she <sup>was</sup> married <sup>to</sup> Joseph York Griffin of Searsport,-----

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Black of Saratoga!

Although all four of Mother's brothers who reached maturity served their country in either the Army or Navy, Uncle "Del" was the only one to whom a pension was granted--and the papers following his did not reach Stockton until after his death! Meanwhile Uncle Jim nor Uncle Sam ever applied for a pension! I am sure that Uncle Jim made application during his illness but was supposed to have been thwarted by the efforts of a neighbor - ("Uncle" Sam Heagan)- who was credited with having written the Federal authorities that he was not ill and did not deserve a pension!

After the Civil War Uncle "Del" returned to the Crockett Farm where the balance of his life was spent. In addition to carrying on the farm he did considerable building, erecting both his own and - (in 1862) - Father's barn on the old place where Alf, Bert and myself were born. He also served the Town of Stockton as Tax Collector for several years, occupying that position at the time of his death. He died of consumption on the Crockett Farm January 22, 1882!

(11) Clara F. - (eleventh child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett)

She was named for Clara's Partridge but always wrote her name "Clara"! Born February 16, 1847. Before her marriage she went to Lowell, Mass., with the intention of working in the cotton mills but less than a fortnight's experience in the new venture serving to convince her that she preferred the tribulations of a "school-marm", she returned home and resumed teaching--she taught several terms in the Roberts District and George Settlement even though she was not yet twenty-one when she married Joseph Griffin of Saratoga,--



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

~~They were married at Stockton~~ on December 25, 1867, by Justice of the Peace Henry Staples of and at Stockton!

Joseph York Griffin was the son of Eben Griffin and was born on "The Turnpike" near its junction with the Searsport-Stockton road in that part of Searsport which was formerly referred to as "The Harbor" but now bears the name of "Park"! His father's house was near the one which used to be owned by Mark Ward but is now occupied by his son-in-law, Perley Andrews! Joseph York Griffin's brother, Warren Griffin, still resides in the immediate vicinity and, together with his daughters, conducts a sort of "Wayside Inn" at which automobilists obtain refreshments during the season---just beyond the church at Park if you're ever going slow enough to see it! Joseph Griffin was a stone-cutter, ship-carpenter and sea-faring man. During the seven years of their married life he and his wife lived on the Phil. Holmes place, at Fox Island and, during the last few years, in the chambers of Aunt Mary Matthews's house---now Ivory George's! It was here that he died on January 14, 1875, from the effect of a tarantula's bite sustained in Cuba some two years before while loading <sup>with lumber (?)</sup> a vessel of which he was First Mate and as a result of which he had suffered a physical decline and partially lost his reason! As his daughter had been born in Aunt Mary Matthews's house in 1872 and as Mother says his mind had become somewhat affected as a result of the tarantula bite when he was cutting stone at Fox Island, and that his wife and baby were with him there, I assume that they lived ~~at~~ in the chambers at Aunt Mary's on two separate occasions.

After her husband's death Aunt Clara, who had already been ill of consumption for two years, went over to Uncle "Del's" in

THE GROCERY FAMILY

~~They were married at Stockton on December 25, 1867, by Justice~~

of the Peace Henry Staples of and at Stockton!

Joseph York Griffin was the son of Eben Griffin and was

born on "The Turnpike" near its junction with the Bearport-  
Stockton road in that part of Bearport which was formerly re-  
ferred to as "The Harbor" but now bears the name of "Park".

His father's house was near the one which used to be owned by  
Mark Ward but is now occupied by his son-in-law, Percy Andrews!

Joseph York Griffin's brother, Warren Griffin, still resides in  
the immediate vicinity and, together with his daughters, con-

ducts a sort of "wayside inn" at which automobilists obtain re-  
freshments during the season--just beyond the church at Park

if you're ever going slow enough to see it! Joseph Griffin was  
a stone-cutter, ship-carpenter and sea-faring man. During the

seven years of their married life he and his wife lived on the

Hill. Holmes place, at Fox Island and, during the last few

years, in the chambers of Aunt Mary Matthews's house---now Ivory  
George's! It was here that he died on January 14, 1875, from

the effect of a tarantula's bite sustained in Cuba some two  
with lumber (?)

years before while loading a vessel of which he was first mate  
and as a result of which he had suffered a physical decline and

partially lost his reason! As his daughter had been born in

Aunt Mary Matthews's house in 1872 and as Mother says his mind

had become somewhat affected as a result of the tarantula bite

when he was cutting stone at Fox Island, and that his wife and

baby were with him there, I assume that they lived in the

chambers at Aunt Mary's on two separate occasions.

After her husband's death Aunt Clara, who had already been

ill of consumption for two years, went over to Uncle "Doll's" in

### THE CROCKETT FAMILY

March and remained there until May when Aunt Ruth came and took her (and her baby) to her home at Warren, Rhode Island, where she cared for her until the time of her death on December 17, 1875. Aunt Ruth then brought her remains back to Stockton--- Father's Diary says she arrived on Dec. 21st. Aunt Clara's funeral was held at Uncle Amos Matthews's on Dec. 22, 1875. She was buried beside her husband in the Marsh Village Cemetery, Prospect!

Joseph York and Clara P. (Crockett) Griffin had one child:-

Jennie Heagan Griffin, born in Aunt Mary Matthews' house in Stockton August 17, 1872. At the time of her mother's death she was already a member of Aunt Ruth Grant's family at Warren, R. I., and she continued as such there and at Lowell, Mass., until the time of her marriage, having been reared by Aunt Ruth as one of her own daughters. She was married at Lowell, Mass., on June 25, 1892, to Henry Herbert Farr of Lowell.

They had two children:-

- (1) Henry Earle Farr, born at Lowell, Mass., October 8, 1893. He was familiarly known as "Earle" and died at Fred Ellis's in Stockton Springs, while his mother was in Maine on a vacation, July 16, 1895.
- (2) Ruth Amanda Farr - (named for her two grandmothers) born at Lowell, Mass., August 27, 1897. According to a letter to Mother from Mary (Grant) Ward under date of September 13, 1916, "Ruth Farr was living in Lowell up to three years ago" - (presumably with her father's people!)-

Jennie Heagan (Griffin) Farr died at Lowell, Mass., August 27, 1897, the day on which her daughter was born! Both she and her son Earle sleep in Aunt Ruth's lot in the Edison Cemetery, Lowell. Henry Herbert Farr died at Lowell on November 10, 1912! When Aunt Ruth died she divided her property in halves, leaving one to Ruth Farr and the other to her two grandchildren, sons of Elbridge B. and Mary J. (Grant) Ward, who, as stated elsewhere, have recently bought the Alice Kane place in Swanville!

---

(12) Amanda H. Crockett-(twelfth child of Daniel and Jane (Heagan) Crockett and My Mother)-

Born May 6, 1849, on ~~what~~ the old Crockett Farm in what is now Stockton Springs, Maine, --- as all her brothers and sisters had



# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Prospect!

She was buried beside her husband in the Marsh Village Cemetery, funeral was held at Uncle Anna Matthews's on Dec. 22, 1872. Father's Diary says she arrived on Dec. 21st. Aunt Clara's 1872. Aunt Ruth then brought her remains back to Stockton-- she cared for her until the time of her death on December 17, her (and her baby) to her home at Warren, Rhode Island, where Arch and remained there until May when Aunt Ruth came and took

Joseph York and Clara P. (Crockett) Griffin had one child:-

Tennie Heagan Griffin, born in Aunt Mary Matthews' house in Stockton August 17, 1872. At the time of her mother's death she was already a member of Aunt Ruth Grant's family at Warren, R. I., and she continued as such there and at Lowell, Mass., until the time of her marriage, having been reared by Aunt Ruth as one of her own daughters. She was married at Lowell, Mass., on June 25, 1892, to Henry Herbert Farr of Lowell. They had two children:-

(1) Henry Marie Farr, born at Lowell, Mass., October 8, 1892. He was familiarly known as "Marie" and died at Fred Ellis's in Stockton Springs, Maine, while his mother was in Maine on a vacation, July 16, 1895.

(2) Ruth Amanda Farr - (named for her two grandmothers) born at Lowell, Mass., August 27, 1897. According to a letter to Mother from Mary (Grant) Ward under date of September 12, 1916, "Ruth Farr was living in Lowell up to three years ago" - (presumably with her father's people) -

Tennie Heagan (Griffin) Farr died at Lowell, Mass., August 27, 1897, the day on which her daughter was born! Both she and her son Marie sleep in Aunt Ruth's lot in the Heagan Cemetery, Lowell. Henry Herbert Farr died at Lowell on November 10, 1912! When Aunt Ruth died she divided her property in halves, leaving one to Ruth Farr and the other to her two grandchildren, sons of Elizabeth D. and Mary J. (Grant) Ward, who, as stated elsewhere, have recently bought the Alice Kane place in Swanville!

(12) Amanda H. Crockett - (twelfth child of Daniel and Jane (Hes-

gan) Crockett and My Mother) -

Born May 6, 1849, on what the old Crockett Farm in what is now Stockton Springs, Maine, --- as all her brothers and sisters had

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

been before her! Until it was torn down in 1862 she attended school at the "Old Center Schoolhouse" which stood in the north-east corner of the junction of the road passing the Crockett farm and the one running down past Amos Partridge's - (now Chas. Hatch's)! Later she attended the schools in the Roberts and Turner Districts! She was one of "The Four Center Girls"---who enjoyed a reputation for deviltry second to none of their day and generation! They were Mother, her sister Clara, Luella Whitehouse, and Ella Peaslee! Luella Whitehouse lived on what in my day has been known as the Amos Lane place. She is now Mrs. Allard Staples of Castine---her husband was a son of the Matthew ("Pat") Staples who used to live on what in my boyhood was the Kelly Nickerson place in the George Settlement, the dances run by whom were attended by the young people for miles around in the "sixties"! Ella Peaslee lived on what is now the Haley place. She is the widow of John Norris, formerly of Searsport but later a business man of Milford, Mass. She comes to the old Norris Homestead on Norris Street at Searsport Village each Summer and always calls on Mother! She has a son named Sanford whom I remember as having volunteered to show me -(already the proud "master-builder" of a boat then navigating Kane's Pond)- how to "play shop" with my chest of tools---the apple of my eye! At that early day Sanford and I could not have been friends! He and his mother reside at Milford, Mass.

When Mother was a young girl there was another Amanda Crockett in North Stockton, the daughter of Paul Crockett who lived between Fred Ellis's and the Alfred Berry place, the last of which was known to my boyhood as the residence of Matthew ("Pat") Partridge, his wife Lizzie, and their numerous brood of



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

been before her! Until it was torn down in 1888 she attended school at the "Old Center Schoolhouse" which stood in the north-east corner of the junction of the road passing the Crockett farm and the one running down past Anna Partridge's - (now Ohas. Hatch's!) Later she attended the schools in the Roberts and Turner District! She was one of "The Four Center Girls"---who enjoyed a reputation for deviltry second to none of their day and generation! They were Mother, her sister Clara, Luella Whitehouse, and Ella Beecher! Luella Whitehouse lived on what in my day has been known as the Anna Lane place. She is now Mrs. Alfred Staples of Castine---her husband was a son of the Matthew ("Pat") Staples who used to live on what in my boyhood was the Kelly Nickerson place in the George Settlement, the dances run by whom were attended by the young people for miles around in the "sixties"! Ella Beecher lived on what is now the Haley place. She is the widow of John Morris, formerly of Bearport but later a business man of Milford, Mass. She comes to the old Morris Homestead on Morris Street at Bearport Village each Sunday and always calls on Mother! She has a son named Sanford whom I remember as having volunteered to show me - (already the proud "master-builder" of a boat then navigating Kane's Pond)---how to "play shop" with my chest of tools---the apple of my eye! At that early day Sanford and I could not have been friends! He and his mother reside at Milford, Mass.

When Mother was a young girl there was another Amanda Crockett in North Stockton, the daughter of Paul Crockett who lived between Fred Ellis's and the Alfred Berry place, the last of which was known to my boyhood as the residence of Matthew ("Pat") Partridge, his wife Lizzie, and their numerous brood of

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

young "Partridges"!---Mrs. Partridge was a daughter of Alfred Berry! So far as either he or Grandfather knew, there was no relationship between this Paul Crockett and Mother's family. His buildings were burned while Mother was yet a girl and he moved to Stockton village, near which I remember his being shot while gathering evergreens by a hunter who had mistaken him for "game" in the early "eighties"! In a letter to me dated November 21, 1916, H. M. ("Mad") Bennett of 25 Miller St., Belfast, Me., says:- "Paul, Thomas, and Simeon Crockett were first cousins to Mother!" Therefore as "Mad" Bennett's mother was Phebe Crockett, a daughter of the Ephraim Crockett who was the first settler on the place next beyond John Nichols's and for whom "Mount Ephraim" was named, Ephraim Crockett and the father of Paul Crockett must have been brothers! "Mad" Bennett does not know where either his Grandfather Ephraim Crockett or his Grandmother Elsa (Fowler) Crockett were born but says:- "I have some recollection of Mother telling me she had relatives at Deer Isle"! It has occurred to me that possibly Ephraim Crockett of Mount Ephraim may have been the "Ephraim" shown by Hosmer's History of Deer Isle -(on sale by Mrs. Susie E. Cousins, Stonington, Maine)- as having been one of the sons of Josiah Crockett who came to Deer Isle from Falmouth, Me., in 1768 and who was still living at Deer Isle when the First Census was taken in 1790---at which time he had one son over sixteen years of age and two who were under sixteen! Ephraim Crockett ("Mad" Bennett's grandfather) was born May 31, 1779, and Elsa (Fowler) Crockett was born June 11, 1788. They died Oct. 15, 1851, and Dec. 20, 1867, respectively, (Married in April, 1810) and are both buried at North Searsport. The above is pure speculation

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

young "Partridge"!---Mrs. Partridge was a daughter of Alfred Berry! So far as either he or Grandfather knew, there was no relationship between this Paul Crockett and Mother's family. His buildings were burned while Mother was yet a girl and he moved to Stockton village, near which I remember his being shot while gathering evergreens by a hunter who had mistaken him for "game" in the early "eighties"! In a letter to me dated November 21, 1916, H. M. ("Mad") Bennett of 25 Miller St., Belfast, Me., says:- "Paul, Thomas, and Simon Crockett were first cousins to Mother!" Therefore as "Mad" Bennett's mother was Phoebe Crockett, a daughter of the Ephraim Crockett who was the first settler on the place next beyond John Nichols's and for whom "Mount Ephraim" was named, Ephraim Crockett and the father of Paul Crockett must have been brothers! "Mad" Bennett does not know where either his Grandfather Ephraim Crockett or his Grandmother Elias (Howler) Crockett were born but says:- "I have some recollection of Mother telling me she had relatives at Deer Isle!" It has occurred to me that possibly Ephraim Crockett of Mount Ephraim may have been the "Ephraim" shown by Homer's History of Deer Isle - (on sale by Mrs. Euale H. Cousins, Stockton, Maine) - as having been one of the sons of Josiah Crockett who came to Deer Isle from Calmar, Me., in 1768 and who was still living at Deer Isle when the first Census was taken in 1790---at which time he had one son over sixteen years of age and two who were under sixteen! Ephraim Crockett ("Mad" Bennett's Grandfather) was born May 31, 1779, and Elias (Howler) Crockett was born June 11, 1788. They died Oct. 15, 1861, and Dec. 20, 1867, respectively, (buried in April, 1910) and are both buried at North Berwick. The above is pure speculation



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

on my part, so far as this particular Ephraim having been the son of Josiah of Deer Isle is concerned, but if the guess is a good one, ~~Paul~~ the father of "Paul, Thomas and Simeon Crockett" must have been one of the other two sons of Josiah Crockett as shown by the First Census---Hosmer's History of Deer Isle credits him with having had but three children - (Nathan, Ephraim, and Sarah)- but the First Census shows that he had three sons and one daughter! At any rate, as Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born at Windham, Me., in July, 1775, it is an established fact that he was not related to either Josiah or Captain Robinson Crockett of Deer Isle later than the time of his father, who may have been a brother of those two gentlemen, and, as stated, if there was any relationship between the families of Daniel and Paul Crockett of Stockton neither of them was aware of the fact! Paul Crockett's daughter Amanda later married a Ford, a relative of Oliver Whitcomb's wife of North Searsport, and now lives in one of the "back towns" of this (Waldo) county! (Her present address is Mrs. Henry Ford, )  
(Waverly House, Charlestown, Mass. 4/7/17)

The foregoing is preliminary to observing that when Father was a very young man he was looked upon with considerable favor by Paul Crockett's daughter Amanda but that he did not feel any great admiration for her is attested by the fact that I heard him remark during the Fall just passed:- "If anyone had told me then that I would marry (an) Amanda Crockett, I wouldn't have believed it!" He wasn't reckoning on another girl of the same name/! As a girl of thirteen, Mother had gone to Bangor to see her brothers and their comrades of the Twenty-Sixth Maine a few days before the regiment departed for Virginia and the front. Later, in the Fall of 1865, she went to school to Fath-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

on my part, as far as this particular Episcopalian having been the son of Josiah of Deer Isle is concerned, but if the guess is a good one, Rank the father of "Paul, Thomas and Simeon Crockett" must have been one of the other two sons of Josiah Crockett as shown by the First Census--Kemeny's History of Deer Isle credits him with having had but three children - (Nathan, Ephraim, and Sarah) - but the First Census shows that he had three sons and one daughter! At any rate, as Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born at Windham, Me., in July, 1775, it is an established fact that he was not related to either Josiah or Captain Robinson Crockett of Deer Isle later than the time of his father, who may have been a brother of these two gentlemen, and, as stated, if there was any relationship between the families of Daniel and Paul Crockett of Stockton neither of them was aware of the fact! Paul Crockett's daughter Amanda later married a Ford, a relative of Oliver Whitcomb's wife of North Berport, and now lives in one of the "back towns" of this (Waldo) county! (Her present address is Mrs. Henry Ford, (Tavernly House, Charlestown, Mass. 4/7/17)

The foregoing is preliminary to observing that when Father was a very young man he was looked upon with considerable favor by Paul Crockett's daughter Amanda but that he did not feel any great admiration for her as attested by the fact that I heard him remark during the Fall just passed: - "If anyone had told me then that I would marry (an) Amanda Crockett, I wouldn't have believed it!" He wasn't reckoning on another girl of the same name! As a girl of thirteen, Mother had gone to Bangor to see her brothers and their comrades of the Twenty-Sixth Maine a few days before the regiment departed for Virginia and the front. Later, in the Fall of 1862, she went to school to Bath



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

er at the Roberts Schoolhouse---Father taught his first school in the winter of 1863-4 in the George Settlement and taught about thirty terms in all, usually having two schools each winter!

Father had been born on the old Kneeland Farm, in the house now owned by Levi George, on March 19, 1843, on lands bought by his father from the Sears and Prescott of Boston owners of the Waldo Patent, the deeds to which are still in Mother's possession! When Father's father (Henry Hichborn Kneeland), in conjunction with his brother Edward, bought the original land which became a part of the Kneeland Farm the nearest public highway was the Mount Ephraim road ---from it they had to go in to their lands along a "blazed" way under Mount Ephraim or Bog Hill---from the "Bog" in Merrithew's pasture! According to Father's recollection, the Blacks (William and Josiah) had already settled where George W. Partridge lives now when his father went into what was then the primeval wilderness, built a log house, ~~from which he raised his children~~ and proceeded to clear a farm, but Herbert Black told me over the telephone a few days since that his father, his Uncle Josiah, and their half-sister, Charlotte Black who married Grandfather Kneeland's brother Edward, were all born on what is now the Ed. Clements place, north of Bog Hill and the Phineas Warren farm, which had been cleared and was owned by his (Herbert's) grandfather! At any rate, Father's father and the Blacks later built what is still known as "The Black Road" to Searsport village!

Father had been born in the old Town of Prospect but the Town of Searsport having been set off from portions of Prospect and Belfast and incorporated February 13, 1845, he automatically removed to that town and ever after resided within its borders!



192  
THE CROCKETT FAMILY

He was the seventh of the recorded ten children of Henry Hichborn and Harriet Hichborn (Rendell) Kneeland,---(I believe there had been two others who died at birth--I have heard it said that there were twelve in all)--- several of whom had been born in the log house which sat in the field up toward the Black road from the present dwelling, but before this first son arrived the present house had been erected for his reception!

Although it is set forth in detail in that volume, I am going to remark here that Father could, with the aid of the Kneeland Genealogy published some twenty years ago, trace his family without a break back through a line of American, Colonial, and Scottish ancestors to the time of the Battle of Bannockburn -(Monday, June 24, 1314)- at which, according to Scotland's first poet, Henry the Minstrel, -("Blind Harry")-, James Kneeland, a cousin of Sir William Wallace and a staunch friend and adherent of King Robert the Bruce, was very much in evidence; that although his male ancestor, Captain John Kneeland of Glasgow, did not come to America until the historic "Starving Time" of several years later when he brought a shipload of provisions to Boston, Father was descended (through Mary Alden--See Page 383) in the female line, from one of the Pilgrims who went to make up the company of the goodly ship "Mayflower"---as a result of which at least one of his children has averred in many climes that his people "have been Yankees ever since there were any Yankees"!; that his family was prominent in Boston for a century and a half---Kneeland Street in that city was named for his grandfather's Great Uncle, John Kneeland the Builder, something like two hundred years ago; that the Boston Kneelands were among the first printing firms in the country and that reverses overtaking them in the year preceding the Declaration



## THE BROOKLYN FAMILY

He was the seventh of the recorded ten children of Henry Kneeland and Harriet Nicholson (Nesbitt) Kneeland,---(I believe there had been two others who died at birth---I have heard it said that there were twelve in all)---several of whom had been born in the log house which sat in the field up toward the Black road from the present dwelling, but before this first son arrived the present house had been erected for his reception!

Although it is set forth in detail in that volume, I am going to remark here that Father could, with the aid of the Kneeland Genealogy published some twenty years ago, trace his family without a break back through a line of American, Colonial, and Scottish ancestors to the time of the Battle of Banneockburn (Monday, June 24, 1314)---Henry the Minstrel, at which, according to Scotland's first poet, Henry the Minstrel,---("Blind Harry")---, James Kneeland, a cousin of Sir William Wallace and a staunch friend and adherent of King Robert the Bruce, was very much in evidence; that although his male ancestor, Captain John Kneeland of Glasgow, did not come to America until the historic "Starving Time" of several years later when he brought a shipload of provisions to Boston, Father was descended (through Mary Alden---See Page 383) in the female line from one of the Pilgrims who went to make up the company of the goodly ship "Mayflower"---as a result of which at least one of his children has everred in many climes that his people "have been Yankees ever since there were any Yankees"!; that his family was prominent in Boston for a century and a half---Kneeland Street in that city was named for his grandfather's Great Uncle, John Kneeland the Builder, some-thing like two hundred years ago; that the Boston Kneelands were among the first printing firms in the country and that reverses overtaking them in the year preceding the Declaration

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

of Independence in connection with the production of the first bible published in this country, his grandfather, Edward Kneeland, left a penniless orphan when but a few months old, was practically adopted by Hon. Robert Hichborn, a member of the famous "Boston Tea Party" whom his family had served in their days of prosperity, and brought by him to Cape Jellison in the then new and undeveloped region of the Province of Maine in the State of Massachusetts; that, growing to manhood, Edward Kneeland married Mary ("Polly") Staples of Prospect and settled on the farm near the southern end of Cape Jellison which remained his home until the time of his death: that he named one of his sons, Henry Hichborn, in honor of his benefactor: that this son married Harriet Hichborn Rendell, also of Cape Jellison, whose grandfather, John Rendell, had during the American Revolution been taken from his home at Owl's Head near Rockland, Me., by a British press gang and later, upon declining to serve as a pilot in the adjacent waters with which he was known to be thoroughly familiar, thrown overboard off Monhegan, --- and who herself could well remember the occupation by the "Redcoats" of Castine and Cape Jellison in the War of 1812-14, incidents in connection with which she took great pleasure in relating to her grandchildren prior to her death in April, 1896; and that it was this son, Henry Hichborn Kneeland, who cleared the "Old Kneeland Farm" (having bought out his brother Edward after a short time) and was Father's father!

When Father was a boy the conditions of life in what was not yet far removed from being a pioneer community were what at least some of his descendants would consider "Tough" with a Capital T! There was plenty of work and little play! When



## THE DROCKETT FAMILY

of Independence in connection with the production of the first  
died published in this country, his grandfather, Edward Kne-  
land, left a penniless orphan when but a few months old, was  
practically adopted by Hon. Robert Nichol, a member of the  
famous "Boston Tea Party" whom his family had served in their  
days of prosperity, and brought by him to Cape Jellison in the  
then new and undeveloped region of the Province of Maine in the  
State of Massachusetts; that, growing to manhood, Edward Kne-  
land married Mary ("Polly") Staples of Prospect and settled on  
the farm near the southern end of Cape Jellison which remained  
his home until the time of his death; that he named one of his  
sons, Henry Nichol, in honor of his benefactor; that this son  
married Harriet Nichol Bendall, also of Cape Jellison, whose  
grandfather, John Bendall, had during the American Revolution  
been taken from his home at Owl's Head near Rockland, Me., by  
a British press gang and later, upon declining to serve as a  
pilot in the adjacent waters with which he was known to be  
thoroughly familiar, thrown overboard off Monhegan, --- and who  
himself could well remember the occupation by the "Redcoats" of  
Castine and Cape Jellison in the "War of 1812-14, incidents in  
connection with which she took great pleasure in relating to  
her grandchildren prior to her death in April, 1896; and that  
it was this son, Henry Nichol Kneeland, who cleared the "Old  
Kneeland Farm" (having bought out his brother Edward after a  
short time) and was Father's father!

When Father was a boy the conditions of life in what was  
not yet removed from being a pioneer community were what at  
least some of his descendants would consider "Tough" with a  
Capital T. There was plenty of work and little play! When

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

the lower bridge at Belfast has been up for repairs and it has been necessary to drive up through "Robbinstown" and across to City Point, Fäher (Father) has often pointed out to me the old "Board Landing" near the upper bridge to which he used to haul hemlock bark as a boy, guiding his ox-team thereto over a route which would now be (and was much more so then) very much "across country" by means of wood-roads and open spaces, one of the last of which was the frozen surface of Kane's Pond, at a time when anything like direct public roads did not exist! In those days, a boy was lucky to have a pair of heavy cow-hide boots in winter---and their warmth-preserving qualities were not great. Father said that when he felt his feet freezing he would gather birch-bark from a convenient tree, start a fire, pull off his boots, toast his shins, and then start on again---only to repeat the process as soon as it again became necessary! Father had been driving the roads of Waldo County for sixty-odd years and could tell many interesting stories regarding them!

Like Life in general, the fare of the period referred to was "not all beer and skittles"! "Indian bannock" (fresh-baked corn meal and salt mixed up with scalding water) and coarse bread containing all the wheat, made from ~~wheat and corn~~ corn and wheat of their own raising and ground at the local grist-mills, together with salt herring, mackerel, and other fish, and beeves and hogs of their own killing, supplemented by the fruits and vegetables of their own farms and sundry casks of sugar, molasses, honey, tamarinds, etc., brought home from sea at a time when American seamen penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth, composed a nourishing if not particularly epicurean means of sustenance! Because pastry and other light foods were

## THE BROOKLYN FAMILY

the lower bridge at Belair has been up for repairs and it has been necessary to drive up through "Robbinstown" and across to City Point, where (Father) has often pointed out to me the old "board landing" near the upper bridge to which he used to haul hemlock bark as a boy, guiding his ox-team thereto over a route which would now be (and was much more so then) very much "barren country" by means of wood-roads and open spaces, one of the last of which was the frozen surface of Kane's Pond, at a time when anything like direct public roads did not exist! In those days a boy was lucky to have a pair of heavy cow-hide boots in winter--and their warmth-preserving qualities were not great. Father said that when he felt his feet freezing he would gather birch-bark from a convenient tree, start a fire, pull off his boots, toast his shoes, and then start on again--only to repeat the process as soon as it again became necessary! Father had been driving the roads of Waldo County for thirty-odd years and could tell many stories regarding them!

Like life in general, the fare of the period referred to was "not all beer and skittles"! "Indian panhook" (fresh-baked corn meal and salt mixed up with boiling water) and coarse bread containing all the wheat, made from ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ corn and wheat of their own raising and ground at the local grist-mills, together with salt herring, mackerel, and other fish, and beets and hogs of their own killing, supplemented by the fruits and vegetables of their own farms and sundry cakes of sugar, molasses, honey, tannin, etc., brought home from sea at a time when American seamen penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth, composed a nourishing if not particularly epicurean diet of sustenance! Because pastry and other light foods were



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

not in great supply they seem to have appeared all the more desirable to the youth of the period---I have heard Father say that as a boy he made a vow that if he ever married and had a home of his own he was going to have all the cake, pie and preserves he wanted!

For clothes the ordinary man did not go to a tailor---they were specimens of the genus homo which might have been set down as being "scattering" if not even "skurce"! Instead, the wool was transferred from the backs of the sheep in his pastures to his own, the carding-mill, <sup>and hand-loom</sup> ~~and~~ spinning-wheel of the old-fashioned New England housewife serving as the means of transformation into the "homespun" then worn by rich and poor alike! I can remember seeing Mother's spinning-wheel in operation since we moved here to "The Pinnacle"! Socks, mittens, etc., were products of the flashing knitting-needles which were never far distant from the housewife's elbow and most heads of families were sufficiently good cobblers to tap their own and the family's shoes---if they were not capable of making them in the beginning! Father told me during the Fall just past that Thomas Cobb, who formerly owned and lived on the Oliver Whitcomb place now occupied by Elden Smart, used to go around to different houses each Fall and makes boots and shoes for the various members of the families---that he remembered him being at his father's on sundry occasions!

Not only were farming and lumbering operations, <sup>principally</sup> conducted with the help of oxen rather than horses but machinery as a method of performing farm work was unknown---It was done by "main strength and stupidity" in which bone and sinew were the principal factors if not the all-impelling force! Father never

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

not in great supply they seem to have appeared all the more desirable to the youth of the period---I have heard Father say that as a boy he made a vow that if he ever married and had a home of his own he was going to have all the cake, pie and preserves he wanted!

For clothes the ordinary man did not go to a tailor---they were specimens of the genus home which might have been set down as being "acattering" if not even "skurce"! Instead, the wool was transferred from the backs of the sheep in his pastures to his own, the carding-wheel, ~~and~~ spinning-wheel of the old-fashioned New England housewife serving as the means of transformation into the "homespun" then worn by rich and poor alike! I can remember seeing Mother's spinning-wheel in operation since we moved here to "The Pinnacles"! Socks, mittens, etc., were products of the flashing knitting-needles which were never far distant from the housewife's elbow and most heads of families were sufficiently good cobblers to tap their own and the family's shoes---if they were not capable of making them in the beginning! Father told me during the War just past that Thomas Cobb, who formerly owned and lived on the Oliver Whitcomb place now occupied by Ellen Smart, used to go around to different houses each Fall and make boots and shoes for the various members of the families---that he remembered him being at his father's on sundry occasions!

Not only were farming and lumbering operations conducted principally with the help of oxen rather than horses but machinery as a method of performing farm work was unknown---it was done by "main strength and stupidness" in which bone and sinew were the principal factors if not the all-impelling force! Father never



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

owned ~~a~~ either a mowing-machine or a horse-rake until after he was married and he was among the first to purchase farm machinery in this vicinity! Mother can remember what she says was absolutely the first mowing-machine used in this section---on the John Heagan farm in Prospect! Prior to the advent of mowing-machines and horse-rakes all hay had to be cut and raked by hand---even I can remember when the horse-fork for unloading it first made its appearance! In transforming the primeval forest into lumber much of the timber was hewn---~~even~~ saw-mills not at first being common or convenient!

Such were the life and times to which Father's and Mother's fathers and mothers had been born---and much of it extended well up into their own lifetimes! While in his "teens", Father had attended not only the school in his own district which was typical of what has been symbolized as "The Little Red Schoolhouse" but the Swanville High School at Swanville Mills and the old "Academy" which was but a few rods from the John Heagan place this side of Prospect Marsh Village! His father died on October 7, 1860, and he and Uncle Milton were left as their inaugural<sup>1</sup> performance as the working heads of the family the digging of several hundred bushels of potatoes still in the ground. This and similar duties they discharged successfully<sup>for Grandmother</sup> up to the times of their marriages and the establishment of homes of their own, the continuity of the performance being broken, however, by their enlistments in the Union Army and a voyage which Father made to Cuba in 1864. During Father's absence in the Army the farm was conducted by Lemuel Carter, the "hired man!"

Father enlisted for service in the Civil War, in the room now occupied by the Selectmen of Searsport over Smith's store,

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

owned & either a mowing-machine or a horse-rake until after he was married and he was among the first to purchase farm machinery in this vicinity! Father can remember what the says was absolutely the first mowing-machine used in this section---on the John Heagan farm in Prospect! Prior to the advent of mowing-machines and horse-rakes all hay had to be cut and raked by hand---even I can remember when the horse-fork for unloading it first made its appearance! In transforming the primeval forest into lumber much of the timber was sawn---even saw-mills not at first being common or convenient!

Such were the life and times to which Father's and Mother's fathers and mothers had been born---and much of it extended well up into their own lifetimes! While in his "teens", Father had attended not only the school in his own district which was typical of what has been symbolized as "The Little Red Schoolhouse" but the Swanville High School at Swanville Maine and the old "Academy" which was but a few rods from the John Heagan place this side of Prospect Marsh Village! His father died on October 7, 1860, and he and Uncle Milton were left as their inaugural performance as the working heads of the family the digging of several hundred bushels of potatoes still in the ground. This for Grandmother and similar duties they discharged successfully up to the times of their marriages and the establishment of homes of their own. the continuity of the performance being broken, however, by their enlistments in the Union Army and a voyage which Father made to Cuba in 1864. During Father's absence in the Army the farm was conducted by Lemuel Carter, the "hired hand!" Father enlisted for service in the Civil War, in the room now occupied by the Selectmen of Bearport over Smith's store,

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

on September 10, 1862, going to Bangor to join his regiment the next day. That the "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" contains but six lines regarding Father - (~~Page~~ Pages 310-11)- is due to the fact that he prepared the matter himself and in doing so exemplified one of his principal characteristics. As a matter of fact, his illness at Arlington Heights was not to be compared with the siege of slow typhoid fever which he was later called upon to undergo in the military hospital at Newport News, Virginia, where he was left behind when his regiment (with Mothers's brothers and Henry Trevett Crockett) proceeded to Louisiana as set forth on page 206 by the author of the Regimental History, and which was subsequent to the incident in connection with the song "Kitty Wells" as related to me by him in the late Summer of 1916 and set forth on Page 72. The obituary which appeared in "The Bangor News" was prepared by the wife of Dr. Pattee, who obtained her information regarding Father's Army experiences from the "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" of which her grandfather, James <sup>B.</sup> Treat of Searsport, was also a member --- See Page 300-1. Mother has just been recalling to my memory the fact that Father used to say that, when illness had made it absolutely impossible for him to partake of the ordinary military fare which found its way to the soldiers in the field at that time, Amos Partridge's son Elva - (Page 307 of the Regimental History)- undoubtedly saved his life by obtaining from the sutler's tent with a little money which he chanced to have some delicacies with which he prepared some toast which he could eat! Money was a scarce article among the "Boys in Blue" in the field! Just before Elva Partridge came to the rescue with his own funds, Father had tried to borrow ten cents from



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

on September 10, 1862, going to Bangor to join his regiment the next day. That the "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" contains but six lines regarding Father - (Pages 210-11) - is due to the fact that he prepared the matter himself and in doing so exemplified one of his principal characteristics. As a matter of fact, his illness at Arlington Heights was not to be compared with the siege of slow typhoid fever which he was later called upon to undergo in the military hospital at Newport News, Virginia, where he was left behind when his regiment (with McTear's brothers and Henry Trevett Crockett) proceeded to Louisiana and as set forth on page 206 by the author of the Regimental History, and which was subsequent to the incident in connection with the song "Kitty Wells" as related to me by him in the late Summer of 1916 and set forth on Page 72. The epitaph which appeared in "The Bangor News" was prepared by the wife of Dr. Bates, who obtained her information regarding Father's Army experience from the "History of the Twenty-Sixth Maine Regiment" of which her grandfather, James Treat of Bangorport, was also a member --- See Page 200-1. Mother has just been recalling to my memory the fact that Father used to say that, when illness had made it absolutely impossible for him to partake of the ordinary military fare which found its way to the soldiers in the field at that time, Amos Partridge's son Riva - (Page 307 of the Regimental History) - undoubtedly saved his life by obtaining from the sutler's tent with a little money which he managed to have some delicacies with which he prepared some feast which he could eat! Money was a scarce article among the "Boys in Blue" in the field! Just before Riva Partridge came to the rescue with his own funds, Father had tried to borrow ten cents from

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Marion Staples, explaining that he would repay him as soon as he received the next instalment of his pay as a soldier! The loan had been refused with the remark:- "Hell! You'll be dead long before that!" And it was still refused when Father offered to give him a letter to his mother asking her to pay it if he did die --- from which it would appear that the "Comradeship" of some of the "Boys in Blue" did not amount to much!

Father used to tell another incident of his hospital experience in which a soldier (!!!!) who was afflicted with fits and so crippled with rheumatism that he had to use crutches, upon being discharged from the service for disability and taken to the transport which was to bring him North by Father and the physician who had cared for him, <sup>and</sup> finding himself on what he considered to be the safe refuge afforded by the deck of a homeward bound transport, threw his crutches overboard as the ship swung out into the stream and with a cheery "Good-bye, Doctor!" proceeded to give himself the pleasure of a stroll up <sup>C</sup> and down the deck!

It is not pleasant to record that Elva Partridge afterward died - (August 29, 1863)- at Fort Pickens, Florida, whither he had been sent as a prisoner with Hiram Berry (Alfred's son) and Newton Staples of Stockton, each dragging a ball and chain, all three having been convicted of desertion---for which the usual penalty was Death! By their friends it was claimed that both Partridge and Berry were mere boys and that they were influenced to stow themselves away on the vessel which they expected to bring them North by Staples, who was older! However that may be, both Partridge and Berry died at Fort Pickens of what their friends described as "broken hearts"! Staples was the only one



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Marion Staples, explaining that he would repay him as soon as he received the next instalment of his pay as a soldier! The loan had been refused with the remark:-- "Hello! You'll be dead long before that!" And it was still refused when Father offered to give him a letter to his mother asking her to pay it if he did die --- from which it would appear that the "Comradeship" of some of the "Boys in Blue" did not amount to much!

Father used to tell another incident of his hospital experience in which a soldier (!!!!) who was afflicted with fits and so crippled with rheumatism that he had to use crutches, upon being discharged from the service for disability and taken to the transport which was to bring him North by Father and the physician who had cared for him, finding himself on what he considered to be the safe refuge afforded by the deck of a homeward bound transport, threw his crutches overboard as the ship swung out into the stream and with a cheery "Good-bye, Doctor!" proceeded to give himself the pleasure of a stroll up and down the deck!

It is not pleasant to record that Miss Partridge afterward died - (August 29, 1863) - at Fort Pickens, Florida, whether he had been sent as a prisoner with Hiram Berry (Alfred's son) and Newton Staples of Stockton, each dragging a ball and chain, all three having been convicted of desertion---for which the usual penalty was death! By their friends it was claimed that both Partridge and Berry were mere boys and that they were influenced to stow themselves away on the vessel which they expected to bring them North by Staples, who was older! However that may be, both Partridge and Berry died at Fort Pickens of what their friends described as "broken hearts"! Staples was the only one

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

of the three to get home! He afterward married a Miss Easton of Stockton village and was living there the last time Mother heard of him!

Father was "invalided" home, as the expression was at that time, in June, 1863---His recollection was that he reached Searsport on June 15th---and went to Bangor two months later to be mustered out with his regiment. His Discharge from the Army is among Mother's papers and is dated August 17, 1863! As in all his later life, in his youth Father was known to his intimates as "Henry"! This led to his name being entered on the rolls of the Recruiting Office as Henry J. Kneeland and it is in that form that his name appears in his Discharge --- a fact which made necessary the unwinding of many yards of Red Tape when, many years later, he made application to the Federal Government for a pension!

Father celebrated his twenty-first birth-day by shipping with Captain Henry Albert Hichborn of Stockton for a voyage to Cienfuegos, Cuba, in the Barque "Evelyn", the ports of departure and return having been Portland and Boston respectively! It was in laughingly relating to Mother, Bertha, and myself many amusing incidents of this, his first and only experience as a sailor, as well as describing his \$1100.00 investment in the Barque "L. W. Rich", that Father spent the evening of Sunday, January 21, 1917, preceding his death at about nine p.m., -(standard time)- on the 22nd, becoming so interested that he sat up until what had come to be the, to him, unusual hour of ten o'clock! He recalled how, the first time he was ordered into the rigging to help shorten sail in a storm, he hadn't gotten up to the cross-trees before he met the rest of the men,

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

of the tree to get home! He afterward married a Miss Eaton of Stockton village and was living there the last time Mother heard of him!

Father was "invalided" home, as the expression was at that time, in June, 1863---His recollection was that he reached Bearport on June 15th---and went to Bangor two months later to be mustered out with his regiment. His Discharge from the Army is among Mother's papers and is dated August 17, 1863! As in all his later life, in his youth Father was known to his intimates as "Henry"! This led to his name being entered on the rolls of the Recruiting Office as Henry J. Kneeland and it is in that form that his name appears in his Discharge --- a fact which made necessary the unwinding of many yards of Red Tape when, many years later, he made application to the Federal Government for a pension!

Father celebrated his twenty-first birthday by shipping with Captain Henry Albert Nichorn of Stockton for a voyage to Cienfuegos, Cuba, in the Barque "Havelin", the ports of departure and return having been Portland and Boston respectively! It was in laughingly relating to Mother, Bertie, and myself many amusing incidents of this, his first and only experience as a sailor, as well as describing his \$1100.00 investment in the Barque "J. W. Rich", that Father spent the evening of Sunday, January 21, 1917, preceding his death at about nine p.m., --(standard time)-- on the 22nd, becoming so interested that he sat up until what had come to be the to him, unusual hour of ten o'clock! He recalled how, the first time he was ordered into the rigging to help shorten sail in a storm, he hadn't gotten up to the cross-trees before he met the rest of the men,



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

---who had already been aloft and taken in the sail---coming down; how he improved a little each day for a short time until, getting tired of being "guyed" by his fellows, he made up his mind he would either hold up his end or break his neck---and that no man ever beat him into the rigging afterward; how, in his efforts to reef a bellying sail during a howling storm, he incautiously climbed from the foot-rope on to the yard and how, when a lurch of the ship sent him flying headlong from his perch, his companion - ("Wood" Tyler's husky and two-hundred-pound younger brother Andrew, who was born and reared on the "Jim" Brown place in the George Settlement where Albert Larrabee now lives)- having no fancy for being left to finish the work alone, shot forth a muscular arm and retrieved him from mid-air, firmly and energetically grasping that portion of his trousers which at one and the same time presented the greatest expanse and afforded the most "slack" for the purpose; how, being unable to sleep "below" in the stuffy confines of the "fo'cas'le", he could hardly keep from doing so when on deck in the open air ---with the result that he often used to go to sleep while doing his "trick at the wheel" and the consequent jerk of the old-fashioned steering-gear with which the "Evelyn" was equipped when he allowed the vessel to ease off her course had frequently thrown him clean over it; how, when Captain Hichborn asked if he were going with him on the next trip and he said he was not, the Captain urged him to change his mind and offered him the highest wages then paid to Able Seamen; and how, knowing when he had enough, when the voyage ended at Boston he hastened to board a steamer of the (then) Sanford Steamship Line for Searsport, Home, and Mother!

---who had already been aloft and taken in the sail---coming down; now he improved a little each day for a short time until getting tired of being "guyed" by his fellows, he made up his mind he would either hold up his end or break his neck---and that no man ever beat him into the rigging afterward; how, in his efforts to reef a bellying sail during a howling storm, he incautiously climbed from the foot-rope on to the yard and now, when a lurch of the ship sent him flying headlong from his perch, his companion - ("Wood" Tyler's husky and two-hundred-pound younger brother Andrew, who was born and reared on the "Jim" Brown place in the George Settlement where Albert Larabee now lives) - having no fancy for being left to finish the work alone, shot forth a muscular arm and retrieved him from mid-air, firmly and energetically grasping that portion of his trousers which at one and the same time presented the greatest expense and afforded the most "slack" for the purpose; how, being unable to sleep "below" in the stuffy confines of the "fo'c's'le", he could hardly keep from doing so when on deck in the open air ---with the result that he often used to go to sleep while doing his "trick at the wheel" and the consequent jerk of the old-fashioned steering-gear with which the "Evelyn" was equipped when he allowed the vessel to ease off her course had frequently thrown him clean over it; how, when Captain Nicholson asked if he were going with him on the next trip and he said he was not, the Captain urged him to change his mind and offered him the highest wages then paid to Able Seamen; and how, knowing when he had enough, when the voyage ended at Boston he hastened to board a steamer of the (then) Sanford Steamship Line for Sears-port, Home, and Mother!



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

On the evening referred to Father again told ~~xxx~~ us of how, on his way home from calling on Mother at her father's <sup>house</sup> home in October of the Fall of 1866 and walking along in deep thought on a bright moonlight night, he suddenly looked up to see a barque under full sail drive head-on against the huge granite boulder in Grandfather Crockett's pasture nearly opposite where "Jim" Jacobs's widow and sons now live! It afterward transpired that while he was watching a phantom barque drive on to a rock and disappear in Grandfather Crockett's pasture, the Barque "L. W. Rich" in which he had invested \$1100.00 - (\$1000 in cash and the balance of which he still owed) - and of which Captain Simon Littlefield of Stockton was master, was enacting a similar performance in real life in the Bahamas, the object of her "butting" proclivities having been the island of that group known as "The Abaco"! And "The Abaco" that rock remained to Father ever afterward---Father, Mother, Bertha and myself took a picture of Father standing in front of it on our Great Photographic Expedition in the Summer  $\chi$  of 1909, as shown in the album containing the results of said expedition! This rock used to be in plain sight from the road but bushes have since grown up between! Father told us that prior to that time he had always thought he would never marry until he had a home but that when, with the sinking of the "L. W. Rich", he lost everything he had and a hundred dollars besides, he concluded he better get someone to help him to get a home! Wherefore:-

Amanda H. Crockett of Stockton was married to James Henry Kneeland of Searsport, Me., - (See Nos. 522-546 of the Kneeland Genealogy) - by Justice of the Peace Henry S. Staples of Stockton on March 23, 1867 --- And although he used to "boss her 'round"

On the evening referred to Father again told him of how on his way home from calling on Mother at her father's home in October of the Fall of 1886 and walking along in deep thought on a bright moonlight night, he suddenly looked up to see a barque under full sail drive head-on against the huge granite boulder in Grandfather Crockett's pasture nearly opposite where "Jim" Jacobs's widow and sons now live! It afterward transpired that while he was watching a phantom barque drive on to a rock and disappear in Grandfather Crockett's pasture, the Barque "I. W. Rich" in which he had invested \$1100.00 - (\$1000 in cash and the balance of which he still owed) - and of which Captain Simon Littlefield of Stockton was master, was enacting a similar performance in real life in the Bahamas, the object of her "putting" proclivities having been the island of that group known as "The Abaco"! And "The Abaco" that rock remained to Father ever afterward---Father, Mother, Bertha and myself took a picture of Father standing in front of it on our Great Photographic Expedition in the Summer of 1909, as shown in the album containing the results of said expedition! This rock used to be in plain sight from the road but bushes have since grown up between! Father told us that prior to that time he had always thought he would never marry until he had a home but that when, with the sinking of the "I. W. Rich", he lost everything he had and a hundred dollars besides, he concluded he better get someone to help him to get a home! Wherefore:-

Amelia H. Crockett of Stockton was married to James Henry Kneland of Searport, Me., - (See Nos. 523-546 of the Kneland Genealogy) - by Justice of the Peace Henry G. Staples of Stockton on March 23, 1887 --- And although he used to "pose her 'round"

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

as one of his pupils in the old Roberts Schoolhouse he was never able to do it after their wedding day!

From the time of their marriage until September of the same year Mother continued to live at her father's on the old Crockett farm while Father still carried on the old Kneeland farm in conjunction with the rest of his mother's family---as he had done since his father's death in 1860 except during his absences in the Civil War and on the voyage to Cuba as above noted.

In September, 1867, Father and Mother - (James Henry and Amanda H. (Crockett) Kneeland)- began housekeeping in the ell portion - (towards Clifford's---now Larrabee's)- of the old Kneeland farm-house in which Father was born and which had been erected by his father when his purse had outgrown the limitations of a Log House! During the following Winter Father taught school at Lowder Brook, Stockton, boarding through the week at his Uncle William Kneeland's on Cape Jellison, while Mother remained at home and attended to the feeding and housing of three hired men, "Steve" Patterson of Monroe, Ruel Burdeen of Prospect, and Father's brother Frank, who were cutting and hauling wood and timber for which Father had paid Grandmother Kneeland \$200.00 while it was still standing on the "Swamp Lot"! That Mother's end of the job was no sinecure may be assumed from the fact that Ruel Burdeen, who persisted in calling her "Huldah", referred to his full dinner-pail as only a "light lunch", --- while there are yet living many men who still take delight in relating stories the burden of which is to the effect that when, as young men already full<sup>y</sup> grown, they went to school to "Henry" Kneeland with the idea that they were going to run the place, they soon found themselves to be very much mistaken!



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

as one of his pupils in the old Roberts Schoolhouse he was never able to do it after their wedding day!

From the time of their marriage until September of the same year Mother continued to live at her father's on the old Crockett farm while Father still carried on the old Kneeland farm in conjunction with the rest of his mother's family---as he had done since his father's death in 1860 except during his absences in the Civil War and on the voyage to Cuba as above noted.

In September, 1867, Father and Mother - (James Henry and Amanda H. (Crockett) Kneeland) - began housekeeping in the old portion - (towards Clifford's---now Larabee's) - of the old Kneeland farm-house in which Father was born and which had been erected by his father when his purse had outgrown the limitations of a log house! During the following winter Father taught school at Powder Brook, Stockton, boarding through the week at his Uncle William Kneeland's on Cape Telson, while Mother remained at home and attended to the feeding and housing of three hired men, "Steve" Patterson of Monroe, Ruel Burdeen of Prospect, and Father's brother Frank, who were cutting and hauling wood and timber for which Father had paid Grandmother Kneeland \$200.00 while it was still standing on the "Swamp Lot!"

That Mother's end of the job was no sinecure may be assumed from the fact that Ruel Burdeen, who persisted in calling her "Hildah", referred to his full dinner-pail as only a "light lunch", --- while there are yet living many men who still take delight in relating stories the burden of which is to the effect that when, as young men already full grown, they went to school to "Henry" Kneeland with the idea that they were going to run the place, they soon found themselves to be very much

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Mother has in ~~ix~~ active use today (3/11/17) the same bread pan that she used in preparing their first meal when she and Father began house-keeping on September 5, 1867. I have heard her say that when she and Father were married they had only a hundred dollars with which to face a more or less hard, cold world and the exigencies of the future!

In March, 1868, Father and Mother stored their furniture in the then unoccupied house which had been built for and given to Aunt Mary Kendall by Grandfather Kneeland, and which they bought of her the next Fall, and went to Brewer, Maine, where Father expected to go into the grocery business with Uncle "Bill" Gray! They had not understood how ill Aunt Sarah was but on their arrival in Brewer found her on her death-bed, a condition which upset all idea of the grocery business! Mother stayed in Brewer caring for Aunt Sarah until May 8th, Father meantime working on the night shift of a saw-mill at Milford, Maine, until about the middle of April when, being unable to sleep during the daytime, he returned to his mother's home - (the old Kneeland farm) - in Searsport. Here Mother joined him on May 8th and on the next day, May 9, 1868, they moved up to Aunt Mary's house on the Black Road and began housekeeping on their own account---a regime in which there was no break for nearly forty-nine years! Mother says their dinner that noon consisted of "Johnnycake" and milk but that by night she had managed to inaugurate her forty-nine-year campaign of clean dishes to the extent that they enjoyed a supper of respectable proportions!

Next Fall they bought of Aunt Mary Kendall the house in which they were living and from Grandmother and the other heirs of Grandfather Kneeland, some of whom were still under age, the



THE GROCKETT FAMILY

Mother has in it active use today (2/1/17) the same bread pan that she used in preparing their first meal when she and Father began house-keeping on September 8, 1867. I have heard her say that when she and Father were married they had only a hundred dollars with which to face a more or less hard, cold world and the exigencies of the future!

In March, 1868, Father and Mother stored their furniture in the then unoccupied house which had been built for and given to Aunt Mary Kendall by Grandfather Kneeland, and which they bought of her the next Fall, and went to Brewer, Maine, where Father expected to go into the grocery business with Uncle "Bill" Gray! They had not understood how ill Aunt Sarah was but on their arrival in Brewer found her on her death-bed, a condition which upset all idea of the grocery business! Mother stayed in Brewer caring for Aunt Sarah until May 8th. Father meantime working on the night shift of a saw-mill at Milford, Maine, until about the middle of April when, being unable to sleep during the daytime, he returned to his mother's home - (the old Kneeland farm) - in Searsport. Here Mother joined him on May 8th and on the next day, May 9, 1868, they moved up to Aunt Mary's house on the Black Road and began housekeeping on their own account---a regime in which there was no break for nearly forty-nine years! Mother says their dinner that noon consisted of "Johnnycake" and milk but that by night she had managed to inaugurate her forty-nine-year campaign of clean dishes to the extent that they enjoyed a supper of respectable proportions!

Next Fall they bought of Aunt Mary Kendall the house in which they were living and from Grandmother and the other heirs of Grandfather Kneeland, some of whom were still under age, the

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

hundred-acre "Swamp-Lot" and thirty or forty other acres off from the southern end of what was generally separately referred to as the Kneeland farm---although Grandfather Kneeland had bought both it and the "Swamp-Lot" from the original proprietors, but at different times! From the old deeds and Mother's recollection it would appear that they paid Aunt Mary \$475.00 for the house and \$2350.00 - (\$600 and \$1750)- for the land--- Father remembered that at one time he had outstanding in connection with the purchase notes aggregating \$2300.00. While looking through the old deeds on July 29, 1916, Hal and I came across one from David Sears and William Prescott - (Was he the father of the historian?)- of Boston to Grandfather---Henry H. Kneeland---dated 1839. It calls for 85 acres but there must be other deeds as Grandfather not only owned approximately 200 \*\*\* acres but he had moved up there from Cape Jellison more than ten years before (before) 1839---Aunt Mary Kendall-Perkins, his eldest child, was born in the Log House on the old Kneeland farm May 4, 1830!

In the Winter of 1868-9 Father got out the timber for and during the following Spring Uncle "Del" Crockett built a sixty-foot barn on what was now Father's and Mother's farm and here I, Bert, and Kit were born on July 27, 1870, May 26, 1873, and April 26, 1875, respectively. I was first called Henry Elmer for Father and Uncle Frank - (who always claimed "Elmer" for his middle name although Grandmother Kneeland had named <sup>him</sup> Frank Elden) but when, after going up-town in Bangor with the present Captain Wilson West of Searsport who, like himself, was then a sailor "before-the-mast" on the Brig "Charles Wesley" of which Captain Dennis Griffin of Searsport was Master, Uncle Frank walked off ---  
\*\*\*Grandmother Kneeland told me it was 300 acres when I was helping to prepare the Kneeland Genealogy---and she knew!

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

hundred-acre "Swamp-Isle" and thirty or forty other acres off from the southern end of what was generally separately referred to as the Kneeland farm---although Grandfather Kneeland had bought both it and the "Swamp-Isle" from the original proprietors, but at different times! From the old deeds and Mother's recollection it would appear that they paid Aunt Mary \$475.00 for the house and \$2350.00 - (\$600 and \$1750) - for the land--- Father remembered that at one time he had outstanding in connection with the purchase notes aggregating \$2300.00. While looking through the old deeds on July 29, 1916, Hal and I came across one from David Sears and William Prescott - (Was he the father of the historian?) - of Boston to Grandfather---Henry H. Kneeland---dated 1839. It calls for 88 acres but there must be other deeds as Grandfather not only owned approximately 200\*\*\* acres but he had moved up there from Cape Tillyson more than ten years before (before) 1839---Aunt Mary Kendall-Parkins, his eldest child, was born in the log house on the old Kneeland farm May 4, 1830!

In the winter of 1868-9 Father got out the timber for and during the following Spring Uncle "Del" Crockett built a sixty-foot barn on what was now Father's and Mother's farm and here I, Bert, and Kit were born on July 27, 1870, May 26, 1873, and April 26, 1875, respectively. I was first called Henry Elmer for Father and Uncle Frank - (who always claimed "Elmer" for his middle name although Grandmother Kneeland had named Frank Elmer) but when, after going up-town in Bangor with the present Captain Wilson West of Bangorport who, like himself, was then a sailor "before-the-mast" on the Brig "Charles Wesley" of which Captain Dennis Griffin of Bangorport was master, Uncle Frank walked off

\*\*\*Grandmother Kneeland told me it was 300 acres when I was helping to measure the Kneeland Cemetery---and she knew!



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

the wharf in returning to the ship on a pitch-dark night and, coming up under a raft after striking his head and being stunned during the fall, was drowned before his body could be recovered on the evening of May 11, 1871, my name was changed to Frank Elmer at Grandmother Kneeland's request. Bert was named for Herbert Black and Albion Colcord, while Kit was named for Katherine - (Aunt Kathie)- Colcord, (who used to live in the stone house now owned by Clif. Seekins,) and Aunt May Kendall-Perkins.

Although Hal didn't come upon the scene until September 29, 1882, nearly six years after Father and Mother had moved to this, their forty-year home on "The Pinnacle", and although I am getting very much ahead of my story by so doing, I am going to insert here a record of the dates of our births and marriages and the dates of birth of our children. James Henry and Amanda H. (Crockett) Kneeland had four children, viz:-

- (1) Frank Elmer Kneeland, born at Searsport, Me., July 27, 1870. Married December 24, 1910, to Bertha Louise Junkins of Brooklyn by the Reverend Doctor Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, in the parlor of his home at 23 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. For eleven years preceding and six months succeeding her marriage, she was the teacher of Latin and Greek at the Berkeley Institute, 183 (181-3-5) Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. Her parents were George Selby and Josephine (McDuffee) Junkins - (her mother was named Mary Josephine)-, born May 10, 1846 and February 12, 1848, at South Berwick, Maine, and Rochester, New Hampshire, respectively. They were married at Lawrence, Mass., April 12, 1870 (4/2/70) and, with the exception of the first year of their married life during which Mr. Junkins was in charge of a woolen factory at North Berwick, Me., lived continuously in that city, of which he was twice Mayor, up to the time of his death on November 12, 1900. Some three years after his death and after her daughters Helen and Marian had graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine and Radcliffe College respectively in 1903 (1903), Mrs. Junkins removed with her daughter Helen to Lowell, Mass, where they resided up to the time of the latter's marriage to Edward J. Beach at her sister Marian's home on the grounds of Leland Stanford, Jr. University at Palo Alto, California, in April, 1909. Having previously sold her home on Tower Hill, Law-

THE OROCKETT FAMILY

the wharf in returning to the ship on a pitch-dark night and, coming up under a raft after striking his head and being stunned during the fall, was drowned before his body could be recovered on the evening of May 11, 1871, my name was changed to Frank Elmer at Grandmother Kneeland's request. Bert was named for Herbert Black and Alphon Colcord, while Kit was named for Katherine - (Aunt Kathie) - Colcord, (who used to live in the stone house now owned by Cliff Beckins), and Aunt Mary Kendall-Perkins. Although Hal didn't come upon the scene until September 29, 1882, nearly six years after Father and Mother had moved to this, their forty-year home on "The Pinnacle", and although I am getting very much ahead of my story by so doing, I am going to insert here a record of the dates of our births and marriages and the dates of birth of our children. James Henry and Amanda H. (Orockett) Kneeland had four children, viz:-

(1) Frank Elmer Kneeland, born at Bearaport, Me., July 27, 1870. Married December 24, 1910, to Bertha Louise Tumkins of Brooklyn by the Reverend Doctor Newell Dwight Willis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, in the parlor of his home at 23 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. For eleven years preceding and six months succeeding her marriage, she was the teacher of Latin and Greek at the Berkeley Institute, 183 (181-3-5) Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Her parents were George Belpy and Josephine (McDuffee) Tumkins - (her mother was named Mary Josephine) - born May 10, 1846 and February 12, 1848, at South Berwick, Maine, and Rochester, New Hampshire, respectively. They were married at Lawrence, Mass., April 12, 1870 (4/2/70) and, with the exception of the first year of their married life during which Mr. Tumkins was in charge of a woolen factory at North Berwick, Me., lived continuously in that city, of which he was twice Mayor, up to the time of his death on November 12, 1900. Some three years after his death and after her daughters Helen and Marian had graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine and Radcliffe College respectively in 1902 (1903), Mrs. Tumkins removed with her daughter Helen to Lowell, Mass., where they resided up to the time of the latter's marriage to Edward J. Beach at her sister Marian's home on the grounds of Island Stanford, Tr. University at Palo Alto, California, in April, 1909. Having previously sold her home on Tower Hill, Law-



# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

rence, (110 Bodwell street), Mrs. Junkins thereafter became a considerable traveller, making frequent visits to her daughters in Brooklyn, N.Y., Dubuque, Iowa, and Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California, taking occasion to see such natural wonders as The Yellowstone, The Yosemite, and The Grand Canyon of Arizona en route, a tour of Alaska in 1911, and one of Europe extending through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Belgium, in 1912. She last visited her eldest daughter at Brooklyn on her return from Europe in September, 1912, at which time she took the pictures of her granddaughter Helen seated in her baby chairs and bath-tub on the roof of the apartment house at 126 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, with the tower of the Christian Science Church across the way in the background, which appear in Helen's baby album. Leaving for Dubuque on this occasion, Mrs. Junkins made the trip up the Hudson on one of the Day Line steamers and opined that, except for the castles, the real Rhine which she had traversed a few weeks previously had nothing on its American prototype! Shortly after her youngest daughter Marian's third child (Carlton Skinner) was born at the hospital in Palo Alto, California, in April, 1913, Mrs. Junkins herself was forced to become a patient in the same hospital where she underwent two operations for the stomach trouble from which she had long been a sufferer! She rallied sufficiently to make the trip to Dubuque, Iowa, in the early Summer of 1913, but suffered a relapse shortly after her arrival and died in the hospital to which she had been removed in Dubuque on August 6, 1913. Both she and her husband sleep in the lot which he had provided in the Extension to Bellevue Cemetery at Lawrence, Mass. Prior to his election to the Mayoralty, Mr. Junkins had been in the Meat and Provision business. After his second term as Mayor had expired he became associated with the Stanley Grain Company of Lawrence as its Treasurer! It is now owned and conducted by George A. Stanley, whose father was the original founder of the business! Mr. and Mrs. Junkins's eldest child, Bertha Louise, had taken the degree of A. B. at Boston University with the class of 1898 and that of A. M. at Radcliffe in 1899, in September of which year she assumed her duties as one of the Faculty of The Berkeley Institute and became one of the occupants of a table for four in what is now known as "The Victoria" at 42-44 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn ---- which last is only some three miles removed from the north-east corner of the Manhattan tower of the old Brooklyn Bridge! Frank E. and Bertha (Junkins) Kneeland have two children:-

- (1) Helen Elizabeth Crockett Kneeland - (except for birth certificate purposes the "Elizabeth" has been dropped)-, born at the Prospect Heights Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., (Washington Ave. and St. John's Place)- on December 24, 1911, her

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

(1) Helen Elizabeth Crockett Kneeland - (except for birth certificate purposes the "Elizabeth" has been dropped) - born at the Prospect Heights Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., (Washington Ave. and St. John's Place) - on December 24, 1911, her

Grandmother -

Frank M. and Bertha (Junkins) Kneeland have two children -

three miles removed from the north-east corner of the 50th Avenue, Brooklyn - which last is only some in what is now known as "The Victoria" at 42-44 50th Avenue, and became one of the occupants of a table for four duties as one of the Faculty of The Berkeley Institute in 1899, in September of which year she assumed her had taken the degree of A. B. at Boston University Mr. and Mrs. Junkins's eldest child, Bertha Louise, original founder of the business!

conducted by George A. Stanley, whose father was the ed no became associated with the Stanley Grain Company business. After his second term as Mayor had expired, Mr. Junkins had been in the West and Provision Lawrence, Mass. Prior to his election to the Mayor- had provided in the Extension to Bellevue Cemetery at Both she and her husband sleep in the lot which he she had been removed in Dubuque on August 6, 1913, after her arrival and died in the hospital to which early summer of 1913, but suffered a relapse shortly identically to make the trip to Dubuque, Iowa, in the which she had long been a sufferer! She rallied sufficiently to make the trip to Dubuque, Iowa, in the underwent two operations for the stomach trouble from to become a patient in the same hospital where she

ma, in April, 1913, Mrs. Junkins herself was forced (her) was born at the hospital in Palo Alto, California, youngest daughter Marian's third child (Garfield Edwin nothing on the American prototype! Shortly after her which she had traversed a few weeks previously had signed that, except for the castles, the real Rhine trip up the Hudson on one of the Day Line steamers and for Dubuque on this occasion, Mrs. Junkins made the ground, which appears in Helen's baby album. Leaving Christian Science Church across the way in the back- at 126 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, with the tower of the chapel and bath-tub on the roof of the apartment house

tures of her granddaughter Helen seated in her baby in September, 1913, at which time she took the photo- eldest daughter at Brooklyn on her return from Europe Holland and Belgium, in 1913. She last visited her Europe extending through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, zone en route, a tour of Alaska in 1911, and one of Yellowstone, The Yosemite, and The Grand Canyon of Arizona occasion to see such natural wonders as The Valley and Ireland Stanford, Jr., University, California, take it to her daughters in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dubuque, Iowa, became a considerable traveler, making frequent visits (110 Bodwell street), Mrs. Junkins thereafter



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

mother having been attended by Dr. J. P. Pendleton, 90 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. As I write this (3/12/17) she is scurrying around "The Hill" in Searsport, dragging a sled made for Hal by her Great-Grandfather Crockett and with "Don" as her companion!

- (2) Frances Highborn Kneeland, born June 20, 1916, at the Methodist Episcopal - ("Seney")- Hospital, Seventh Ave. and Seventh street, Brooklyn, N.Y., where her mother was attended by Dr. Harold Bell of President Street, Brooklyn, acting for Dr. Louis M. Dusseldorf, 392 Union St., Brooklyn, the family physician who had recently lost his right hand in an automobile accident. Before she was two weeks old the Infantile Paralysis Epidemic of 1916, in which there were something like 10,000 cases and 2500 deaths in the City of New York alone, had gained full headway in Brooklyn, its place of origin, whence her father, upon learning from Dr. Bailey Sunday evening that seventeen cases had that day been taken from a few blocks in Union Street, had fled the next day, Monday, July 3rd, to Maine with her sister Helen, leaving her and her mother to be brought home from the hospital the next day by "Grammie" Shaw - (Mrs. Florence C., the wife of the Rev. Edward B. Shaw of Monroe, N. Y.)-, and on which "Flight into Egypt" he was followed by her and her mother just two weeks later---they arrived at Searsport on July 19th and they're there yet! She is now (3/12/17) busily, and noisily, engaged in cutting some teeth, two of which are already in evidence! The "Frances" is as near as she could come to being named for her "Daddy" and the "Highborn" was the middle name of both her Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother Kneeland, on whom it had been bestowed in respect to that Hon. Robert Highborn of the "Boston Tea Party" who had brought her Great-Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland to Cape Jellison from Boston when the American Republic was so young that its Constitution had not yet been adopted nor Washington elected President!---and but for whom our particular branch of the Kneeland family probably never would have landed in Maine! Perhaps they wouldn't have landed anywhere! Quien sabe? Apropos of names:- Her elder sister was first called "Helen Elizabeth" but when, upon attaining to the age of about four weeks, she frowned upon her "Daddy" so mightily that he remarked that "she looks just like her Great-Grandfather Crockett!", her mother seized upon the incident as a good and sufficient reason for making her middle name "Crockett"! I tried to have the name changed in the Brooklyn office of the Registrar of Births for New York City but was told that this could not be done---that in the event she should ever wish to obtain a birth certificate,

# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

mother having been attended by Dr. J. P. Bendish for 20 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. As I write this (3/12/17) she is recovering around "The Hill" in Gearport, dragging a also made for Hal by her Great-Grandfather Crockett and with "Don" as her companion!

(2)

Frances Nicholson Kneeland, born June 20, 1916, at the Methodist Episcopal - ("Seney") - Hospital, Seventh Ave. and Seventh Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., where her mother was attended by Dr. Harold Bell of President Street, Brooklyn, acting for Dr. Louis M. Dusseldorf, 222 Union St., Brooklyn. The family physician who had recently lost his right hand in an automobile accident. Before she was two weeks old the infantile Paralytic Epidemic of 1916, in which there were something like 10,000 cases and 2500 deaths in the City of New York alone, had gained full headway in Brooklyn, its place of origin, whence her father, upon learning from Dr. Bailey Sunday evening that seventeen cases had that day been taken from a few blocks in Union Street, had fled the next day, Monday, July 2nd, to Maine with her sister Helen, leaving her and her mother to be brought home from the hospital the next day by "Gramma" (Mrs. Florence G., the wife of the Rev. Edward H. Shaw of Monroe, N.Y.), and on which "flight into Egypt" he was followed by her and her mother just two weeks later---they arrived at Gearport on July 12th and they're there yet! She is now (3/12/17) badly, and notably, engaged in cutting some teeth, two of which are already in evidence! The "Frances" as near as she could come to being named for her "Daddy" and the "Nicholson" was the middle name of both her Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother Kneeland, on whom it had been bestowed in respect to that Hon. Robert Nicholson of the "Boston Tea Party" who had brought her Great-Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland to Cape Johnson from Boston when the American Republic was so young that the Constitution had not yet been adopted nor Washington elected President!---and but for whom our particular branch of the Kneeland family probably never would have landed in Maine! Perhaps they wouldn't have landed anywhere! Quite early!

Apocryph of names:- Her elder sister was first called "Helen Elizabeth" but when, upon attaining to the age of about four weeks, she frowned upon her "Daddy" so mightily that he remarked that "she looks just like her Great-Grandfather Crockett!", her mother seized upon the incident as a good and sufficient reason for making her middle name "Crockett"! I tried to have the name changed in the Brooklyn office of the Registrar of Births for New York City but was told that this could not be done---that in the event she should ever wish to obtain a birth certificate,



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

she should ask to have it issued in the name of Helen Elizabeth Crockett Kneeland. This circumstance is set down here - (I forgot to write it under her own name)- for her information in the event that she should need it when her father and mother have "gone away from here"! I may also remark that the "Helen" is for her Aunt Helen MacDuffee (Junkins) Beach, who "improved" on her mother's spelling of her maiden name by adding an "a" to it!

- (2) Herbert Albion Kneeland, born at Searsport, Me., May 26, 1873. Married May 30, 1898, to Annie Perry of Chelsea, Mass. They have one daughter:-

(1) Viola Beatrice Kneeland, born April 13, 1899, at Boston, Mass. She graduated from the Girls Latin School at Boston in 1916 and is now a student at Wellesley College where she plays "short" on the Freshman base-ball team (!!!) besides which, if the Boston papers of last Fall are to be believed, she is what "Jawn" McGraw would call "some pitcher"!

(I am unable to give details regarding my brothers' families as in the case of my own but if they will prepare them I will write them off so that they may be "tipped in" here later.F.E.K.).

- (3) Katherine May Kneeland, born at Searsport, Me., April 26, 1875. She graduated from the Western State Normal School at Gorham, Maine, in 1893. Then, after teaching for ten years in her native town---which time was about equally divided between the schools in the Porter and Union Districts---took up her labors in the Shurtleff School at Chelsea, Mass., where, not content with showing "How to Hammer the Stuffin' Out of Kids" in the daytime, she disports herself by making grown men "stand around" in Evening School as well!

- (4) Henry Wilton Kneeland, born at Searsport, Me., September 29, 1882. Married November 12, 1905, to Jane Amanda Curtis of Searsport, Me. They have one child:-

(1) Phyllis Amanda Kneeland, born September 10, 1907, at Searsport, Me., who is yet so young that there is little I can chronicle regarding her except that she is an "up-and-coming" student in the schools of the Dorchester District of Boston and has otherwise demonstrated her precocity by having already undergone an operation for appendicitis---in which her mother followed her example during the Fall just past! (Note that her father was named for his father and his Uncle Wilton T. Randell)



she should ask to have it issued in the name of Helen Elizabeth Crockett Kneeland. This circumstance is set down here - I forgot to write it under her own name - for her information in the event that she should need it when her father and mother have "gone away from home"! I may also remark that the "Helen" is for her Aunt Helen Kneeland (Jenkins) Beach, who "improved" on her mother's spelling of her maiden name by adding an "s" to it!

(2) Herbert Alphon Kneeland, born at Gearport, Me., May 26, 1872. Married May 30, 1898, to Annie Perry of Chelsea, Mass. They have one daughter:-  
(1) Viola Beatrice Kneeland, born April 12, 1899, at Boston, Mass. She graduated from the Girls Latin School at Boston in 1916 and is now a student at Wellesley College where she plays "short" on the Freshman basketball team (!!!) Besides which, if the Boston papers of last Fall are to be believed, she is what "Lawn" Mower would call "some gyfitor"! (I am unable to give details regarding my brother's family as in the case of my own but if they will prepare them I will write them off so that they may be "tipped in" here later. T.R.N.)

(3) Katherine May Kneeland, born at Gearport, Me., April 26, 1875. She graduated from the Western State Normal School at Gorham, Maine, in 1892. Then, after teaching for ten years in her native town--which time was about equally divided between the schools in the Porter and Union Districts--took up her labors in the Shurtleff School at Chelsea, Mass., where, not content with doing "low to hammer the stuff" out of kids in the daytime, she displays herself by making grown men "stand around" in Evening School as well!

(4) Henry Wilton Kneeland, born at Gearport, Me., September 29, 1882. Married November 12, 1905, to Jane Amanda Curtis of Gearport, Me. They have one child:-  
(1) Phyllis Amanda Kneeland, born September 10, 1907, at Gearport, Me., who is yet so young that there is little I can chronicle regarding her except that she is an "up-and-coming" student in the schools of the Dorchester District of Boston and has otherwise demonstrated her precocity by having already undergone an operation for appendicitis--in which her mother followed her example during the Fall just past! (Note that her father was named for his father and his Uncle Wilton T. Randall.)

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

the orchard across the road from where his buildings stood and which now belongs to Herbert Black---"One sows and another reaps"! For seven years after moving to this, their first farm, Father devoted himself to farming Summers and teaching Winters with the exception of the Winter of 1868-9 when he remained at home for the purpose of getting out the lumber from which the barn was built the following Spring. On August 17, 1869, Father went to Castine for the purpose of attending the Eastern State Normal School in company with John Nichols, leaving Mother at home to run the place! She stayed down at Grandmother Kneeland's much of the time nights but "breachy" cows and oxen were too much for her and Father finally brought his belongings home from Castine on September 2nd following! Mother's Diary shows that he had been home twice in the meantime and that the first return to Castine was made by having Lindley Kneeland set him across the Bay from Cape Jellison in a boat while on the second occasion, when he went back after his belongings, he drove down and back the same day via Bucksport! It was on this trip that, slipping the horse's bridle for the purpose of feeding him in the streets of Bucksport, the nag took fright at the rattling of a passing dray and started on a wild career which was terminated by a collision with the ornamental front yard fence of S. K. Tribou---with a consequent lightening of Father's pocket-book to the extent of forty perfectly good "Iron Men"! Although this steed was named "Charlie", it was not the "Old Charlie" that we all remember---He never ran away! The "Charlie" of 1869 was a dark horse with a white strip in his face which Father had bought of Isaac Staples of Brooks; he was succeeded by a white horse bought of Nahum Webber (?) which re-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

the orchard across the road from where his buildings stood and which now belongs to Herbert Black---"One row and another row!" For seven years after moving to this, their first farm, Father devoted himself to farming, gunners and teaching Winters with the exception of the winter of 1868-9 when he remained at home for the purpose of getting out the lumber from which the barn was built the following spring. On August 17, 1869, Father went to Castine for the purpose of attending the Eastern State Normal School in company with John Nichols, leaving Mother at home to run the place! She stayed down at Grandmother Knobel's much of the time nights but "broody" cows and oxen were too much for her and Father finally brought his belongings home from Castine on September 2nd following! Father's diary shows that he had been home twice in the meantime and that the first return to Castine was made by having Lindley Knobel and him across the Bay from Cape Jellison in a boat while on the second occasion, when he went back after his belongings, he drove down and back the same day via Bucksport! It was on this trip that, slipping the horse's bridle for the purpose of feeding him in the streets of Bucksport, the nag took fright at the rattling of a passing dray and started on a wild career which was terminated by a collision with the ornamental front yard fence of S. N. Tripson---with a consequent lightning of Father's pocket-book to the extent of forty perfectly good "Iron Men"! Although this steed was named "Charlie", it was not the "Old Charlie" that we all remember---He never ran away! The "Charlie" of 1869 was a dark horse with a white strip in his face which Father had bought of Isaac Staples of Brooks; he was succeeded by a white horse bought of Nahum Webber (T) which re-



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

joined in the descriptive appellation of "The Ghost" and which Father swapped with Emery Ladd for "Old Charlie" of fragrant (?) memory on April 28, 1875---I remember seeing "The Ghost" driven away after the trade was made! Also the occasion of my being declared the proud possessor of a sister two days before!

Mother has just been telling me of the night of "The Big W Wind" which is noted in Father's handwriting in what was then Mother's Diary as having been that of September 8, 1869/ and during which a swath of timber on Father's "Swamp Lot" in back of where Horace Robbins lives now was laid as flat/ as grain mown with a scythe! It yielded many cords of wood when cut up! On the night of this particular "Line Gale" boards from the staging which still remained along the southern side of the newly erected barn were swirled into the air, over the roof of the barn, and driven ends downward into the ground near the kitchen door, which faced to the south, with the force of a pile-driver! The front door of the old house faced the road! The ~~late~~ "Swamp Lot" to which I have so often referred lay to the west of the balance of Father's and Mother's farm, its eastern boundary running along the western edge of the pasture which even now extends back some rods from the road. Its south-east corner was in back of Hor/ace Robbins's while that on the south-west was over near the stone house which had been built and was then owned by Oliver Clark but was later bought by Wilson Colcord ("Aunt Kathie's" husband) who was then living in the stone house which he himself had built at Bog Hill and in which Walter Moody now lives! I don't know any better place to say that "Aunt Kathie" is now living with her daughter Lizzie -(Mrs. J. W. ---"Will Tull"---Nickerson)- at Swanville and that except

THE BROOKLYN FAMILY

joined in the descriptive appellation of "The Ghost" and which  
Father swapped with Emory Ladd for "Old Charlie" of Prerant (?)  
memory on April 28, 1875---I remember seeing "The Ghost" driven  
away after the trade was made! Also the occasion of my being  
declared the proud possessor of a sister two days before!

Mother has just been telling me of the night of "The Big W  
Wind" which is noted in Father's handwriting in what was then  
Father's diary as having been that of September 8, 1889, and  
during which a swath of timber on Father's "Swamp Lot" in back  
of where Horace Robbins lives now was laid as flat as grain  
down with a scythe! It yielded many cords of wood when cut up  
On the night of this particular "line Gale" boards from the  
staging which still remained along the southern side of the  
newly erected barn were whirled into the air, over the roof of  
the barn, and driven ends downward into the ground near the  
kitchen door, which faced to the south, with the force of a  
pile-driver! The front door of the old house faced the road!  
The ~~latter~~ "Swamp Lot" to which I have so often referred lay to  
the west of the balance of Father's and Mother's farm, its eas-  
ern boundary running along the western edge of the pasture which  
even now extends back some rods from the road. Its south-east  
corner was in back of Horace Robbins's while that on the south-  
west was over near the stone house which had been built and was  
then owned by Oliver Clark but was later bought by Wilson Col-  
cord ("Aunt Kathie's" husband) who was then living in the stone  
house which he himself had built at Bog Hill and in which Walter  
Keddy now lives! I don't know any better place to say that  
"Aunt Kathie" is now living with her daughter Lizzie - (Mrs.  
J. W. --- "Will Till" --- Nickerson) - at Swampville and that except



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

for her blindness she bears her years as lightly as when she was fifty instead of around ninety! Only two of her sons are living---Albion, for whom Bert was named, and John, the youngest, ---both residents of Kokomo, Colorado!

1873 was a year of great excitement among the Second Day Adventists as this later edition of what had been "Millerites" from the name of their founder in 1843 more commonly termed themselves! Aunt "Cal" and Aunt "Mary" were shamelessly "flim-flammed" out of much of their property by some of the alleged "brethren" of that time, who do not seem to have been called upon to explain what better use they could make of it in the final wind-up than the rightful owners! When the Day arrived for the Crack of Doom some of the enthusiasts are said to have climbed trees---having first donned their Ascension Robes!!! Father and Mother took Bert and myself to some of these Adventist meetings in September, 1873, in the Birch Grove beyond the Pineland Poultry Farm on the back road to Belfast---It was during these meetings that a large part of Belfast was consumed in the great fire of that year!

J.

On June 7, 1874, Father and Mother took Martha Bowen, a daughter of George Washington Bowen, one of the Town Poor who were then cared for on the farm of Jonathan M. Savery under contract, to live with them, the idea being that a nine-year-old girl ought to be of considerable assistance to Mother in taking care of "the kids" while she was attending to other work. It soon transpired that, for this particular purpose at least, she didn't amount to shucks but she put up such a howl of protest when it was proposed to take her back to Savery's that Father and Mother relented and their home was her home for fifteen

THE GROCERY FAMILY

for her blindness she bears her years as lightly as when she was fifty instead of around ninety! Only two of her sons are living--Alison, for whom Bert was named, and John, the youngest, --both residents of Wokomo, Colorado!

1873 was a year of great excitement among the Second Day Adventists as this later edition of what had been "Millions"

from the name of their founder in 1843 were commonly termed themselves! Aunt "Gai" and Aunt "Mary" were shamelessly "thin"

flamed" out of each of their property by some of the alleged

"brethren" of that time, who do not seem to have been called

upon to explain what better use they could make of it in the

final wind-up than the rightful owners! When the Day arrived

for the Crack of Doom some of the enthusiasts are said to have

climbed trees--having first dinned their Association Bibles!!

Father and Mother took Bert and myself to some of these Advent-

ist meetings in September, 1873, in the Birch Grove beyond the

Wheland Poultry Farm on the back road to Belfast--it was dur-

ing these meetings that a large part of Belfast was consumed in

the great fire of that year!

On June 7, 1874, Father and Mother took Martha Bowen, a

daughter of George Washington Bowen, one of the Town Poor who

were then cared for on the farm of Jonathan H. Savary under

contract, to live with them, the idea being that a nine-year-old

girl ought to be of considerable assistance to Mother in taking

care of "the kids" while she was attending to other work. It

soon transpired that, for this particular purpose at least, she

didn't amount to much but she put up such a howl of protest

when it was proposed to take her back to Savary's that Father

and Mother relented and their home was her home for fifteen

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

years! I remember the day Martha came to live with us! Fred Savery brought her over one Sunday! When he drove into the yard I "beat it" out behind the barn but as he stayed a long time I finally ventured back to the house. He was sitting by the open kitchen door with his legs, or one of them, stretched across it and his feet resting in a chair on the other side. I crawled under them. In such manner do trivial things impress themselves upon a child's memory! Martha is now Mrs. Everett Hunt, Waldoboro', Maine. Her husband is a cooper!

Red-Letter Days (to me) on the old farm were those on which I had my first pair of red-topped boots with copper toes, an "express" wagon, and a trip to Searsport village which I ~~par~~ particularly remember because of Father having left me so long! in front of Frank Whitcomb's store that I became lonesome! I shall never forget the first time I caught a man in a lie! The experience ceased to be a novelty many years ago! The man was Herbert Black! Father was driving down under Black's Mill for a load of saw-dust and I was with him! Herbert was just driving out with a load! Father asked him if there was any left! Herbert said "No"! Undeterred, Father kept on and upon arriving under the mill, Lo! and behold! There were oceans of saw-dust! I remember holding long and earnest converse with Father as to the sinfulness of lying and as to what would become of ~~Her~~ Herbert Black when he died! I assume that Mother had been endeavoring to impress upon my youthful mind the importance of telling the truth!

During the seven years that they lived on what they ~~have~~ always referred to as "the old farm" Father and Mother kept but one horse, practically all the heavy farming and lumbering op-



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

years! I remember the day Father came to live with us! Fred  
every brought her over one Sunday! When he drove into the  
yard I "beat it" out behind the barn but as he stayed a long  
time I finally ventured back to the house. He was sitting by  
the open kitchen door with his legs, or one of them, stretched  
across it and his feet resting in a chair on the other side. I  
crawled under them. In such manner do trivial things impress  
themselves upon a child's memory! Father is now Mrs. Everett  
Hunt, Waldoboro', Maine. Her husband is a cooper!

Red-Letter Days (to me) on the old farm were those on  
which I had my first pair of red-topped boots with copper toes,  
an "express" wagon, and a trip to Bearport village which I  
particularly remember because of Father having left me so long  
in front of Frank Wilcox's store that I became conscious! I  
shall never forget the first time I caught a man in a lie! The  
experience ceased to be a novelty many years ago! The man was  
Herbert Black! Father was driving down under Black's Mill for  
a load of saw-ghost and I was with him! Herbert was just driv-  
ing out with a load! Father asked him if there was any left!  
Herbert said "No!" Undeterred, Father kept on and upon arriv-  
ing under the mill, Lo! and behold! There were coons of saw-  
ghost! I remember holding long and earnest converse with Father  
as to the sinfulness of lying and as to what would become of  
Herbert Black when he died! I assure that Mother had been ex-  
hausted to impress upon my youthful mind the importance of  
telling the truth!

During the seven years that they lived on what they have  
always referred to as "the old farm" Father and Mother kept but  
one horse, practically all the heavy farming and lumbering or-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

erations of that time ~~making~~ having been conducted with the help of oxen of which Father usually had two yoke---one of oxen and one of steers! But he had never owned one since---with the exception of the two yokes of steers which Bert and I raised and trained as boys! During this period Father used to get out a great deal of wood and hemlock ~~bark~~ bark, the first of which found a market at the lime-kilns of Rockland while the second was used in the tanneries, in which uses wood and bark have now been displaced. It was Father's custom to ~~make~~ his own shipments, chartering vessels owned and sailed by the Captains Ryan of Belfast for the purpose and going along with the cargo himself to attend to making the sale---He was his own supercargo! In this manner and although he had forsworn the sea when he was twenty-one, he made many trips to Rockland, Me., and Salem, Mass., in sailing vessels!

In hunting for dates in Father's Diaries, I have been particularly interested in what he says of the severe Winter of 1874-5! Under date of February 13, 1875, he says that the Bay was frozen over to Islesboro' so that teams passed on the ice to Belfast and Castine! On February 14, he states that the S.S. "Katahdin" was frozen in at Belfast! On the 18th he says: "The Oldest Inhabitant says he never knew such a cold Winter!", while on the 19th the relation refers to "Good sleighing to Castine and Sedgwick!" Some Winter!

In April, 1875, Father and Mother sold this, their original farm to Robert Allan, a Scot from Aberdeen who had been working at his trade as a stone-cutter in Rockland and vicinity<sup>and</sup> who, after living there with his family and the barefooted Maud Muller known as Katie Jamieson for some two or three years, disposed



THE GROCERY FAMILY

erection of that time having been conducted with the help of oxen of which Father usually had two yoke--one of oxen and one of steers! But he had never owned one since--with the exception of the two yokes of steers which Bert and I raised and trained as boys! During this period Father used to get out a great deal of wood and bark--the first of which found a market at the time--kind of Rockland while the second was used in the lumbering, in which case wood and bark have now been displaced. It was Father's custom to make his own arrangements, chartering vessels owned and sailed by the Captain Ryan of Belfast for the purpose and going along with the cargo himself to attend to making the sale--He was his own supercargo! In this manner and although he had forewarned the sea when he was twenty-one, he made many trips to Rockland, Me., and Salem, Mass., in sailing vessels!

In hunting for dates in Father's Diaries, I have been particularly interested in what he says of the severe winter of 1874-75! Under date of February 13, 1875, he says that the Bay was frozen over to Lajesboro, so that teams passed on the ice to Belfast and Castine! On February 14, he states that the "S.S. 'Resolute'" was frozen in at Belfast! On the 15th he says: "The Oldest Inhabitant says he never knew such a cold winter!" While on the 18th the relation refers to "Good sleighing to Castine and Sedgwick!" Good winter!

In April, 1875, Father and Mother sold this, their only child to Robert Allen, a Scot from Aberdeen who had been working at his trade as a stone-cutter in Rockland and vicinity who, after living there with his family and the persecuted and Miller known as Katie Laveson for some two or three years, departed

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

of it to another native of Scotland named Dennis Hare. Now while "Dinnis" may not have been guilty of arson, it is nevertheless a fact that one night he and his wife went up to Salathiel Cunningham's at Bog Hill to stay until morning and that in the meantime the house where Kit, Bert and myself were born went up in smoke! It was at this fire that Old Man Pennie, discovering the flames and hastening to the aid of his neighbor, held the colloquy with himself which he afterward described somewhat~~x~~ as follows:- "And I shooted 'Dinnis Har! Dinnis Har! Your hoose is on fire!' But no arnswer! And then I shooted again 'Dinnis Har! Dinnis Har! Your hoose is on fire!' But still no arnswer! And thin I thought (recalling the dire penalties for breaking and entering in his native land) 'What is a pane of glass whin a man's life is in danger?' And I picked up a stone and smashed them in! And thin I shooted again 'Dinnis Har! Dinnis Har! Your hoose is on fire!' But still no Dinnis!" It was not until afterward that the old gentleman learned that "Dinnis" had at the time been more or less peacefully sleeping on the rugged slopes of Mount Ephraim! But his fully sufficient Insurance was collected just the same! Father had driven down past there the evening before the fire and had noticed a dim light in the otherwise darkened house but had ascribed <sup>it</sup> ~~them~~ to expiring coals left in the fireplace by the family upon going to bed!

On May 29, 1875, Father and Mother leased a part of and moved back to the house on the old Kneeland farm where Father had been born---which now belonged to Uncle Milton but by whom it had been shut up when he moved to Searsport village on December 2, 1874, Grandmother Kneeland having previously bought and

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

of it to another native of Scotland named Dennis Hays. Now while "Dennis" may not have been guilty of arson, it is nevertheless a fact that one night he and his wife went up to Salas Chief Cunningham's at Big Hill to stay until morning and that in the meantime the house where Mr. Bart and myself were born went up in smoke! It was at this time that Old Man Pennie, discovering the flames and hastening to the aid of his neighbor, held the colloguy with himself which he afterward described somewhat as follows:- "And I shouted 'Dennis Hays! Dennis Hays! Your house is on fire!' But no answer! And then I shouted again 'Dennis Hays! Dennis Hays! Your house is on fire!' But still no answer! And then I thought (recalling the dire possibilities for breaking and entering in this native land) 'What is a pane of glass when a man's life is in danger?' And I picked up a stone and smashed them in! And then I shouted again 'Dennis Hays! Dennis Hays! Your house is on fire!' But still no answer! It was not until afterward that the old gentleman learned that "Dennis" had at the time been more or less peacefully sleeping on the rugged slopes of Mount Ephraim! But his fully sufficient insurance was collected just the same! Father had driven down past there the evening before the fire and had noticed a dim light in the otherwise darkened house but had ascribed ~~that~~ <sup>it</sup> to expiring coals left in the fireplace by the family upon going to bed!

On May 22, 1875, Father and Mother leased a part of and moved back to the house on the old Kneeland farm where Father had been born--which now belonged to Uncle Witten but by whom it had been shut up when he moved to Bearport village on December 2, 1874, Grandmother Kneeland having previously bought and



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

moved to what was then known as the Cyphers place (although she had bought it of "Aunt" Tripp) on the Mount Ephraim road, the site of which is now occupied by the house in which resides Mr. Thompson of the Twins---between "Bert" Young's and Eli Colson's!

Father's Diary says that he spent June 1st and 2nd, 1875, at Searsport village taking account of a stock of goods he had bought of Hiram H. Crockett (He and Tyler were sons of Ephraim Crockett of Mount Ephraim) and that on the following day he started out selling goods on the road, an occupation which, with the accompanying buying of eggs, poultry, wool and other country produce and such "side-lines!!!" as school-teaching, tax-collecting, farming, lumbering, insurance, and politics, he pursued for thirty-eight years, never finally retiring therefrom until in his 71st year, on October 17, 1913, he fell from a tree while gathering apples in the orchard in front of the house here on "The Pinnacle"! During this first season on the road, Father hired from Hiram Crockett, who had retired, the large and specially constructed cart which he finally bought of him one or two years later and which he afterward drove continuously during the Summer months all the thirty-eight years referred to with the exception of at least a part of the Summer of 1876, ~~in~~ when he used an ordinary express wagon with a specially built body set in it---It's up in the wood-shed chamber now, while the old cart which he bought of Hiram Crockett still stands in the barn!

On July 1st, 1875, Uncle Milton Kneeland sold what had become his portion of the old Kneeland farm to John Pennie, like Allan lately from Aberdeen, for \$1100.00---subject to Father's one-year lease of a portion of the house! The Pennies were a

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

one-year lease of a portion of the house. The Pennells were a  
Allan lately from Aberdeen, for \$1100.00---subject to Father's  
come his portion of the old Wheeland farm to John Pennell, like  
On July 1st, 1875, Uncle Milton Wheeland sold what had be-  
the barn!

the old cart which he bought of Hiram Crockett still stands in  
body set in it---it's up in the wood-shed chamber now, while  
when he used an ordinary express wagon with a specially built  
with the exception of at least a part of the summer of 1876, ex-  
ing the summer months all the thirty-eight years referred to  
two years later and which he afterwards drove continuously dur-  
cially constructed cart which he finally bought of him one or  
hired from Hiram Crockett, who had retired, the large and spe-  
"The Pinnacle"! During this first season on the road, Father  
gathering apples in the orchard in front of the house here on  
his first year, on October 17, 1813, he fell from a tree while  
thirty-eight years, never finally retiring therefrom until in  
ing, farming, lumbering, insurance, and politics, he pursued for  
produce and such "side-linings" as school-teaching, tax-collect-  
the accompanying buying of eggs, poultry, wool and other country  
started out selling goods on the road, an occupation which, with  
Crockett of Mount Ephraim) and that on the following day he  
bought of Hiram H. Crockett (He and Tyler were sons of Ephraim  
at Gearport village taking account of a stock of goods he had  
Father's diary says that he spent June 1st and 2nd, 1875,  
Thompson of the Twins---between "Bert" Young's and Eli Colson's  
side of which is now occupied by the house in which resides Mr.  
and bought it of "Aunt" Trip) on the Mount Ephraim road, the  
moved to what was then known as the Cypress place (although she



210

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

queer lot! It soon became evident that two hundred and forty or fifty years residence in "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" had eliminated most of the Scottish traits from the veins of the Kneelands or that the characteristics of the native Scots (Scots) had changed greatly since the hegira of the Kneelands had taken place! At any rate the Kneelands and Pennies didn't hitch---Or rather Mrs. Pennie, who was the "man" of the family, didn't approve of the ways of life of Father, ~~wh~~ whom she accused among other things of being "up and charging about in the morning like a young hor-r-sel!", thereby disturbing her rest and tranquility of mind! I remember that the Pennie boys, "Wallie" and "Alec", used to get me out in the further barn and amuse themselves by assuring me that I was a "Yankee"! Not understanding the term at that time I was not, as a five-year-old, so outrageously proud of the appellation as I have become since! I particularly remember that it was at the scene of one of these confabs that I gave "Dinah", my rag doll, her last spanking and consigned her to what I assume to have been her final resting-place under the loose timbers of the old hay-mow! R. I. P.!

Among the memories of a five-year-old while we were living in the old Kneeland farmhouse in 1875 is that of a day when Father, having reached home at about noon, had <sup>put</sup> up "Old Charlie" but left the buggy with a bag of grain in it standing on the sharp bank by the front door---We were living in the end of the main house nearest the Black Road! To my youthful mind that offered opportunity for adventure and I endeavored to induce Bert, then a mighty warrior of two years, to get into the buggy while I gave him a ride! He seeming to have developed prudence

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

quester last! It soon became evident that two hundred and forty or fifty years residence in "The Land of the Tree and the Home of the Brave" had eliminated most of the Scottish traits from the veins of the Kneelands or that the characteristics of the native Scots (Scots) had changed greatly since the regime of the Kneelands had taken place! At any rate the Kneelands and Pennies didn't hitch---Or rather Mrs. Pennie, who was the "man" of the family, didn't approve of the ways of life of Father, when she accused among other things of being "up and charging about in the morning like a young boy-r-reel", thereby disturbing her rest and tranquillity of mind! I remember that the Pennie boys, "Wallie" and "Alie", used to get me out in the further barn and amuse themselves by assuring me that I was a "Yankee"! Not understanding the term at that time I was not as a five-year-old, so outrageously proud of the appellation as I have become since! I particularly remember that it was at the scene of one of these contests that I gave "Dinah", my rag doll, her last spanking and consigned her to what I assume to have been her final resting-place under the loose timbers of the old hay-mow! H. I. P.!

Among the memories of a five-year-old while we were living in the old Kneeland farmhouse in 1878 is that of day when Father, having resolved home at about noon, had up "Old Charlie" but left the buggy with a bag of grain in it standing on the sharp bank by the front door---We were living in the end of the main house nearest the Black Road! To my youthful mind that offered opportunity for adventure and I endeavored to induce Bert, then a mighty warrior of two years, to get into the buggy while I gave him a ride! He seemed to have developed prudence

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

even at that early age and declining the invitation I grasped the thills with the idea of having some fun on my own account! The next thing I remember distinctly is being in the old-fashioned wooden cradle with a hood top, sorer than it has ever since seemed to me possible for anyone to be---or at any rate sorer than I have ever been from that day---while Father's buggy was lacking two perfectly good thills! During this Summer Lyman Harris was my "best friend"---"Old Tige" bit him one night! Martha Bowen and I went to school in a more or less desultory fashion at the George Settlement! It was a year or so prior to this that "Jose" - (Josiah for his Uncle "Si")- and I had distinguished ourselves by falling into the spring---the picture of Aunt Sarah coming down over the bank with all sail set remains with me to this day---and also that one of Uncle Milt's barns was struck by lightning!

Although they had a year's lease of part of the house on the "Old Homestead", Father and Mother didn't enjoy the idiosyncrasies of Mrs. Pennie and having an opportunity to buy the Gilman Piper place of Jonathan Savery - (Piper's brother-in-law)- they leased it for one year with an option of purchase at the end of that time, Father declining to buy immediately because of some doubt regarding the title! I came over with Father on loads of wood and hay a few times previously but we moved from the Old Kneeland Homestead to the Piper Place on December 6, 1875! It was colder than blue blazes!---so cold that "Uncle Nelse", who drove Mother and us "kids" over in the old green pung, came across the ice on the Gould Meadow as Father had been doing with wood and hay---the present public road hadn't been built in to Harriman's - (now Horace Robbins's)- at that



## THE OROONTO FAMILY

even at that early age and declining the invitation I grasped the child with the idea of having some fun on my own account! The next thing I remember distinctly is being in the old-fashioned wooden cradle with a hood top, cover than it has ever since seemed to me possible for anyone to be--or at any rate sooner than I have ever been from that day--while Father's buggy was lacking two perfectly good children! During this summer Lyman Harris was my "best friend"---"Old Tige" but him one night! Martha Bowen and I went to school in a more or less decorative fashion at the George Settlement! It was a year or so prior to this that "Tose" - (Tosiah for his Uncle "St") - and I had distinguished ourselves by falling into the spring--the picture of Aunt Sarah coming down over the bank with all sail set remaining with me to this day--and also that one of Uncle Mitt's barns was struck by lightning! Although they had a year's lease of part of the house on the "Old Homestead", Father and Mother didn't enjoy the idleness of Mrs. Pennie and having an opportunity to buy the William Piper place of Jonathan Savery - (Piper's brother-in-law)--they leased it for one year with an option of purchase at the end of that time, Father declining to buy immediately because of some doubt regarding the title! I came over with Father on loads of wood and hay a few times previously but we moved from the Old Kneeland Homestead to the Piper Place on December 6, 1875! It was colder than blue glass!--as cold that "Uncle Nels", who drove Mother and us "Nids" over in the old green pung, came across the ice on the Gould Meadow as Father had been doing with wood and hay--the present public road hadn't been built in to Hartman's - (now Horace Robinson's) - at that

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

time! As we came across the meadow the nor'-west wind got a good sweep at us and I have a very vivid recollection of the blueness of Uncle Nelson's face and nose and of the "comforter" tied around his neck---one that he wore for many years! Arrived at our new domicile everything was cold, including ourselves, but we soon got thawed out! I remember going up to Aunt Lucy's a few days afterward to see the two new babies---Georgia and Webster---the youngest of which did not seem yet to appreciate the distinction of being an uncle to a young lady older than himself!

Father taught school that Winter in what was then still known as the Fields' Settlement although it has since become successively the Roulstone and Mortland District! I walked back and forth with him when the weather wasn't too bad. Fred Kendall spent the Winter with us and went to school to a man named King here in the Porter District. Later I remember Father and Fred coming home from the woods one day because of Father having been cut in the side! It was during this Winter that we became acquainted with George Bowen and the Cunningham boys! Aunt Nell taught the Porter District school during the Spring of 1876 and boarded with us. I went to school to her. She gave me my first "licking" with a switch---in school--- Mother may have performed the rite at an earlier day! Don't remember! I do remember that they had a picnic in Felker's Grove on the last day of school! At this time the dam at the Piper Mill was in good condition and the pond full. Fred Whittum and I used to go sailing on a raft but we had to keep our weather eyes peeled for Mother who had pronounced an interdiction on that particular form of sport! Nevertheless, I was not as much



THE CHOICEST FAMILY

time! As we came across the meadow the north-west wind got a good sweep at us and I have a very vivid recollection of the fineness of Uncle Nelson's face and nose and of the "comforter" clad around his neck---one that he wore for many years! Arrive-  
ed at our new domicile everything was cold, including ourselves, but we soon got thawed out! I remember going up to Aunt Lucy's a few days afterward to see the two new babies---Georgia and Webster---the youngest of which did not seem yet to appreciate the distinction of being an uncle to a young lady older than himself!

Father taught school that Winter in what was then still known as the Fields' Settlement although it has since become successively the Bonestone and Morland District! I walked back and forth with him when the weather wasn't too bad. Fred Kendall spent the Winter with us and went to school to a man named King here in the Porter District. Later I remember Father and Fred coming home from the woods one day because of Father having been out in the sled! It was during this Winter that we became acquainted with George Bowen and the Gunningsham boys! Aunt Nell taught the Porter District school during the Spring of 1878 and boarded with us. I went to school to her. She gave me my first "licking" with a switch---in school--- Mother may have performed the rite at an earlier day! Don't remember! I do remember that they had apocryphic in Tolner's Grove on the last day of school! At this time the dam at the River Mill was in good condition and the pond full. Fred Whittam and I used to go sailing on a raft but we had to keep our wretched eyes peeled for Mother who had pronounced an interdiction on that particular form of sport! Nevertheless, I was not as much

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

afraid of Mother that Summer as I was of the frequent thunder-showers! They certainly had me "~~z~~buffaloed"---although the expression was unknown at that time!

Father having become doubtful of the title to the Piper place Savery had, during the Summer of 1876, arranged to sell it to Captain Harrison Steele of Stockton. Steele came to Father and ordered him to vacate the house by a certain day. Father's lease didn't expire until December and he "allowed as how" he shouldn't get out until he got good and ready---He told the Captain that if he came in before it would have to be over his dead body! This "queered" Savery's sale for before Father had bought ~~his~~ <sup>the</sup> present home of Melvin M. Whittum and moved here on November 1, 1876, William H. McClellan of Belfast -(I think he spelled it McClellan though his son Hugh does not)- had discovered that Savery had no title, had bought the place from the rightful heirs, and sued Savery for trespass because of certain repairs amounting to approximately \$100 which he (Savery) had made! Savery had to pay \$75.00 damages so that, with his lawyer's fees, his little excursion into "High Finance" cost him about \$200.00! Steele eventually took title from McClellan!

Before buying what became his forty-year home here on "The Pinnacle" Father had arranged through Melvin M. Whittum to buy of "Mel's" mother, the widow of Rufus Whittum, the old Whittum place on which "Mel" and his brothers had been reared and where now live William and "Archie" Merrithew but upon being urged to do so had sold his trade to Benson Staples of Stockton <sup>for \$25.00</sup> and partially assuaged Mother's disappointment by giving her the money---she used it to buy the carpet which is even now on the south bedroom chamber! Staples later sold the place to "Jack" Crocker;

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

bedroom chamber! Staples later sold the place to "Jack" Crockett! --- she used it to buy the carpet which is even now on the north-  
tially assuaged Mother's disappointment by giving her the money-  
do so had sold his trade to Benson Staples at \$250.00 and par-  
now live William and "Archie" here! new but soon being urged to  
place on which "Mel" and his brothers had been reared and where  
of "Mel's" mother, the widow of Rufus Whitton, the old Whitton  
Pinnacle" Father had arranged through Melvin M. Whitton to buy  
Before buying what became his forty-year home here on "The  
about \$200.00! Staples eventually took title from Melville!  
yer's fees, his little excursion into "High Finance" cost him  
made! Savery had to pay \$75.00 damages so that, with his law-  
repairs amounting to approximately \$100 which he (Savery) had  
rightful heirs, and sued Savery for trespass because of certain  
covered that Savery had no title, had bought the place from the  
he spelled it McJellan though his son Hugh does not) -- had dis-  
on November 1, 1876, William M. McJellan of Belfast - (I think  
had bought his present home of Melvin M. Whitton and moved here  
his dead body! This "purchased" Savery's sale for before Father  
the Captain that if he came in before it would have to be over-  
how" he shouldn't get out until he got good and ready---He told  
Father's lease didn't expire until December and he "allowed as  
Father and ordered him to vacate the house by a certain day.  
it to Captain Harrison Steele of Stockton. Steele came to  
place Savery had, during the summer of 1876, arranged to sell  
Father having become doubtful of the title to the Piper  
precision was unknown at that time!  
showers! They certainly had me "bought" -- although the ex-  
afraid of Mother that summer as I was of the frequent thunder-



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Father's deed to Mother's present home was from Melvin M. Whittum and was dated October 18, 1876, on which date Father makes mention of the passing of the papers in his Diary! The original parcel was bounded on the north by lands of Michael Felker, on the south by those of Nathaniel Larrabee, on the west by those of Wilmoth Porter, and on the east by the Mount Ephraim road. The deed gives the consideration as \$1100.00 but the actual amount paid was \$1300.00. We moved up over the hill on November 1, 1876. Father's Diary says that Cora and Andrew Larrabee helped us and Mother particularly remembers that Fred Kendall was here and that he and Cora put down the carpets in the bedroom chambers. I don't remember leaving the Piper place nor arriving at the Whittum place but I do remember feeling very important as I trudged up over the Piper Hill and thought that I was moving!

The place didn't look much as it does now! A fence bordered the road from the "Ledge" to the store -(You had to open a gate to drive in a lane into which, in Springtime, your wheels would sink to the hubs)-, above which its place was taken by a stone wall which not only separated the road from the back field of what was still called "The Ira Porter Place"---although Ira's son-in-law Melvin M. Whittum was now its owner and had assumed its management, Ira continuing to live with him---but continued on up over the hill along the edge of the Felker fields to the point where it still remains as a part of the pasture fence! Father said in the Fall of 1916 that he couldn't see that the trees along the road looked much different than on the day he first particularly noticed them---when he came home from the Army in 1863!---but they and the "main house" are about the

THE CHOCOMETT FAMILY

Father's deed to Mother's present home was from Melvin M. Whitton and was dated October 18, 1876, on which date Father makes mention of the passing of the papers in his Diary! The original parcel was bounded on the north by lands of Michael Feller, on the south by those of Nathaniel Larabee, on the west by those of Wilmoth Porter, and on the east by the Mount Ephraim road. The deed gives the consideration as \$1100.00 but the actual amount paid was \$1300.00. We moved up over the Hill on November 1, 1876. Father's Diary says that Gora and Andrew Larabee helped us and Mother particularly remembers that Fred Kendall was here and that he and Gora put down the carpets in the bedroom chambers. I don't remember leaving the Piper place nor arriving at the Whitton place but I do remember feeling very important as I tramped up over the Piper Hill and thought that I was moving!

The place didn't look much as it does now! A fence bordered the road from the "ledge" to the store - (You had to open a gate to drive in a lane into which, in Springtime, four wheels would sink to the hubs) - , above which the place was taken by a stone wall which not only separated the road from the back field of what was still called "The Mr. Porter Place" --- although Mr. had been until son-in-law Melvin M. Whitton was now its owner and had assumed its management, its continuing to live with him --- but continued on up over the Hill along the edge of the Feller fields to the point where it still remains as a part of the pasture fence! Father said in the Fall of 1876 that he couldn't see that the trees along the road looked much different than on the day he first particularly noticed them --- when he came home from the Army in 1863! --- but they and the "main house" are about the



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

only things which retain practically the same appearance which they presented to the eye when we moved here forty years ago on the first day of last November! At that time the only cleared spaces on the original farm were the fields in front and back of the house and the small level strip at the bottom of the hill down behind the barn! Each of the "blueberry corners" in the front field was then covered with a heavy growth through one of which ran the path which served as a short cut to Larrabee's and in the stump fence separating which from what was then included in the pasture I remember that Dan Staples, Bert and myself had a cache for apples---which were largely of the "stolen" variety! At any rate, I remember Aunt Lucy reading the Riot Act to us one day when she caught us "red-handed" in the act of replenishing our reserves! The old barn was thoroughly disreputable and was entered from behind the house! The "tie-up" was on the western side! Ira, and later "Mel", kept his horse and pig in what we now call "the second shed", the present "first shed" serving as a woodhouse! The "ell" was a squat affair whose eaves were on a level with its chamber floors which, such as they were, were reached by a "Jacob's Ladder"! The kitchen was a cupboard-like <sup>arrangement</sup> affair and was shut off from the southern window by a hall running from the present sitting-room to the "first shed"---of which the present pantry and cellar-stairway were a part! Porter's, and later Whittum's, kitchen stove was in what we now call the sitting-room and here Mother's was first set up! The only remaining fire-place was in the present parlor but as it didn't draw well Mother had it bricked up! This had already been done to those in the "ell" but the brick hearths which had been in front of them were not torn up

only things which retain practically the same appearance which they presented to the eye when we moved here forty years ago on the first day of last November! At that time the only cleared spaces on the original farm were the fields in front and back of the house and the small level strip at the bottom of the hill down behind the barn! Each of the "blueberry corners" in the front field was then covered with a heavy growth through one of which ran the path which served as a short cut to Larabee's and in the stump fence separating which from what was then known as a part of the pasture I remember that Dan Staples, Bert and myself had a scotch for apples---which were largely of the "scotch" variety! At any rate, I remember Aunt Lucy reading the Riot Act to us one day when she caught us "red-handed" in the act of replenishing our reserves! The old barn was thoroughly dismantled and was entered from behind the house! The "tie-up" was on the western side! Its, and later "Mell", kept his horse and pig in what we now call "the second shed", the present "first shed" serving as a woodhouse! The "cell" was a great affair whose eaves were on a level with its chamber floors which, such as they were, were reached by a "Jacob's ladder"! The kitchen was a cupboard-like affair and was built out from the southern window by a hall running from the present sitting-room to the "first shed"---of which the present pantry and cellar-stairway were a part! Porter's, and later Whittum's, kitchen stove was in what we now call the sitting-room and here Mother's was first set up! The only remaining fire-place was in the present parlor but as it didn't draw well Mother had it bricked up! This had already been done to those in the "cell" but the brick hearth which had been in front of them were not torn up

# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

until after the advent of the Kneelands! There was no cellar under the main house and no way to get into the one under the stair-  
 "cell" except by the cellar-way which led from the kitchen! Ledge cropped out boldly from what is now the lawn and the hummock behind the house was then absolutely bare of earth! The swampy piece of ground behind the barn at the head of which is the spring at which the cows now drink in Winter was then included in the back field---"Johnny" Sullivan, Daniel's brother, dug a drain up through it for Father within a year or two after we moved here and got badly (and literally) stung while robbing of its honey a bees nest which he came upon in the process! Except for the three fields indicated and small cleared spaces above and below the level strip down back of the barn, the entire farm was covered with woods---It was a famous place for partridges, the discovery of the nest of one of which not more than 100 feet from what is now the edge of the woods behind the barn led to Delia George's immortal query:- "Mr. Lurryby! What kind of eggs is patridge's eggs?" and "Steve's equally famous reply:- "Why! They're patridge's eggs, Delia!" There was a path to Porter's down through the woods-covered pasture through which Dan Staples, Bert and I used occasionally to wend our way, sometimes halting at the edge of the safe refuge afforded by the forest to "sarse" Mrs. Porter if perchance she preferred that her off-spring should not receive visitors on that particular day and sent us home! The depression in the field southwest of the barn was then a swamp, pure and simple! Old Man Pennie drained it for Father a few years later --- and incidentally helped Father to wait on the table! Ira Porter had used the building which in our time has been "The Store" as



THE BROOKETT FAMILY

until after the advent of the Kneelanders! There was no cellar under the main house and no way to get into the one under the "cell" except by the cellar-way which led from the kitchen! Ledger cringed out boldly from what is now the lawn and the hummock behind the house was then absolutely bare of earth! The swampy place of ground behind the barn at the head of which is the spring at which the cows now drink in winter was then included in the back field--"Johnny" Sullivan, Daniel's brother, dug a drain up through it for Father within a year or two after we moved here and got badly (and literally) stuck while robbing of its honey a bees nest which he came upon in the process! Except for the three fields indicated and small cleared spaces above and below the level strip down back of the barn, the entire farm was covered with woods--It was a famous place for partridges, the discovery of the nest of one of which not more than 100 feet from what is now the edge of the woods behind the barn led to Delia George's immortal query:- "Mr. Lurvy! What kind of eggs is partridge's eggs?" and "Steve's eggs! They're partridge's eggs, Delia!" There was a path to Porter's down through the woods-covered pasture through which Dan Staples, Bert and I used occasionally to wend our way, sometimes halting at the edge of the safe refuge afforded by the forest to "sawse" Mrs. Porter if perchance she preferred that her off-spring should not receive visitors on that particular day and sent us home! The depression in the field southwest of the barn was then a swamp, gully and sinkhole! Old Ben Pannie drained it for Father a few years later --- and incidentally helped Father to wait on the table! Mrs Porter had used the building which in our time has been "The Store" as

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

a combined blacksmith and carpenter shop---the anvil was removed after our arrival and the space in the floor through which extended to the earth beneath the block on which it rested may yet be seen! That part of "the store" in which Father kept molasses and kerosene was open on the southern side and had been used by Porter and Whittum as a wagon-shelter! The building was used by Father only as a work-shop for some years but was finished off as a store in (about) 1882! There was an alleged spring near the foot of the juniper tree just across the fence in the pasture from the present chicken-yard and we boys instituted a "mill-pond" by building a dam across what was then a considerable brook at the nearby boulder! An old-fashioned farm-yard, built of huge logs, stood on the dry ground just beyond the little brook and immediately south of the present pasture fence---southwest of the barn! It was into the refuge afforded by the angle of this farmyard and the pasture fence and a loose fence-stake that "Old Charles" drove George when Bowen was not yet as well acquainted with him as he became afterward! Ask George how he swat the old villain between the "lookers"!

The strip of land across the Mount Ephraim road on which "Joe" Harriman's house and barn had been burned in (about) 1870 while Aunt Mary Kendall was living there and teaching the Porter District school, and on which now stands the "new barn", was retained by Whittum when he made the original sale to Father. Joseph Bowen had lived there at one time (after Harriman moved to Frankfort) and his son Elroy was born there. Mother tells me that the house was somewhat similar in appearance to "Webbie's", that the doors of the barn faced the road, and that the



# THE CROCKETT FAMILY

a combined blacksmith and carpenter shop--the mill was removed after our arrival and the space in the floor through which extended to the earth beneath the block on which it rested may yet be seen! That part of "the store" in which Father kept molasses and kerosene was open on the southern side and had been used by Porter and Whitton as a wagon-shed! The building was used by Father only as a work-shop for some years but was finished off as a store in (about) 1882! There was an alleged spring near the foot of the juniper tree just across the fence in the pasture from the present chicken-yard and we boys installed a "mill-pond" by building a dam across what was then a considerable brook at the nearby boulder! An old-fashioned farm-yard, built of huge logs, stood on the dry ground just beyond the little brook and immediately south of the present pasture fence--southwest of the barn! It was into the refuge afforded by the angle of this farmyard and the pasture fence and a loose fence-stake that "Old Charles" drove George when Bowen was not yet as well acquainted with him as he became afterwards! Ask George how he saw the old villain between the "lookers"! The strip of land across the Mount Ephraim road on which "Joe" Harriman's house and barn had been burned in (about) 1870 while Aunt Mary Kendall was living there and teaching the Porter District school, and on which now stands the "new barn", was retained by Whitton when he made the original sale to Father. Joseph Bowen had lived there at one time (after Harriman moved to Frankfort) and his son Elroy was born there. Mother tells me that the house was somewhat similar in appearance to "Webb's", that the doors of the barn faced the road, and that the

224  
THE CROCKETT FAMILY

driveway thereto left the Mount Ephraim road just to the north of the old well near that road---you can see the hummock where Father filled it up now! (The well is referred to as having been filled up!) There was (and is?) another well over in the woods in the swampy land near "Webbie's" pasture!). When Aunt Mary lived there in 1870 (?) her family consisted not only of her son Fred and herself but of her sisters Nellie and Jane with the latter's daughter Nettie. Uncle Albert was away at the time and Aunt Nell was taking advantage of the opportunity to attend the school of one of the best teacher's Waldo County or the State of Maine ever produced! Mother was accustomed not only to visit Aunt Mary and her sisters at the Harriman house across the road but frequently came to this house to see the two Porter girls, "Rilla" and Nettie, in their father's home long before she ever even dreamed of living here! -(Ira Porter's first wife and the mother of these, his only two children, was Margaret Park of Searsport Harbor!)-

The ~~an~~ four or five acres of land across the road was sold to Mother by Whittum nearly eight years after he had sold the original farm to Father, the consideration being \$200.00! The deed bears date of August 2, 1884, and describes the southern boundary as "a private way leading from the Mount Ephraim road to said Staples' dwelling-house", the northern lane at Staples's being the one meant, there having been some sort of a dispute or question about the title to the small triangular piece of land bounded by the two lanes and the Mount Ephraim road.

As a matter of fact, at one time during the more or less continual "unpleasantness" which existed between Job Larrabee and Gilman Piper, Piper had arranged to buy this triangular

## THE GROSVENT FAMILY

Driveway there he left the Mount Ephraim road just to the north of the old well near that road--you can see the farmhouse where Father filled it up now! (The well is referred to as having been filled up!) There was (and is?) another well over in the woods in the swampy land near "Webbie's" pasture!). When Aunt Mary lived there in 1870 (?) her family consisted not only of her son Fred and herself but of her sisters Nellie and Jane with the latter's daughter Nettie. Uncle Albert was away at the time and Aunt Nell was taking advantage of the opportunity to attend the school of one of the best teachers in Waldo County or the State of Maine ever produced! Mother was accustomed not only to visit Aunt Mary and her sisters at the Harriman house across the road but frequently came to this house to see the two Porter girls, "Rilla" and Nettie, in their father's home long before she ever even dreamed of living here! - (Irr Porter's first wife and the mother of these, his only two children, was Margaret Park of Searport Harbor!)-

The ten four or five acres of land across the road was sold to Mother by Whittem nearly eight years after he had sold the original farm to Father, the consideration being \$200.00! The deed bears date of August 2, 1884, and describes the southern boundary as "a private way leading from the Mount Ephraim road to said Staples' dwelling-house", the northern line at Staples' being the one meant, there having been some sort of a dispute or question about the title to the small triangular piece of land bounded by the two lanes and the Mount Ephraim road.

As a matter of fact, at one time during the more or less continual "unpleasantness" which existed between Job Larrabee and Gilman Piper, Piper had arranged to buy this triangular



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

plot from Ira Porter for five or ten dollars for the purpose of "devilling" Larrabee by cutting off his convenient egress to the Mount Ephraim road! The transaction never was completed, however, either by the payment of the money or the execution of a deed so that when Mother bought the strip of land across the road from Whittum he assured Father that he could give title clear to the point where the Staples line strikes the Mount Ephraim road! Still, as Captain Steele had raised a question regarding the plot, claiming title from the Piper heirs, -(who never had any)-, and as Father did not wish to be involved in a neighborhood row over so small a matter he had Whittum make the deed as above set forth, i.e., giving the northern lane at Staples's as the southern boundary! This left a small "No Man's Land" between the two lanes at Staples's so that, Captain Steele having died, I drew a quit-claim deed from Melvin M. Whittum to Mother for this triangular plot and got him to execute it while I was here in the Summer of 1910. Merely as a matter of information and so that it can be found if it should ever be desired for reference I am going to quote in the following paragraph a memorandum which I wrote on the day Mr. Whittum delivered to me this deed, which deed is registered in Book 299, Page 428, Waldo County Registry of Deeds! The memorandum, which is filed with the original deed among Mother's papers, is as follows:-

"Re Triangular Strip of Land at the Staples' Lane"

"When Melvin M. Whittum called at Father's today and delivered to me his quit-claim deed to Amanda H. Kneeland for above strip he told me that the field across the road was sold to Joe Harriman; that Harriman moved to Frankfort and got in debt to

## THE GROOMING FAMILY

plot from Mr. Porter for five or ten dollars for the purpose of "devilling" (arranged by cutting off his convenient access to the Mount Ephraim road). The transaction never was completed, however, either by the payment of the money or the execution of a deed as that when Mother bought the strip of land across the road from Whitton he assured Father that he could give title clear to the point where the Staples line strikes the Mount Ephraim road. Still, as Captain Steele had raised a question regarding the plot, claiming title from the Piper heirs, -- (who never had any) --, and as Father did not wish to be involved in a neighborhood row over so small a matter he had Whitton make the deed as above set forth, i.e., giving the northern lane at Staples' as the southern boundary. This left a small "No Man's Land" between the two lanes at Staples' as that, Captain Steele having died, I drew a quit-claim deed from Melvin M. Whitton to Mother for this triangular plot and got him to execute it while I was here in the summer of 1910. Merely as a matter of information and so that it can be found if it should ever be desired for reference I am going to quote in the following paragraph a memorandum which I wrote on the day Mr. Whitton delivered to me this deed, which deed is registered in Book 289, Page 428, Waldo County Registry of Deeds. The memorandum, which is filed with the original deed among Mother's papers, is as follows:--

"Re Triangular Strip of Land at the Staples' Lane"

"When Melvin M. Whitton called at Father's today and delivered to me his quit-claim deed to Amanda M. Kneeland for above strip he told me that the field across the road was sold to Joe Hartman; that Hartman moved to Frankfort and got in debt to



## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Selden Morton to whom he finally gave a deed of the field across the road -(where the new hay-barn is)-, said deed calling only for four acres; that he -(Whittum)- had Harriman and Morton give him warranty deeds -(or a joint warranty deed(?)- for five acres; that he yesterday looked up these old deeds and found that they covered the land extending from the south line of the Felter place to the intersection of the Staples line with the Mt. Ephraim road and that therefore (unless Piper secured a deed to this triangular strip---and "Webbie" says that Uncle Nelson found by searching the records that he did not) his (Whittum's) quit-claim deed of July 22, 1910, (delivered to me today)- is every bit as good as a warranty deed, inasmuch as the title was unquestionably vested in him (Whittum). -(Signed)- F. E. Kneeland, Searsport, Me., July 23, 1910."

Mother having sold to "Webbie", at the request of Freeman Young, a small piece of land between the Staples' house and the Mount Ephraim road in (about) 1899, this small triangular plot is of no practical use to anyone except him!

---

In looking through Father's Diaries of the late "seventies" and early "eighties" some of the miscellaneous items which attracted my attention were as follows:- "Fred Kendall shipped with 'Gus Iarrabee'---under May 19, 1876; "Fred sailed for Liverpool last night" ---under December 3, 1876; and "Fred Kendall came home today after an absence of 28 months"---under April 5, 1879! Were I not fairly certain that when Fred sailed for Liverpool in Dec., 1876, it was in the Ship "R. R. Thomas" under Captain Peleg Nichols I should think the entry under June 13, 1877, reading "Manda and I went to see the ship launch-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Golden Norton to whom he finally gave a deed of the field across  
the road - (where the new way-ran is) - , said deed calling only  
for four acres; that he - (Whittum) - had Harrison and Norton give  
him warranty deeds - (or a joint warranty deed?) - for five a-  
cres; that he yesterday looked up these old deeds and found that  
they covered the land extending from the south line of the Fel-  
her place to the intersection of the Staples line with the Mt.  
Ephraim road and that therefore (unless Piper secured a deed to  
this triangular strip---and "Webbie" says that Uncle Nelson  
found by searching the records that he did not) his (Whittum's) a-  
quit-claim deed of July 22, 1910, (delivered to me today) - is  
every bit as good as a warranty deed, inasmuch as the title was  
undoubtedly vested in him (Whittum). - (Signed) - W. E. Kees-  
land, Searport, Me., July 22, 1910."

father having sold to "Webbie", at the request of Freeman  
Young, a small piece of land between the Staples' house and the  
Mount Ephraim road in (about) 1899, this small triangular plot  
is of no practical use to anyone except him

In looking through Father's papers of the late "seventies"  
and early "eighties" some of the miscellaneous items which at-  
tracted my attention were as follows:- "Fred Kendall shipped  
with 'Gus Larabee'---under May 12, 1876; "Fred sailed for  
Liverpool last night"---under December 2, 1876; and "Fred  
Kendall came home today after an absence of 28 months"---under  
April 6, 1877! Were I not fairly certain that when Fred sail-  
ed for Liverpool in Dec., 1876, it was in the ship "E. P. Thom-  
as" under Captain Peleg Nichols I should think the entry under  
June 12, 1877, reading "Kenda and I went to see the ship launch-

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

ed but not tide enough---we went in the night and saw her off" had reference to that ship---the "R. R. Thomas"---but it either did not or my information as to the ship in which Fred took to "Deep Water" in 1876 is at fault! Other items have reference to the meetings of "The Farmers' Club" ~~meetings~~ at the Porter Schoolhouse; religious meetings there, at the houses of neighbors, and at the Nichols' Campground in 1878 and 1879; the birth of Ames Staples's daughter Ruth on March 24, 1878; my illness with membranous croup in February, 1878/- (when everyone else seems to have been having diphtheria); the numerous "parties" which were given in the neighborhood in 1876-7-8-9; the departure of Uncle Albert S. Nichols, Amos and Freeman Matthews, Warner Hamilton and "Wood" Tyler for Colorado on March 10th, 1879; the death of Annie (Marden) Staples on January 6, 1880; the burning of Dennis Hare's buildings on January 29, 1880; and the five or six weeks illness of us "kids" of scarlet fever from April 24th to June 1st, 1879, as well as the "Raising" of the present barn on June 9, 1879!

---

After moving here on November 1, 1876, Father and Mother soon became thoroughly established in what proved to be their permanent home. Father taught in the Clark Settlement during the Winter of 1876-7 and in that of 1877-8 conducted here in the Porter District what proved to be his last school---with the exception of two days (January 20-21, 1880) during which he took the same school for Alfred Emery Nickerson in order to enable him to go to Lewiston!

What has happened to us here in forty years we all know! Here Father renovated the buildings, first treating them to a



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

ed but not tide enough---we went in the night and saw her off"  
had reference to that ship---the "R. L. Thomas"---but it either  
did not or my information as to the ship in which Fred took to  
"Deep Water" in 1876 is at fault! Other items have reference  
to the meetings of "The Farmers' Club" ~~was~~ at the Porter  
Schoolhouse; religious meetings there, at the houses of neigh-  
bors, and at the Nichols' Campground in 1878 and 1879; the birth  
of Anna Staples's daughter Ruth on March 24, 1878; my illness  
with membranous croup in February, 1878;--(when everyone else  
seems to have been having diphtheria); the numerous "parties"  
which were given in the neighborhood in 1876-7-8-9; the depart-  
ure of Uncle Albert S. Nichols, Awa and Freeman Matthews, War-  
ren Hamilton and "Wood" Tyler for Colorado on March 10th, 1878;  
the death of Anna (Marden) Staples on January 6, 1880; the  
burning of Dennis Hare's buildings on January 29, 1880; and the  
five or six weeks illness of us "kids" of scarlet fever from  
April 24th to June 1st, 1879, as well as the "raining" of the  
present barn on June 9, 1879!

After moving here on November 1, 1876, Father and Mother  
soon became thoroughly established in what proved to be their  
permanent home. Father taught in the Clark Settlement during  
the Winter of 1876-7 and in that of 1877-8 conducted here in  
the Porter District what proved to be his last school---with the  
exception of two days (January 20-21, 1880) during which he took  
the same school for Alfred Emery Nicholson in order to enable  
him to go to Lewiston!

What has happened to us here in forty years we all know!  
Here Father renovated the buildings, first treating them to a

220

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

coat of paint and having Uncle Amos Matthews raise the roof of the "L" some three and a half feet, and then building the carriage house, this last having been followed by the erection of the barn in the early Summer of 1879 and later by the back-shed, hen-house, and sheep-shed! Here Father cleared up a farm which had been practically a wood-lot and brought it to a high state of cultivation! Here Hal was born on September 29, 1882! Here Father had bought (with George Bowen) the Bog Lot in 1878 and the "Mel" Nichols lot for his own account in (about) 1879! From here Mother visited Aunt Ruth in Rhode Island with Grandfather Crockett, thereby causing the Great Yellow Day of September 6, 1881! From here Father took me with him on a trip to Boston in April, 1882, and Bert on the one succeeding, at a time when all his goods were bought of and shipments made to Boston firms and it was necessary for him to make frequent visits to "The Hub" in consequence! Here, in the olden days, the neighbors used to gather for sociables, "sings", parties, and on many an otherwise festive occasion when Christmas Trees, "Exhibitions", and Spelling Matches at the Schoolhouse were of regular occurrence! Here 'Gene, Bert, and I built in 1883 the camp which stood for so many years behind the barn and from here I visited 'Gene in Presque Isle and helped him to dig and pick up seventeen barrels of potatoes from nine to three o'clock in one day of 1884! Here Father caused to be excavated the cellar under the main house in August and September of 1885 and the artesian well to be driven by "Jim" and "Pat" Gorie in October, 1886! From here Father went to New York with Aunt Nell in November, (24-30), 1886, to investigate the circumstances under which Uncle Wilton T. Randell had fallen overboard from the



THE GROCKETT FAMILY

coat of paint and having Uncle Amos Mathews raise the roof of the "I" some three and a half feet, and then building the carriage house, this last having been followed by the erection of the barn in the early summer of 1879 and later by the back-shed, hen-house, and sheep-shed! Here Father cleared up a farm which had been practically a wood-lot and brought it to a high state of cultivation! Here Hal was born on September 22, 1882! Here Father had bought (with George Bowen) the Bog lot in 1878 and the "Mell" Nichols lot for his own account in (about) 1879! From here Mother visited Aunt Ruth in Rhode Island which Grandfather Grockett, thereby causing the Great Yellow Boy of September 6, 1881! From here Father took me with him on a trip to Boston in April, 1882, and back on the one succeeding, at a time when all his goods were bought of and shipments made to Boston firms and it was necessary for him to make frequent visits to "The Hub" in consequence! Here, in the older days, the neighbors used to gather for socials, "singings", parties, and on many an otherwise festive occasion when Christmas trees, "Exhibition", and Spelling matches at the Schoolhouse were of regular occurrence! Here 'Gene, Bert, and I built in 1883 the camp which stood for so many years behind the barn and from here I visited 'Gene in Presque Isle and helped him to dig and pick up seventeen barrels of potatoes from nine to three o'clock in one day of 1884! Here Father caused to be excavated the cellar under the main house in August and September of 1885 and the artesian well to be driven by "Jim" and "Pat" Gorte in October, 1886! From here Father went to New York with Aunt Nell in November, (24-30), 1886, to investigate the circumstances under which Uncle Wilton T. Randall had fallen overboard from the

## THE CROCKETT FAMILY

Barque "Henry H. Gregg" (?) at midnight of Friday, November 19, (1886), shortly after he had anchored off Sandy Hook on an incoming voyage from some port in Brazil (!). From here we used to make yearly (yearly) pilgrimages to Maple Grove and Northport Campgrounds (sometimes in the old schooners run by John Closson and others among which I particularly remember the "Banner") and to Bangor, Monroe, Belfast, and other Fairs! From here "Old Nell" has started out on many a merry War Dance and here Carlo and Max preceded Don in thinking themselves the only pups in the landscape! Here for many years George Bowen maintained toward the younger members of the family the attitude of an elder brother! Here Martha "cussed" the cats, Harry defended the stairs, Alice discovered that "Jim Blaine has pins in his feet!", and here Kit, who wouldn't for the world tell you how old John Page, replying to an inquiry about "Bill" Lanpher of The Dirty Settlement, said:- "He has been raising the duvvlle ever since last August!" was wont to observe of Father during a particularly strenuous day that he was "John Paging it"! Here "Joe" Bowen sagely remarked that it was strange but that a man as old as he was could learn something new every day!

From here a certain "warm member" set forth for Comer's Commercial College on September 2, 1887, and to thrust himself upon a waiting world - (he has been dodging bricks ever since)- and has during a somewhat variegated career voted in the States of Maine, Massachusetts, New York and Tennessee and could have voted in Colorado, to say nothing of having cast a "straw" vote for Theodore Roosevelt in Mexico City and helping to celebrate a revolutionary "election" in Bogota! Here the aforesaid "warm member" is spending his first Winter in Maine in thirty years---

THE GROSVENT FAMILY

Barque "Harry H. Gregg" (?) at midnight of Friday, November 19, 1886, shortly after he had anchored off Sandy Hook on an incoming voyage from some port in Brazil (?). From here we used to make yearly (yearly) pilgrimages to Maple Grove and Northport Campgrounds (sometimes in the old residences run by John Olsson and others among which I particularly remember the "Banner") and to Bangor, Leno, Belfast, and other places from here "Old Nell" has started out on many a merry "far dance and here Carl and Max preceded Don in thinking themselves the only pups in the landscape! "For for many years George Bowen remained toward the younger members of the family the attitude of an elder brother! Here "Artha" "ceased" the cats, Harry danced and the stairs, Alice discovered that "Jim Blaine has gone in his feet!", and here Kit, who wouldn't let the world tell you how old John Page, replying to an inquiry about "Bill" leaped at "The Dirty Gettemant, said:- "He has been raising the dunnies ever since last August!" was wont to observe of father during a particularly strenuous day that he was "John taking it!" Here "Joe" Bowen sagely remarked that it was strange but that a man as old as he was could learn something new every day! From here a certain "warm member" set forth for Comer's Commercial College on September 2, 1887, and to thrust himself upon a waiting world - (he has been dodging bricks ever since) - and has during a somewhat varied career voted in the States of Maine, Massachusetts, New York and Tennessee and could have voted in Colorado, to say nothing of having cast a "straw" vote for Theodore Roosevelt in Mexico City and helping to celebrate a revolutionary "election" in Bogota! Here the aforesaid "warm member" is spending his first winter in Maine in thirty years--



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

and it's some Winter!

From here Bert went forth to the Searsport High School, Kent's Hill, and Shaw's Business College at Portland and (in November, 1891) to reconstruct the cordage and hotel business--- but finally consented to put that of Insurance on the map instead---entering the employ of John C. Paige & Co. on (about) December 1, 1894, and becoming a member of that firm on January 1, 1912!

From here after finishing the two years course of the Western State Normal School at Gorham in June, 1893, and spending five years each at the Porter District and Village schools, Kit wended her reluctant way to the banks of the Mystic, there to more thoroughly demonstrate that she really does know "How to Hammer the Stuffin' out of Kids"! and retiring in August of each year to the seclusion of Sandypoint, there to do penance therefor!

From here, in the brief periods of respite possible to a boy engaged in wearing out sundry bicycles, Hal sallied forth to mow down opposing batsmen and in the intervals between managed to pass through the Searsport High School to the University of Maine before he had yet reached his sixteenth birthday----- whence after four years and graduating with the Class of 1902 he proceeded into the West ("of Albany") only to find that the General Electric Company had already founded Schenectady----- whereupon he proceeded to put electricity (is Life) into and to tell good risks all about Surety Bonds!

From here Bert and I joined Fred Kendall, Otis Chessman, and 'Gene Kneeland on our memorable yachting and fishing trip down the Bay to Old Harbor, Swan's Island, and vicinity, on



THE CROCKETT FAMILY

and it's some winter!

From here Bert went forth to the Gerrard High School, Kent's Mill, and Shaw's Business College at Portland and (in November, 1891) to reconstruct the cordage and hotel business-- but finally consented to put that of insurance on the map instead--entering the employ of John C. Paige & Co. on (about) December 1, 1894, and becoming a member of that firm on January 1, 1912!

From here after finishing the two years course of the Western State Normal School at Gorham in June, 1895, and spending five years each at the Porter District and Village schools, Kit wended her reluctant way to the banks of the Mystic, there to more thoroughly demonstrate that she really does know "how to hammer the stuffin' out of kids!" and retiring in August of each year to the seclusion of Sandpoint, there to do penance therefore!

From here, in the brief periods of respite possible to a boy engaged in warring out sundry dilemmas, Kit sallied forth to mow down opposing batemen and in the intervals between warred to pass through the Gerrard High School to the University of Maine before he had yet reached his sixteenth birthday--when after four years and graduating with the class of 1902 he proceeded into the West ("of Albany") only to find that the General Electric Company had already founded Schenectady--whereupon he proceeded to put electricity (as life) into and to tell good risks all about Surety Bonds!

From here Bert and I joined Fred Kendall, Otto Olesman, and Gene Kneeland on our memorable peaching and fishing trip down the Bay to Old Harbor, Swan's Island, and vicinity, on

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

W. A. Kimball's sloop yacht "Jennette" in July, 1892, and here George and Elmer Hammons, Ed. Sargent, Bert and myself came to be "re-imbursed" in the Bryan campaign of 1896! Here we have all come on many an enjoyable vacation---to find that the maples are as green in Summer and as red in the Fall, that the pines sough as loudly in Winter, and that the Bay always presents as many changes ranging from deep blue to dull gray as in days gone by!

Here Mother was for years an invalid whom no-one expected ever to get well and here after declining to less than 75 pounds in weight she attained comparatively rugged health and a weight at least double that she had possessed in the middle eighties!

From here Father travelled the surrounding country for well-nigh thirty-seven of the more than thirty-eight years he drove on the road! From here he carried on his twenty-year campaign as Tax Collector, served on the School-Board for un-numbered terms, and went as a representative to the State Legislature at Augusta for the two terms beginning in 1896 and 1900! From here he became a member of Sears Lodge, No. 82, I. O. O. F., and was elected to the Commandership of Freeran -----  
McGilvery Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, while Mother took part in the activities of the Woman's Relief Corps back in the eighties! Here in comparatively recent years Mother bought the wood-lot on Bog Hill and the one of Elroy Bowen on the "Rake bit Lot" and Father bought the one of Burdeen and the Larrabee boys! Here he bought the Felker farm shortly after the buildings thereon burned on the morning of April 21, 1899, erecting the new barn across the road the following Spring for the purpose of housing the hay which it did not then produce! Here Father had pneumonia as the result of a fall on October 16, 1905! Here

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

W. A. Kinkaid's alias yacht "Jennette" in July, 1892, and here George and Elmer Hammons, Ed. Gargent, Bert and myself came to be "re-imbursed" in the Bryan campaign of 1896! Here we have all come on many an enjoyable vacation---to find that the apples are as green in Summer and as red in the Fall, that the pines are as loudly in Winter, and that the Bay always presents as many changes ranging from deep blue to dull gray as in days gone by! Here Mother was for years an invalid whom no one expected ever to get well and here after declining to less than 75 pounds in weight she attained comparatively rugged health and a weight at least double that she had possessed in the middle eighties! From here Father travelled the surrounding country for well-nigh thirty-seven of the more than thirty-eight years he drove on the road! From here he carried on his twenty-year campaign as Tax Collector, served on the School-Board for un-numbered terms, and went as a representative to the State Legislature at Augusta for the two terms beginning in 1896 and 1900! From here he became a member of Sears Lodge, No. 82, I. O. O. F., and was elected to the Commandership of Troop No. 11 of the Grand Army of the Republic, while Mother took part in the activities of the Woman's Relief Corps back in the eighties! Here in comparatively recent years Mother bought the wood-lot on Bog Hill and the one of Elroy Bowen on the "Belt Pit Lot" and Father bought the one of Burdson and the Larabee boys! Here he bought the Welker farm shortly after the building thereon burned on the morning of April 21, 1899, erecting the new barn across the road the following Spring for the purpose of housing the hay which it did not then produce! Here Father had pneumonia as the result of a fall on October 16, 1901! Here

THE CROCKETT FAMILY

his health began to fail in the succeeding years! Here he fell from an apple-tree on October 17, 1913! Here he began to suffer those attacks more and more frequently and here he died on January 22, 1917! May he rest in peace!

Searsport,  
Maine,  
3/19/1917.



THE OROONTO FARMING

His health began to fail in the succeeding years! There he fell  
from an apple-tree on October 17, 1913! Here he began to suffer  
those attacks more and more frequently and here he died on Jan-  
uary 22, 1917! May he rest in peace!

Georgetown,  
Maine  
3/12/1917.

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

YITMAN KASAMGI SHIT

### THE HEAGAN FAMILY

While it will break the continuity to do so, insasmuch as several of the succeeding sections refer principally to the Crocketts, I am going to insert here such facts as I have regarding the family of Mother's mother---the Heagans---even though they be comparatively few and incomplete!

"Webbie" quotes Henry McCaslin, who used to work for Uncle "Del" Crockett and his widow in the early "eighties" and was therefore much with Grandfather Crockett and the older members of the Heagan family, as saying that both Grandfather Crockett and Mother's Great Uncle Samuel S. Heagan - (whose title of <sup>arose</sup> "General" arose from his connection with the State Militia)- had told him that the Heagans first came to this country as outlaws under the rigorous edicts promulgated and persecutions practised against the Catholics in Ireland after the Battle of the Boyne on July 1, 1690, as a result of which the Protestants under William III (William of Orange) gained the ascendancy over the Catholics under James II (James Stuart)! As to the reliability of this statement I have made no investigation---I do not even know that the original immigrants were Catholics---but although the first settlers of that name here in Maine may have come from some other part of the American Colonies, there were no Heagans living in what is now the State of Maine when the First Census was taken in 1790---McCaslin says they changed the spelling of the name when they came to this country! In commenting upon this probable origin of the Heagans in this country "Will" Staples says in a letter to "Web":- "If they were



## THE HEGGAN FAMILY

While it will break the continuity to do so, I have re-  
several of the succeeding sections refer principally to the  
Brockett, I am going to insert here such facts as I have re-  
garding the family of Mother's mother---the Hegans---even  
though they be comparatively few and incomplete!

"Rebecca" quotes Henry Colclough, who used to work for "John  
"Del" Crockett and his widow in the early "eighties" and was  
therefore much with Grandfather Crockett and the older members  
of the Heggan family, as saying that both Grandfather Crockett  
and Mother's great Uncle Samuel G. Heggan - (whose title of  
"General" arose from his connection with the State Militia)  
had told him that the Hegans first came to this country as  
outlaws under the rigorous edicts promulgated and persecutions  
practised against the Catholics in Ireland after the battle of  
the Boyne on July 1, 1690, as a result of which the Protestants  
under William III (William of Orange) gained the ascendancy over  
the Catholics under James II (James Stuart)! As to the rela-  
bility of this statement I have made no investigation---I do  
not even know that the original immigrants were Catholics---but  
although the first settlers of that name here in Maine say have  
come from some other part of the American Colonies, there were  
no Hegans living in what is now the State of Maine when the  
first census was taken in 1790---Colclough says they changed the  
spelling of the name when they came to this country! In con-  
menting upon this probable origin of the Hegans in this coun-  
try "Will" Staples says in a letter to "Ed":-- "If they were

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

'Papists' it seems the Irony of Fate that, after leaving their country rather than take the Protestant oath, their descendants should all become Protestants---but likely their children and grandchildren got no religious training until the Methodist missionaries invaded the Maine woods! There were quite a few of these immigrants---Heagans, Nealleys, Crockers, Jacksons, Cummings---and Jeremiah O'Brien, the naval hero of eastern Maine, was the son or grandson of one of them!"

When in 1916 I asked Miss Ellen E. Heagan of Prospect Ferry (whose letter to Mother in 1909 constitutes the greater part of these Heagan Notes) regarding the circumstances under which the family ancestor came to this country she wrote me under date of October 9, 1916, as follows:- "It was my Great-Grandfather Thomas Heagan that came from Ireland! Think he must have been a young man as his children were born in this country! He came in company with three others, Brine Linen, Collins McCarty, and -----Rearden! Am not certain about the names, but think so! Our Great Uncle Thomas Heagan, the one brother Tom was named for, married Sally Linen! He was a Sea Captain and used to go on foreign voyages! Capt. Ralph Devereaux's mother was Nancy Linen, a granddaughter of Brine Linen, a niece of our Aunt "Sally Tom", as she used to be called! There was also a Rearden who married one of our distant relatives! I never heard that they left Ireland except by their own free will!"

---

According to a memorandum made by me on that date Thomas Heagan, Mother's mother's cousin and a brother of Miss Ellen E. Heagan whom I have quoted above and who was then living with Mr. William D. Smart down under the hill (and whom we all addressed

THE HAGAN FAMILY

'Tajata', it seems the irony of fate that, after leaving their country rather than take the Protestant oath, their descendants should all become Protestants---but likely their children and grandchildren got no religious training until the Methodist missionaries invaded the mine woods! There were quite a few of these immigrants---Hagans, "Bellies", Crookers, Jacksons, Cummings---and Jeremiah O'Brien, the naval hero of eastern Maine, was the son or grandson of one of them!"

When in 1916 I asked Miss Ellen W. Hagan of Prospect Ferry (whose letter to Mother in 1909 constituted the greater part of these Hagan Notes) regarding the circumstances under which the family ancestor came to this country she wrote me under date of October 2, 1916, as follows:-- "It was my Great-Grandfather Thomas Hagan that came from Ireland! Think he must have been a young man as his children were born in this country! He came in company with three others, Brian Linn, Collins Roberts, and ---Hendon! I'm not certain about the names, but think so! Our Great Uncle Thomas Hagan, the one brother Tom was named for, married Sally Linn! He was a sea Captain and used to go on foreign voyages! Capt. Ralph Beveraux's mother was Nancy Linn, a granddaughter of Brian Linn, a niece of our Aunt "Sally Tom", as she used to be called! There was also a Hendon who married one of our distant relatives! I never heard that they left Ireland except by their own free will!"

According to a memorandum made by me on that date Thomas Hagan, Father's mother's cousin and a brother of Miss Ellen W. Hagan whom I have quoted above and who was then living with William D. Smart down under the Hill (and whom we all addressed



200

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

as "Uncle Tom"), took dinner at Father's on May 27, 1909, and in response to inquiries from me gave us information regarding the Heagan family which, after being corrected by his sister Ellen so as to show that it was his Great-Grandfather Thomas Heagan who was the original Irish immigrant instead of his Grandfather John Heagan and slightly supplemented by Mother, Miss Heagan, and Henry True Sanborn of Bangor, was as follows:-

Thomas Heagan, head of the family in this country, was born in , Ireland, in 17 , and came to this country as a young man. He married Polly Holland -(See Page 238)-! One of their sons, John Heagan, married Betsey Stinson! John and Betsey (Stinson) Heagan had the following children:-

James Heagan---Mother's grandfather! Lived on his farm on Spout Hill, Prospect, Me.!

John Heagan----Lived on what in 1909 was still known as the Frank Gould ~~farm~~ farm---now owned by Sumner Nickerson! As "The Heagan Farm", it was famous for its livestock, etc.!

Samuel Heagan--He lived up over the hill from Grandfather Crockett's---on the left-hand side of the road! Henry McCaslin afterwards lived there! The buildings were burned about 1897! He was a prominent man in local and State affairs, served for many terms as a representative in the State Legislature, and was a high officer in the State Militia ---whence came his title of "General"--- He was known far and wide as "General Sam" Heagan! Grandfather Crockett didn't like him but it was for his youngest daughter, Helen Amanda Heagan, that Mother was named!

Richard-Heagan- (

David Heagan ( They both had farms on or near the  
David Heagan--- ( Heagan Mountain in Prospect!

"Polly" Heagan-Married John(?) Stinson! Lived about half-way between "Billy" Smith's and the John Heagan farm!

"Peggy" Heagan--Married Daniel Killman! Lived to be 100 years-old! Spent her last years with her son, James Killman, at the foot of Spout Hill and later at Prospect Marsh Village!



# THE HEGAN FAMILY

as "Uncle Tom"), took dinner at Father's on May 27, 1902, and in response to inquiries from me gave us information regarding the Hegan family which, after being corrected by his sister Ellen so as to show that it was his great-grandfather Thomas Hegan who was the original Irish immigrant instead of his Grandfather John Hegan and slightly supplemented by Mother, Miss Hegan, and Henry True Gannon of Bangor, was as follows:-

Thomas Hegan, head of the family in this country, was born in Ireland, in 17 , and came to this country as a young man. He married Polly Holland - (see page 238) - one of their sons, John Hegan, married Betsey Olinson. John and Betsey Olinson Hegan had the following children:-

James Hegan--Mother's grandfather! Lived on his farm on Spout Hill, Prospect, Me.!

John Hegan--Lived on what in 1902 was still known as the Frank Gould farm--now owned by Summer Wickersham! As "The Hegan Farm", it was famous for its livestock, etc.!

Gannal Hegan--He lived up over the Hill from Grandfather Orockett's--on the left-hand side of the road! Henry McCaslin afterwards lived there! The buildings were burned about 1897! He was a prominent man in local and State affairs, served for many terms as a representative in the State Legislature, and was a high officer in the State Militia--whence came his title of "General"--- He was known far and wide as "General Hegan! Grandfather Orockett didn't like him but it was for his youngest daughter, Helen Amanda Hegan, that Mother was named

Richard Hegan--( )  
 ( ) They both had farms on or near the  
 David Hegan ( ) Hegan Mountain in Prospect!  
 David Hegan---( )

"Polly" Hegan--Married John(?) Olinson! Lived about half way between "Billy" and the John Hegan farm!

"Betsy" Hegan--Married Daniel Williams! Lived to be 100 years old! Spent her last years with her son, James Williams, at the foot of Spout Hill and later at Prospect near William!

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

"Sally" Heagan-Married William Smith of Prospect! They were the parents of the "Billy" Smith who, up to the time of his death two or three years ago, lived on the Marsh road, beyond the Turner Schoolhouse!

---

This is as far as the information given me by "Uncle Tom" extended. When my quizzing got too hot for him he said his sister Ellen could furnish more information than he and that he would ask her to do so. As a result Mother that Summer received from Miss Ellen E. Heagan of Prospect Ferry a letter which I quote below, verbatim! It is as follows:-

"Dear Cousin Amanda:- Have heard by way of Brother Tom that your son was interested in genealogy so thought he might learn something from me. The record of father's brothers and sisters father wrote himself but the dates of the first got torn off so may not be correct. Hope this may afford you and your son some pleasure and that you will excuse mistakes. My head aches. It takes quite a lot of study but think there is nothing contradictory. With kind regards, -(Signed)- Ellen E. Heagan!"

-(The above is only a part of the first page of Miss Heagan's letter. It consists of ten pages containing miscellaneous facts. It continues as quoted below.)-

"Minot J. Savage, a Unitarian minister---quite a noted one! His mother---Ann Stinson! Her father---John Stinson, Grand-mother Heagan's brother! He has written a book of poems---very good!

Benjamin Petty and Patience Collins had eleven children, eight born in Gloucester, Mass., three in Arrowsic, Maine. Benjamin Petty was the son of Peter Petty, born in Haverhill, Mass., 1696, was the youngest of eight children (of) Peter Petty

"Sally" Hesgan married William Smith of Prospect. They were the parents of the "Sally" Smith who, up to the time of his death two or three years ago, lived on the Marsh road, beyond the Turner Schoolhouse!

This is as far as the information given me by "Uncle Tom" extended. When my quizzing got too hot for him he said his sister Ellen could furnish more information than he and that he would ask her to do so. As a result Mother that Summer received from Miss Ellen E. Hesgan of Prospect Perry a letter which I quote below, verbatim! It is as follows:-

"Dear Cousin Amanda:- I have heard by way of Brother Tom that your son was interested in genealogy so thought he might learn something from me. The record of father's brothers and sisters father wrote himself but the dates of the first got torn off so may not be correct. Hope this may afford you and your son some pleasure and that you will excuse mistakes. My head aches. It takes quite a lot of study but think there is nothing contradictory. With kind regards, - (Signed) - Ellen E. Hesgan!"

-(The above is only a part of the first page of Miss Hesgan's letter. It consists of ten pages containing miscellaneous facts. It continues as quoted below.)-

"Miss J. Savage, a 'mistaken minister'---put a noted one! His mother---Ann Elinson! Her father---John Elinson, Grand-uncle Hesgan's brother! He has written a book of poems---very good!

Benjamin Petty and Patience Collins had eleven children, eight born in Gloucester, Mass., three in Arroweic, Maine. Benjamin Petty was the son of Peter Petty, born in Haverhill, Mass., 1826, was the youngest of eight children (of Peter Petty

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

and Sarah Gile Petty. Peter was probably born in Landsdown, - (Lansdowne?) - England, 1648, possibly a son of St. William, a physician of Cromwell and Charles II.

John Heagan and Betsey Stinson

James Heagan---	Sept. , 1784-1825-	(He was Mother's )
		(and Henry True )
Polly "	Oct. , 1786-	(Sanborn's grand- )
		(father and my )
Peggy "	April 2, 1789-1889	(great-grandfather. )
		(F. E. K. 3/19/17. )
John "	Oct. 24, 1791-Jan. 22, 1861-	(This was )
		("Uncle Tom's" and )
David "	March 2, 1794-April	(Ellen E. Heagan's )
	(?)	(father. F. E. K. )
Richard "	Dec. 25, 1796-May 23, 1861.	
Samuel "	Sept. 13, 1799-	
Sally "	March 26, 1802-Aug., 1835.	

Grandfather's father, Thomas Heagan.

" mother, Polly Holland.

Family

John Heagan

David Heagan	) These names ) are not in ) proper order!
James Heagan	
Thomas Heagan	

Richard Heagan

Kate Heagan

Polly Heagan

Hannah Gilbert

Ann Gould



THE HEAGAN FAMILY

and Sarah Gile Betty. Peter was probably born in Landabowm,  
 --(Landabowm?)-- England, 1648, possibly a son of St. William,  
 a physician of Cromwell and Charles II.

John Heagan and Betsey Stinson

James Heagan---Sept. , 1784-1825-(He was Mother's		
(and Henry True		
(Benbow's Grand-	Oct. , 1786-	Polly
(Father and my		"
great-grandfather.	April 2, 1789-1882	Betty
(W. E. 3/12/17.		"
(This was	Oct. 24, 1791-Jan. 22, 1861-	John
("Uncle Tom's" and		"
(Niece Tom's" and	March 2, 1794-April 1	David
(Niece Tom's" and	(?)	"
(Niece Tom's" and	Dec. 22, 1796-May 22, 1861.	Richard
	Sept. 12, 1799-	Samuel
	March 26, 1802-Aug. , 1835.	Sally

Grandfather's father, Thomas Heagan.  
 " mother, Polly Holland.

Family

John Heagan  
 David Heagan ( These names  
 James Heagan ) are not in  
 Thomas Heagan ( proper order!  
 Richard Heagan  
 Kate Heagan  
 Polly Heagan  
 Hannah Gilbert  
 Ann Gould

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Grandmother's father, Samuel Stinson.

" mother, Patience (Patience) Petty.

Family

Ebeneazer Stinson

John

William

Samuel

David

Peggy Stinson McKenny

Sally " Rearden

Jane " Swett

Abigail " Stinson

Betsey " Heagan

These names are not supposed  
to be in their proper order.

Ebeneazer Petty, born Georgetown, Maine, Feb. 21, 1739. He was the son of Benjamin and Patience Collins Petty. Ebeneazer Petty and Mary Stinson, both of Georgetown, were married Jan. 10, 1765, by John Stinson, Esq.

Benjamin Petty and Patience Collins of Gloucester, Mass., were married 1730.

Ebeneazer Petty is a brother to Grandmother Heagan's mother. Samuel Stinson married Patience Petty, Grandmother Heagan's mother, thus making their children double cousins. See second page.

---July 9. Think there must be a mistake on this page. Helen---Smith visited here yesterday. She thinks she can rectify it

-(Note:- This notation--the last two lines--by Miss Heagan refers to Page 5 of her letter, which constitutes the last half of this page---beginning "Ebeneazer Petty, born Georgetown" (FEK)-

THE HENAGAN FAMILY

Grandmother's father, Samuel Stinson.

" Mother, Patience (Pattience) Petty.

Family

Benjamin Stinson

John

William

Samuel

David

Peggy Stinson McKenny

" Ellen

" Jane

" Abigail

" Betsey

These names are not supposed  
to be in their proper order.

Benjamin Petty, born Georgetown, Maine, Feb. 21, 1739. He  
was the son of Benjamin and Patience Collins Petty. Benjamin  
Petty and Mary Stinson, both of Georgetown, were married Jan. 10,  
1765, by John Stinson, Esq.

Benjamin Petty and Patience Collins of Gloucester, Mass.,  
were married 1730.

Benjamin Petty is a brother to Grandmother McKenny's mother.  
Samuel Stinson married Patience Petty, Grandmother McKenny's  
mother, thus making their children double cousins. See second

page.

---July 9. Think there must be a mistake on this page. Helen  
---Smith visited here yesterday. She thinks she can rectify it

(Note:--This notation--the last two lines--by Miss McKenny re-  
fers to page 5 of her letter, which constitutes the last half  
of this page--beginning "Benjamin Petty, born Georgetown, Mass.")

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

## Daughters of Ebeneazer Petty

Mary Petty	Married	Amos Jones
Annie "	"	Henry Farwell
Margaret"	"	" "
Elizabeth"	"	Rev. Mr. Lovejoy
Jane "	"	Job Chase
Antilope"	"	Geo. Dyer
Rachel "	"	Amos Whitney
Asenith "	"	---- Hurd
Patience"	"	---- Sinclair

Relief died at 16, unmarried

This is quite a remarkable family. Elizabeth, the mother of Elijah Parish and Owen Lovejoy. Elijah was a martyr, Owen a M. C. You probably notice the name of Farwell and know more of them than I do. There was one son in the Petty family but he was not as intelligent as his sisters%.

Henry Farwell was twice married and became the father of 21 children---9 and 12. First wife, Annie Petty.

Lydia Farwell Rich

Josiah Farwell, Minister

Eben Farwell, Teacher

Betsey Farwell Cates and Dyer

Antilope Farwell McManas

Margaret Farwell Woodsome

Ann Farwell, died young

There were two other children



# THE HEADAN FAMILY

Daughters of Ebenezer Petty

Married Amos Jones	Henry Petty
Henry Farwell	" Annie
" "	" Margaret
Rev. Mr. Lovejoy	" Elizabeth
Job Chase	" Jane
Geo. Dyer	" Antelope
Amos Whitney	" Rachel
--- Hurd	" Asenith
--- Sinsinara	" Patience

Relict died at 16, unmarried

This is quite a remarkable family. Elizabeth, the mother of Elijah Parish and Owen Lovejoy. Elijah was a martyr, Owen a M. C. You probably notice the name of Farwell and know more of them than I do. There was one son in the Petty family but he was not as intelligent as his sisters.

Henry Farwell was twice married and became the father of 21 children---9 and 12. First wife, Annie Petty.

Lydia Farwell Rich  
 Josiah Farwell, Minister  
 Eben Farwell, Teacher  
 Betsey Farwell Gates and Dyer  
 Antelope Farwell McKenna  
 Margaret Farwell Woodson  
 Ann Farwell, died young  
 There were two other children

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Henry Farwell-Margaret Petty, sister of first wife

Second Family

Twins-Jewel Farwell and infant

Nathan Farwell, U. S. Senator

Joseph Farwell, Capt. of Steamer "Daniel Webster"

Willard Farwell, Boat Agent, Rockland

Henry Farwell

Oliver Farwell

Charles Farwell, Officer in the rebel army, shot  
in Sherman's March to the Sea!  
A smart, good man!

Eliza Farwell Mollard

Violet Muzzy and Whitney

Deborah Farwell Milliken of N. O. - Very wealthy!  
Only one child! Last (or lost?)  
at Bar Harbor! Highly educated!

There was another child

Since writing the first six pages have been at William Smith's. Helen gave the list of the Farwells and several other facts. Helen is a descendant of Amos Jones, a Revolutionary soldier and pensioner.

Grandfather and Grandmother Heagan both born, 1760. Grandmother died, 1857.

Stephen Chase, minister, Job Chase's son. There are other ministers among the younger men in the Chase family.

Dr. Stevens of Stockton, mother a Dyer.

There is a gentleman living in Boston who is said to have collected three thousand facts of the Pettys with a view to publishing a book. His son-in-law was a Petty. The son-in-law died and the father was undecided about the book. The gentle-

THE HUBBARD FAMILY

Henry Farwell-Jarvis, sister of first wife

Second Family

Twins-Jewel Farwell and infant

Nathan Farwell, U. S. Senator

Joseph Farwell, Capt. of Steamer "Daniel Webster"

William Farwell, Post Agent, Rockland

Henry Farwell

Oliver Farwell

Charles Farwell, Officer in the rebel army, shot  
in Sherman's march to the sea!  
A smart, good man!

Elizabeth Farwell, Colored

Violent Mary and Whitney

Deborah Farwell, Minister of H. C. - Very wealthy!  
Only one child! Last (or last?)  
at Bar Harbor! Highly educated!

There was another child

Since writing the first six pages have been at William

Smith's. Helen gave the list of the Farwells and several other  
facts. Helen is a descendant of Amos Jones, a Revolutionary  
soldier and pensioner.

Grandfather and Grandmother Heegan both born, 1760. Grand-  
mother died, 1887.

Stephen Chase, minister, Job Chase's son. There are other  
ministers among the younger men in the Chase family.

Dr. Stevens of Stockton, mother a Dyer.

There is a gentleman living in Boston who is said to have  
collected three thousand facts of the Pettys with a view to pub-  
lishing a book. His son-in-law was a Petty. The son-in-law  
died and the father was undecided about the book. The gentle-

## THE HEAGAN FAMILY

man's name is W. Tracy Eustis. I don't know the address.

Amanda, I have written in a hurry--might have had more system if had taken more time. Helen says the Town Clerk of Georgetown said the name was originally spelled Pette but now Pettee.

-(Signed)- "Ellen"! "

---

Thus ends Miss Heagan's letter of the Summer of 1909, which I began copying on Page 237. I was in correspondence with her for several weeks during the Fall of 1916 and some additional information supplied by her has been incorporated in other parts of this section. In various places Miss Heagan refers to the Pettys and Stinsons as being from Arrowsic and Georgetown. Upon investigation I find that Arrowsic was formerly a part of Georgetown, from which it is some eight miles distant, but that it was set off as a separate town in 1841.

Miss Heagan's brother, "Uncle Tom" Heagan, died at Mr. Smart's on April 20, 1915, having observed his 81st birthday on March 23rd preceding. "Webbie" and I had been in to see him one Sunday just before his death, I having been here for four weeks during March and April of that year!

Except for the dates of birth and death of her father, John Heagan,,as set forth on ~~Pga~~ Page 238, Miss Heagan has given me no details regarding her own family! Mother's recollection of its immediate members is as follows:-

John Heagan married Emily Ginn of "Poverty Shore", Prospect, ---as the section now known as Prospect Ferry was referred to in days gone by! Mother thinks that it was this locality which was also known as "The Fore Shore"! Details regarding their children as Mother re-calls them places the order of their



THE HEGGAN FAMILY

man's name is W. Tracy Bostick. I don't know the address.  
Ananda, I have written in a hurry--might have had more  
system if had taken more time. Helen says the Town Clerk of  
Georgetown said the name was originally spelled Pette but now  
Pettee. -(Signed)- "Willie"!

Thus ends Miss Heggan's letter of the Summer of 1909, which  
I began copying on Page 237. I was in correspondence with her  
for several weeks during the Fall of 1916 and some additional  
information supplied by her has been incorporated in other parts  
of this section. In various places Miss Heggan refers to the  
Pettys and Ottens as being from Arrowick and Georgetown. Upon  
investigation I find that Arrowick was formerly a part of  
Georgetown, from which it is now eight miles distant, but that  
it was set off as a separate town in 1841.  
Miss Heggan's brother, "Uncle Tom" Heggan, died at Mr.  
Gunn's on April 20, 1916, having observed his 81st birthday on  
March 23rd preceding. "Webbie" and I had been in to see him  
one Sunday just before his death, I having been here for four  
weeks during March and April of that year!  
Except for the dates of birth and death of her father,  
John Heggan, as set forth on Page 238, Miss Heggan has given  
me no details regarding her own family! Mother's recollection  
of its immediate members is as follows:-

John Heggan married Emily Ginn of "Poverty Shore", Pres-  
bect, --- as the section now known as Prospect Ferry was referred  
to in days gone by! Mother thinks that it was this locality  
which was also known as "The Fore Shore"! Details regarding  
their children as Mother recalls them places the order of their

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

birth and other particulars as follows:-

Mary Ann Heagan--Married Stephen Littlefield of Prospect. They had no children but brought up two of the daughters of Ellis Crockett (?) of whom Mother is quite certain that "Donie", the wife of Thomas de Swarte, mentioned in "Our Visit to Mrs. Trevett", is one! Mr. & Mrs. Littlefield lived in Wisconsin for many years but upon his death in Boston while en route home after a visit to Maine some years ago, his wife brought his remains back for burial and, after a short time in Wisconsin, returned to Prospect where she now lives at "The Ferry" with the Misses Hannah K. and Ellen Heagan, her sole remaining sisters!

Ruby Heagan-----Married William Dana Smart of Searsport--"Uncle Bill"! She was the first of his three wives! They had four children, Ephraim Knights, Emily, Bertha, and William D., Jr., of whom the last is the only one remaining! Emily was lost at sea, having been placed in an open boat by a captain who believed his ship was about to founder! The ship and captain survived but the occupants of the boat were never heard from!

Emily Heagan-----Married a Captain Wilson and had three or four children!

Wellman Heagan---Married Helen Moulton! After his death she married his cousin, William ("Billy") Smith, the son of her first husband's Aunt Sally (Heagan) Smith who, with her brother John, were sister and brother to James Heagan, my Great-Grandfather! There were no children by either marriage but Mr. and Mrs. Smith reared several, among them (partially) Horace and Stella Nichols! Mrs. Smith was the "Helen" referred to in Miss Ellen Heagan's letter of 1909! Both she and Mr. Smith have died during the past two or three years!

Thomas Heagan----He was the "Uncle Tom" referred to on Pages 235-6-8 and 242! He married Nancy Harding of Prospect and formerly lived on his farm at Prospect Ferry! For many years he was crippled by a running sore on one of his legs! There were no children!

Hannah K. Heagan-She was a school-teacher for many years! Never married! Now lives with her sisters Mary and Ellen at Prospect Ferry!

birth and other particulars as follows:-

Mary Ann Neegan--married Stephen Littlefield of Prospect.

"They had no children but brought up two of the daughters of Miss Orockett (?)

of whom Mother is quite certain that

"Lottie", the wife of Thomas de

mentioned in "Our Visit to Mrs. Traveett,"

is one! M. & Mrs. Littlefield lived in

Wisconsin

death in

a visit to

brought up

after a

to Prospect

"Terry" with

# Times.

9.

MACKENZIE at his quarters at Fort Clark, Kinney County, Texas, in April, 1873. For some time Mexican bandits and Indians had been crossing the border to steal cattle and horses, and many settlers and ranchmen had been killed by the miscreants. SHERIDAN opened the proceedings with characteristic plainness of speech:

MACKENZIE, you have been ordered down here to relieve Colonel MERRITT and the 9th Cavalry because I want something done to stop these conditions of banditry by these people across the river. I want you to control and hold down the situation and to do it in your own way. I want you to be bold, enterprising, and at all times full of energy. When you begin, let it be a campaign of annihilation, obliteration, and complete destruction—as you have always done in your dealings with the Indians. I think that you understand what I want done and the way you

General GRANT regarded MACKENZIE, who had been a division commander under SHERIDAN in the Shenandoah Valley during the civil war, as the most promising young officer in the army. He had graduated from West Point in 1862, the son of Commodore ALEXANDER SULLIVAN MACKENZIE, who once had the nephew of a Secretary of War hanged from the yardarm of his ship for mutiny. Colonel MACKENZIE, one of the handsomest soldiers in the army, inherited the resolution and readiness to take responsibility that characterized his father. But in this instance he thought that his superior should be more explicit. "General SHERIDAN," asked Colonel MACKENZIE, "under whose orders and upon what authority am I to act? Have you any plans to suggest, or will you issue me the necessary orders for my action." SHERIDAN, pounding on the table, replied vehemently:

Damn the orders! Damn the authority! You are to go ahead on your own plan of action, and your authority shall be General GRANT and myself. With us behind you, you can rest assured of the fullest support. You must assume the risk. We will assume the final responsibility.

The narrative of the raid has been told with graphic power by Captain ROBERT G. CARTER, U. S. A., retired, now living in Washington. He has recently put the finishing touches to the absorbing story of the adventure which he shared. His pamphlet has a historical importance and is full of local color and the border atmosphere of the objective of MACKENZIE's

Never married! Now lives with her sister Mary and Ellen at Prospect Ferry! Years ago he was crippled by a running sore on one of his legs! There were no children! He was a school-teacher for many years!



THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Ellen E. Heagan--She is now about 75 years of age and was the youngest of the family, of which the only surviving members are her sisters Mary and Hannah, with whom she resides in their home at Prospect Ferry! It is to her that I am indebted for at least half of the material comprised in this section! Like her sisters, Mary and Hannah, and her brother Wellman, she was formerly a school-teacher! Mother has attended schools taught by her, as well as to others taught by her sister Hannah and their sister-in-law Helen (Moulton) Heagan-Smith--at the old Center School-house and likewise at the old "Academy" which stood near the residence of John Heagan! Mother thinks that Miss Ellen and all her brothers and sisters were born on what was then the John Heagan but is now the Sumner Nickerson farm! Ellen E. Heagan never married!

---

Mother, Henry True Sanborn, Miss Ellen Heagan, and Mother's sole remaining Aunt, Mrs. Lydia Mackenzie, No. 2 Edinboro' Place, Newtonville, Mass., have supplied the following information regarding some of the descendants of James Heagan, Mother's grandfather and therefore my great-grandfather!

James Heagan--(born Sept. , 1784--died in 1825)--married Lucy Ann Staples of Prospect, Maine! She was a sister of Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett, the second wife of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett, Senior!, who was more familiarly known as "Sally"! James and Lucy Ann (Staples) Heagan had five children as follows:-

Jane Heagan-----My grandmother! Born October 8, 1808!  
 Married to Daniel Crockett, Jr., on-  
 December 21, 1826! Died January 23, 1873!  
 See Crockett Family Notes!

Catherine Heagan--Born March 5, 1811.  
 Mother thinks she never married. She  
 died before Mother was born!

Mary-("Polly")-Heagan--Born July 20, 1813. Married Pele-  
 tiah Freeman. Mother remembers that



THE HESGAN FAMILY

Ellen E. Hesgan--She is now about 75 years of age and was the youngest of the family, of which the only surviving members are her sisters Mary and Hannah, with whom she resides in their home at Prospect Ferry! It is to her that I am indebted for at least half of the material comprised in this section! Like her sisters, Mary and Hannah, and her brother William, she was formerly a school-teacher! Mother has attended schools taught by her, as well as to others taught by her sister Hannah and their sister-in-law Helen (Moulton) Hesgan--at the old Center School-house and likewise at the old "Academy" which stood near the residence of John Hesgan! Mother thinks that Miss Ellen born on what was then the John Hesgan place is now the Sumner Nickerson farm! Ellen E. Hesgan never married!

Mother, Henry True Garbora, Miss Ellen Hesgan, and Mother's sole remaining Aunt, Mrs. Lydia Nickerson, No. 2 Kildinboro', Place, Newtonville, Mass., have supplied the following information regarding some of the descendants of James Hesgan, Mother's grandfather and therefore my great-grandfather!

James Hesgan--(born Sept. , 1784--died in 1835)--married Lucy Ann Staples of Prospect, Maine! She was a sister of Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett, the second wife of Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett, Senior!, who was more familiarly known as "Dolly"! James and Lucy Ann (Staples) Hesgan had five children as follows:--

Jane Hesgan-----My grandmother! Born October 8, 1808! Married to Daniel Crockett, Jr., on December 21, 1826! Died January 23, 1873! See Crockett Family Notes!

Catherine Hesgan--Born March 5, 1811. Mother thinks she never married. She died before Mother was born!

Mary--("Folly")--Hesgan--Born July 20, 1812. Married Peter Fish Freeman. Mother remembers that

## THE HEAGAN FAMILY

they had fourteen children in all of whom Augusta, afterwards Mrs. Faver of Lowell, Mass., was one! Mr. and Mrs. Freeman resided for a considerable period at Albion, Me., but later returned to Prospect, where they lived for a time in the Freeman house which used to stand on Spout Hill and later on the Bangor road, below where it swings off to go around the mountain! It was here that Mother used to visit her "Aunt Polly" as a girl!

Lucinda Heagan---Born July 29, 1816. Married Orrin Cunningham of Belfast---for whom Mother's eldest brother was named. I find the name spelled as both "Orren" and "Orrin"! Mother remembers that the Cunninghams had at least six children, viz:- Orrin, Ruth, Jane, Ed., Jim, and Mary, all of whom became capable men and women!

Sarah Heagan-----More commonly known as "Sally"

Born---

She married, 1st, November 4, 1837, True Sanborn, formerly of Boston but then of Frankfort, Maine, where he and his brother-in-law, Daniel Robertson, inaugurated the quarrying of granite on a large scale at their properties on Mosquito Mountain, of which they were the owners, building many boarding-houses for the accommodation of their workmen while otherwise actively developing their plant. True Sanborn met his death on Mosquito Mountain, having been killed in one of the quarries by the slipping of a huge piece of cut stone which smashed him to pieces! True and Sarah(Heagan)Sanborn had six children of whom Mother remembers Sarah, Henry True, Ellen, Annette (Nettie), and Deborah. Henry True Sanborn is the Bangor agent of the Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc.} Such information as I have regarding the Sanborns other than the above is given under "My V'y'ge to Spout Hill"! The Henry K. White whom Deborah Sanborn married was a brother of James White, husband of Medora Wallace, the only child of Mother's Aunt Lydia(Reed) Wallace-Mackenzie, the half-sister of Mother's mother! Nettie Sanborn never married.

Three and a half years after True Sanborn's death on April 27, 1850, his widow married, on October 21, 1853, Western B. Nutter of Corinna, Me., by whom she had one child, Charles Nutter! When Mother, as a young girl, used to visit

they had fourteen children in all of whom Augustus, afterwards Mrs. Faver of Lowell, Mass., was one. Mrs. Freeman resided for a considerable period at Alfred, Me., but later returned to Prospect, where they lived for a time in the three-man house which used to stand on about Hill and later on the Bangor road, below where it swings off to go around the mountain. It was here that Mother used to visit her "Aunt Polly" as a girl!

Lucinda Heagan---Born July 29, 1816. Married Owen Cunningham of Belfast---for whom Mother's eldest brother was named. I find the name spelled as both "Owen" and "Orren"! Mother remembers that the Cunningham had at least six children, viz.: Orren, Ruth, Jane, Ed., Tim, and Mary, all of whom became capable men and women!

Sarah Heagan---More commonly known as "Sally"

Born---The married, late November 4, 1837, True Bangor, formerly of Boston but then of Frankfort, Maine, where he and his brother-in-law, Daniel Robertson, inaugurated the quarrying of granite on a large scale at their properties on Mosquito Mountain, of which they were the owners, building many boarding-houses for the accommodation of their workmen while otherwise actively developing their plant. True Bangor met his death on Mosquito Mountain, having been killed in one of the quarries by the slipping of a huge piece of cut stone which smashed him to pieces. True and Sarah (Heagan) Bangor had six children of whom Mother remembers Sarah, Henry, Ellen, Annette (Nettie), and Deborah. Henry True Bangor is the Bangor agent of the Western Steamship Lines, Inc. Such information as I have regarding the Bangors other than the above is given under "My V'y'ge to 'Spout Hill"! The Henry K. White whom Deborah Bangor married was a brother of James White, husband of Mother's Aunt Lydia (Reed) only child of Mother's Aunt Lydie (Reed) Wallace-Bockemue, the half-sister of Mother's mother! Nettie Bangor never married.

Three and a half years after True Bangor's death on April 27, 1850, his widow married, on October 21, 1853, Western B. Witter of Gorham, Me., by whom she had one child, Charles Witter! When Mother, as a young girl, used to visit



## THE HEAGAN FAMILY

her Aunt "Sally" at "The Mountain" she lived on the left-hand side of the Bangor road at a point just before it passes under the railroad bridge in going around Mosquito Mountain! Miss Ellen Heagan is my authority for saying that Henry True Sanborn is the only one of the family now living and that his only child, Mary True Sanborn, is the wife of a Mr. Vincent, a grandson of True Sanborn's brother-in-law Daniel Robertson, and that they (the Vincents) have one child!

Mother says that Mrs.-Sarah(Heagan)Sanborn-Nutter died at Winterport, Me., in (about) 1867, having separated (separated) from her second husband some years previously---also that Henry True Sanborn formerly ran the hotel at Winterport!

---

After James Heagan -(my great-grandfather)- died his widow married Abijah Reed, by whom she had one daughter--Lydia. This daughter married twice. Her first husband was William K. Wallace of Boston, then an employe of Sanborn and Robertson at Mosquito Mountain, by whom she had her only child, a daughter named Medora. Medora Wallace married James White, son of Tisdale White---who was a representative (?) from Plymouth County, Massachusetts, for many years. James and Medora (Wallace) White had four children:-

William T. White who, Mrs. Mackenzie wrote Mother under date of September 25, 1916, "is Chief Veterinary at El Paso, Texas border" but "will be home next month, I expect"! He "has three boys:- Wallace, aged 10; William, Jr.; and Paul Reed White"!

H. Vincent White, "who died young"!

Albert H. White, "who is a commission merchant"!

Carolyn(White)Longone, who "married a man in Naples, Italy, a musician"!

This daughter, who appears to have transformed her name into "Carolina", is the wife of Paolo Longone (?) who, according to a letter written to Mother by Mary J (Grant) Ward from Wamesit, Mass., on January 28, 1912, a few days after Captain



THE HEGGAN FAMILY

her Aunt "Sally" at "The Mountain" she lived on the left-hand side of the Bangor road at a point just before it passes under the railroad bridge in going around Woodstock Mountain. Miss Ellen Heggan is my authority for saying that Henry True Sandborn is the only one of the family now living and that his only child, Mary True Sandborn, is the wife of a Mr. Vincent, a grandson of True Sandborn's brother-in-law Daniel Robertson, and that they (the Vincents) have one child! Mother says that Mrs. Sarah (Heggan) Sandborn-Witter died at Winterset, Me., in (about) 1867, having separated (separated) from her second husband some years previously---also that Henry True Sandborn formerly ran the hotel at Winterset!

After James Heggan - (my great-grandfather) - died his widow married Abijah Reed, by whom she had one daughter--Lydia. This daughter married twice. Her first husband was William K. Walface of Boston, then an employe of Sandborn and Robertson at Woodstock Mountain, by whom she had her only child, a daughter named Madors. Madors Wallace married James White, son of Thaddeus White---who was a representative (?) from Plymouth County, Massachusetts, for many years. James and Madors (Wallace) White had four children:-

William T. White who, Mrs. Mackenzie wrote Mother under date of September 25, 1916, "is Chief Veterinary at El Paso, Texas border" but "will be home next month, I expect!" He has three boys:- Wallace, aged 10; William, Jr.; and Paul Reed White!

H. Vincent White, "who died young!" Albert H. White, "who is a commission merchant!" Carolyn (White) Longone, who "married a man in Naples, Italy, a musician!" This daughter, who appears to have transformed her name into "Carolins", is the wife of Paolo Longone (?) who, according to a letter written to Mother by Mary J. (Grand) Ward from Wamssett, Mass., on January 28, 1912, a few days after Captain

THE HEAGAN FAMILY

Andrew Grant's death, was at that time a director in (or of) the San Carlos Opera Company. According to the same authority Mrs. Longone, or Mme. White--as she is professionally known, had just returned from Naples, Italy, the previous Fall, and was then singing with the Chicago Opera Company. Carolina White is a famous soprano and among other activities sings for the Columbia Graphophone Company---~~xx~~---See Page 429 of their June, 1915, catalogue!

After her first husband's death, Lydia (Reed) Wallace married Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Edinboro', Scotland, but then a resident of Boston---in which city his widow, for several years after his death, conducted a fashionable cloak-making establishment. As stated elsewhere, Mrs. Lydia (Reed) Wallace-Mackenzie is Mother's sole remaining aunt and resides with one of her grandsons, William T. White, No. 2 Edinboro' Place, Newtonville, Mass. Aunt Mary Gray and Aunt Ruth Grant used to visit her, almost up to the time of their deaths! Mother's last letters from her are dated September 21st and 25th, 1916. In them, she says that she suffers greatly from rheumatism and also writes:- "I am very feeble and old--85"!

---

James Heagan's widow -(my great-grandmother)-, after she had also become the widow of Abijah Reed and somewhat late in life, married Elisha Grant of Prospect---who was already the father of Timothy, Jeremiah, Wilson, Gooding, Clara, Sarah, and Mary Ann Grant!

I have made reference to the visits of Elisha Grant and his wife to the Crockett farm when Mother was a girl under "My V'y'ge to Spout Hill"!

THE IRACAW FAMILY

Andrew Grant's death, was at that time a director in (or of) the Sam Carlos Opera Company. According to the same authority Mrs. Langone, or Mrs. White--as she is professionally known, had just returned from Naples, Italy, the previous fall, and was then singing with the Chicago Opera Company. Caroline White is a famous soprano and among other activities sings for the Columbia Graphophone Company--see Page 429 of their June, 1916, catalogue!

After her first husband's death, Lydia (Reed) Wallace married Alexander Mackenzie, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, but then a resident of Boston--in which city his widow, for several years after his death, conducted a fashionable cloak-making establishment. As stated elsewhere, Mrs. Lydia (Reed) Wallace Mackenzie is Mother's sole remaining aunt and resides with one of her grandsons, William T. White, No. 2 Edinburgh Place, Newtonville, Mass. Aunt Mary Gray and Aunt Ruth Grant used to visit her, almost up to the time of their deaths! Mother's last letters from her are dated September 21st and 25th, 1916. In them, she says that she suffers greatly from rheumatism and also writes: "I am very feeble and old--82!"

James Heagan's widow (my great-grandmother)--, after she had also become the widow of Abijah Reed and somewhat late in life, married Elijah Grant of Prospect--who was already the father of Timothy, Jeremiah, Wilson, Gooding, Clara, Sarah, and Mary Ann Grant!

I have made reference to the visits of Elijah Grant and his wife to the Crockett farm when Mother was a girl under "My V'y'ge to Spout Hill!"

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL



MY A. L. GE TO SPONT HILL

## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

"The Pinnacle",  
Searsport, September 10, 1916.

Bert was going to take Father to Bangor this afternoon in his "Hudson Super-Six"---therefore as I had for over a year<sup>s</sup> been threatening to invade Spout Hill and vicinity I grasped the opportunity to have his party drop me at the fork of the road about a mile north of Prospect Marsh Village, where the road to Bangor swings sharply to the right to go around the mountain, in accordance with Mother's directions.

I had recognized Spout Hill as we approached it in the car, from Mother's description, but she hadn't told me how much of a hill it was---or is---There is nothing degenerative about Spout Hill! It is still some hill!

As I approached it from the Bangor road I found a man working at its foot, repairing the damage done the newly filled in roadway by an automobile which had come down over it the night before, leaving a track like a snow-plough---the man at the wheel must have been several degrees off his course. Thinking to 'confirm its ancient nomenclature I approached this man with the query:- "What do you call this hill?" He hesitated a moment, as if he thought I were "kidding" him, and then replied:- "Spout Hill." "All right", I laughed, "I only wanted to see if it bore the same name that it did a hundred years ago!"

This "Man with the Hoe" afterwards shook hands with me in a proper manner and directed ~~to~~ me to the place where old "Grandsir" Crockett -(my great-grandfather)- had brought his newly-founded family when he removed to Prospect from Cape Rozier---over a hundred years ago. My new acquaintance's name was Dockham---I am not sure whether it is he or his father who  
 \*\*\*George L. Dockham, R. F. D., Frankfort, Maine.

APR 11 1911

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

is called Daniel. He informed me that he, together with his father and mother, had lived on Spout Hill for thirty-six years, his father -(now 86 years of age)- having moved there from a place which he formerly owned nearer to Prospect Marsh when he bought his present home from Albert Thompson, who used to live there. My informant, the younger Dockham, was a man apparently in the forties whose Mother Lodge was in Frankfort. He told me, as Mother had already done, that the first house on the right and standing on the brow of the hill was where James Heagan used to live -(and therefore my Grandmother Crockett's birthplace)- and that the place where my Great-grandfather Crockett resided for so many years and therefore the one on which Grandfather Crockett spent his boyhood was the next one beyond, on the same side of the road, ---his own home being between the two but on the left-hand side of the road. It must not be supposed that he told me this "right off the reel", so to speak. He did not. But upon my explaining to him my errand and mentioning the names of Crockett and Heagan, he said he remembered that a neighbor, William S. Killman, had told him not long since that a man named Heagan and another named Crockett had formerly lived on the respective places.

Mother tells me that this William S. Killman is the son of James and Betsey (Smith) Killman, the former of whom was a cousin to her mother, he having been a son of "Peggy" -(Margaret)- Heagan Killman, who in her turn was a sister of Mother's grandfather, James Heagan---See (Page 236) of the Heagan Genealogical Notes. James Killman's wife, Betsey, was a sister of "Billy" Smith, who formerly lived just beyond the Turner School-house (See Heagan Family Notes-Page 9), and of David Smith, who





MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

lived at Winterport. She was also a half-sister of Isaac Smith, who used to live on the farm at the top of the "Smith" Hill in Prospect, on the road running from Prospect Marsh Village out past the Frank Gould farm and up over the "Smith" and "Jim Brown" hills to Bog Hill and North Searsport.

William S. Killman now lives on the western side of the Bangor road, his being the first house below its junction with the road which goes up over Spout Hill---or the second if you begin your count with the house which stands on the western side of the Spout Hill road but almost at the point where it leaves the one running to Bangor. Dockham said he (Killman) was a man in the sixties, that he had passed by where he was working an hour before, and that he was then at Prospect Marsh Village getting in some hay or grain. I hoped to find him there later but in the meantime laid my course for the top of Spout Hill, the abode of some, at least, of my ancestors and a spot which I had never heretofore visited.

I should hate to give frank expression of the opinion I formed as to the judgment of a man who chose the top of Spout Hill as a place of abode as I toiled up its rugged side. Arrived at the top and therefore opposite the former Heagan place -(it is now owned and occupied by a Russian named Kazick (?))- a very good view unfolded itself. I walked on past Dockham's until I arrived opposite the old Crockett place---the former abode of the man whose oft-described "V'y'ge to the North" I have referred to on many occasions and which I am paraphrasing as a title for this description of my first visit to the site of his one-time home.

It wasn't much to look at but I was much interested, never-



## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

theless. Mother had told me that the old Crockett buildings were burned many years ago. I found that a new set had been erected but whether or not they bore any resemblance to the old ones I of course could not tell. Instead of going in at once I walked on up the road for a short distance, straight toward the granite quarries of the John Pierce Company - (now in a receiver's hand's) - on Mount Waldo.

Spout Hill is really the western side or "shoulder" of Mosquito Mountain around which the road to Bangor runs before it comes to Mount Waldo and the granite quarries on which - (Mosquito Mountain) - are owned by Hayward Pierce of Frankfort, a brother (?) of John Pierce of New York City, the latter being a contractor who has gained much fame as the erector of many Federal, State, City, and private buildings in various parts of the country. Standing in the road just north of the barn on the old Crockett place the three mountains---Waldo, Mosquito, and Heagan---are more clearly defined than I had ever before seen them. A mile or so to the north rises Waldo - (Mount Misery-from the two children who perished there)-; about an equal distance to the west stands the Heagan Mountain; while, as before mentioned, one is standing on the western side of Mosquito Mountain, or that part of it which rejoices in the classic name of Spout Hill. Looking to the north one sees, besides the granite quarries on Mount Waldo, the road which runs around the side of that mountain from the river road to the one which leads over past Kingsbury's and the Clark Settlement---It was by this road that Father, Bert and I returned from Bangor Fair twenty-nine years ago when "Old Nell" brought us from Bangor in a light buggy in two and one half hours. In the hollow or





# MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

valley formed by the three mountains and therefore to the north-west are three or four sets of white buildings in one of which Frank (?) Bowden used to live---perhaps he does now. Father used to trade with him years ago, before he discontinued making the two-day trip which used to take him over this road around Mount Waldo to what used to be designated as "Paddy Hollow", a settlement made up largely of the workers in the granite quarries and located near the stone-sheds, piers, etc., now belonging to the John Pierce Company, through which passes the river road to Bangor. It was at the junction of this road leading around Mount Waldo to "Paddy Hollow" with one leading to Prospect Marsh that Father, Bert, Hal and I took the back track when we made our tour of inspection over past the site of Boyd's mill at Half Moon Pond and through the Clark Settlement, etc., three weeks ago. A little further back in the road but still standing on top of Spout Hill one can look off to the west and easily pick out the Wilmoth Staples <sup>place</sup> and to the left and a little below it the farm which Grandfather Crockett purchased in his young manhood and on which he spent the balance of his days---so that Great-grandfather Crockett still had his son Daniel more or less under his eye, even after he had left the parental roof. Just back of the barn on the old Crockett place and extending up to what from the road appears to be the crest of the hill but probably is not is a solid ledge of granite---there is a quarry at the top which is seen as you come up the Bangor road from Prospect Marsh Village and which serves as a "marker" by which to locate the old Crockett place, just underneath. The (comparatively) level place on top of Spout Hill is of limited extent, it beginning to fall away to the



## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

north just beyond the spot where "Grandsir" Crockett's home formerly stood ---It isn't more than two hundred yards from the Heagan to the Crockett place and they, with the Dockham place, are the only habitations on the hill. For that matter, as I walked up the road and kept on past the old Crockett place the unused condition of the highway beyond the lane leading into the Crockett yard impelled me to the belief that "Grandsir" Crockett ~~must~~ have been a "tough feller". He certainly lived on a "tough street" and for a short time it looked as if he also lived in "the last house". However, a few steps further on I came to the track leading out of the Crockett yard in the other direction and here again the public road again bore evidence of usage, from which I inferred that the present occupants of what was once the old Crockett Homestead are about the only ones ~~whishxnsx~~ who use it in both directions at this time.

I now made bold to enter the home of my ancestors---felt like Rip Van Winkle! The dogs barked at me all right and the uncouth individual whom I met at the door couldn't understand my particular brand of speech. Grunting something about "the boss" he disappeared into the house, returning in a short time with a man much crippled with rheumatism who, walking with the aid of a cane, hobbled out into the yard where I was standing, while a man much younger but even more "furrin" looking than himself brought up the rear. At first, this present Lord of the Manor didn't seem particularly delighted to see me---re-minded me of the reception a stranger receives from the "Moon-shiners" of Tennessee---but when I had stated my errand and he had recalled that among the old deeds pertaining to his title was one bearing the name of Crockett he thawed perceptibly and





MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

soon was telling me the story of his life.

His name was Dominick Gaidmore, according to the address on a letter sent him by the United States Treasury Department at Washington which I assumed pertained to his naturalization papers and which he submitted for my inspection when I asked how he spelled it. From the spelling of the superscription on other letters which had been addressed to him by people who knew his name only from hearing it pronounced and as nearly as I could catch it when he was spoken to by his companion, he pronounces it as if it were spelled "Guide-mo-ray". His Post-office address is Frankfort, Ms.

He is a Russian and has lived at "the mountain" thirty-five years---ever since he came from Russia. He bought the "Grand-sir" Crockett place twenty-seven years ago from "Del" (?) \*\*\* Thompson and has lived there ever since. When he bought it the buildings had been burned and for a year he lived in a rude shack. In 1890 he built what appears to be a fairly comfortable house and in 1891 a serviceable barn, to which has since been added a shed which serves to house his cows and horses. He told me with apparent pride that when he came there the place was run down and bore nothing, but that now, by dint of much <sup>such</sup> hard work, he had brought it to a state of productivity that his this year's hay-crop amounted to twenty-six tons. Once mentioned, nothing would do but that I must see it so he took me to the barn for the purpose---although for him to hobble out there was something of a task. He had the hay all right though where he got it from was more than I could see. Strung on poles and leaning up against the barn-doors to dry were a lot of what at a distance I had taken to be mullein leaves but \*\*\*Delmont I. Thompson says Gaidmore bought of his brother--- who died some years ago!



MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

which on closer approach he explained to me was tobacco which he had raised for his own use rather than buy it in the manufactured form---It reminded me of North Carolina "Twist". He gave me a leaf of it so that Mother might see a tobacco-leaf grown on her grandfather's farm. I am pressing it to be kept as a souvenir. I think Gaidmore had an idea that a man who took enough interest in hunting up the home of some of his ancestors to climb Spout Hill might be a prospective purchaser of the aforesaid home. At any rate, he said that because of his lameness, he wanted to sell the place and modestly mentioned the fact that he asked only \$3,000.00 for it---I must have looked easy, not to say foolish! However, he didn't seem a half-bad sort of man and, once he thought he had my "measure", treated me very cordially. Both he and the younger man who had followed him out of the house spoke very good English--This younger man told me that his name was Gamble (?) and that he was married to one of Bowden's daughters---he now lives on the Bowden place, mentioned in the preceding pages. Charlie Kazick (?), who owns and occupies the old James Heagan -(my great-grandfather's)- place, is Dominick Gaidmore's son-in-law so that, upon taking my departure, I was minded to dub this erstwhile residence of some of my forbears, "Little Russia".

I had intended to follow the suggestion of the younger Dockham -(whom I had met before ascending the hill)- and call at his home for the purpose of interviewing his father, who he assured me could probably tell me much of interest regarding the former dwellers in the vicinity---But an up-to-date gas-wagon makes short work of the road to Bangor and as I wanted to visit the old cemetery at Prospect Marsh Village before Bert





# MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

returned I had not time to do so. I did, however, stop a few minutes to again talk with Dockham the younger, who was still industriously engaged in trying to smooth over the gullies left by the strayed automobile of the night before.

I told him I had been looking for the spring from which Spout Hill takes its name---that I had understood it was on the right hand side of the road as you went up over the hill. He replied that the road now goes over it, that it is under the middle of the road about a third of the way up the hill and that he had helped to build a culvert in the shape of an inverted V whose point leads its waters to both ~~sides~~ ditches so that, although I had not seen the spring itself, I had seen its waters while trying to discover it alongside the road---where it was not. Mother tells me that before he was burned out James Killman used to pipe the water from this spring into his house---which used to stand near the junction of the Bangor and Spout Hill roads. She also tells me that James Killman was one of at least five brothers---James, Daniel, Tom, "Bob", and Frank, all of whom lived in the vicinity of Prospect Marsh Village and all of whom she thinks were sea-captains. After James Killman was burned out at the foot of Spout Hill he occupied the <sup>brick</sup> house which had formerly been the property of his deceased brother Frank, just south of Prospect Marsh Village. Descendants of the Killman family live there today or did until recently. While the waters from Spout Hill spring were formerly used by many persons in the vicinity they now seem to be going to waste.

Dockham told me that Samuel Reed, Abijah's son, at one time lived on the old James Heagan place but that he sold it to



MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Pat (?) Marr whose widow (?), Mary Marr, sold it to Hayward Pierce; that Pierce had sold it to Frank Gaidmore -(a son of Dominick Gaidmore)-, from whom it had now passed to his brother-in-law, Charles Kazick (?), who lives there at this writing. Kazick (?) had been talking with Dockham as I ascended the hill and I had had a few words with him.

Abijah Reed -(See page 8 of Heagan Family Notes)- had married James Heagan's widow but Mother does not know that he had ever lived on the old Heagan place, neither did she know that he had a son Samuel---although she had, many years later, known Samuel himself---She says that some fifty years ago he lived on the left-hand side of the Bangor road, about a quarter of a mile north of its junction with the one that goes up over Spout Hill and that his (Sam Reed's) wife was a sister of James Lenfest who bought the "Pat" Staples place in the George Settlement. Kelly Nickerson married a daughter of James Lenfest and was the owner of the place referred to when I was a boy. It is now the property of John Larrabee---Stephen's son.

From the above I assume that when Abijah Reed married the widow Heagan he himself was probably a widower with at least one son---Samuel---and that very likely he -(Abijah)- took up his abode under his new wife's roof. Of course Samuel Reed may have bought the place either before or after he lived on the Bangor road but it seems probable that he may have gone ~~x~~ there to live with his father when he was a boy. At any rate, according to a next-door neighbor, he at one time owned it.

I asked Dockham how the Russians "panned out" as neighbors. He said they were all right, that "they leave you alone" ---from which I assume that they are not what we call "good





259

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

mixers"--- a trait which I suppose is more or less true of all immigrants of the first generation, so far as "mixing" with native-born Americans is concerned.

Dockham said that Gaidmore - (Dominick)- was sometimes accused of selling liquor---that the authorities had him over to Belfast on such a charge some little time since and that he - (Dockham)- had been summoned to testify against him. He said that he had been unable to offer any evidence which would tend to convict him of such a charge and had no desire to do so--- that he thought perhaps Gaidmore may have had some cider for some of his boarders - (evidently quarry-workers from "the mountain")- but that he himself didn't take too much stock in the accusation. It was evident that, although Dockham didn't have too much to do with his immediate neighbors, he at least held them in fair esteem.

Among other things which Dockham mentioned in the course of our conversation was the fact that "old" Abijah Reed had once "killed a man with a jug of rum on the long hill in Frankfort"---But "Bless you!", said Dockham, "he didn't mean to do it," which reminded me of the theory that it doesn't hurt any more to be killed by a sensible man than by a fool!

After visiting Spout Hill I think I know why Grandfather Crockett married a young woman who, like himself, lived on its summit---It was so that he wouldn't have to climb it, nights!!!!

I now directed my steps toward the old cemetery at Prospect Marsh Village in which lie Mother's ancestors on both the Crockett and Heagan sides. I made some passing acquaintances from asking questions along the way, most of whom seemed to think they knew the son of Henry Kneeland and Amanda Crockett.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE  
THE HISTORY OF THE

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Even Gamble (?) had known of Father, while Dockham, although he may never have known him personally, at least knew of him as "Henry" Kneeland---"You see, Harriet"-----

I meandered down through the gully and across the Marsh Stream by the bridge just below which Father tells me that "Josh" Ellis used to run a Grist-Mill and to which mill Father used constantly to take grain to be ground as a boy---it was the nearest one to the old Kneeland farm in a day when New Englanders raised their own grain and "boughten" or western flour was very much of a rarity --- if it had yet begun to exist. The settlement of the West, even, had ~~only~~ practically only begun---that is to say, the West as we know it today. The hill over which the road passes down to the bridge across the Marsh Stream is known as the "Josh" Ellis Hill to this day, though the place where he used to live is owned and occupied by "Joe" Colson. Father says he doesn't think there is a grist-mill in the whole county today but I can remember going to the one owned and run by Mayo in Monroe, when I was a boy. Father says that the local grist-mills used to divide the ground wheat into three grades, viz:- The first, which was fine white flour of a grade approximating the western flour of today; the second, which was somewhat coarser but which the house-wives of that day used to "build" into hot rolls for breakfast, etc., and of which, according to Father, one could very nearly eat his own weight (!!!); and the third, which was bran pure and simple and was fed to the live-stock. In addition to wheat to be ground into flour for family consumption, Father used to take to this mill both corn and oats, these last usually being ground together except that once in awhile a batch of corn



... (2) ...

... (3) ...

... (4) ...

... (5) ...

... (6) ...

... (7) ...

... (8) ...

... (9) ...

... (10) ...

... (11) ...

... (12) ...

... (13) ...

... (14) ...

... (15) ...

... (16) ...

... (17) ...

... (18) ...

... (19) ...

... (20) ...

... (21) ...

... (22) ...

... (23) ...

... (24) ...

... (25) ...

... (26) ...

... (27) ...

... (28) ...

... (29) ...

... (30) ...

... (31) ...

... (32) ...

... (33) ...

... (34) ...

... (35) ...

... (36) ...

... (37) ...

... (38) ...

... (39) ...

... (40) ...

... (41) ...

... (42) ...

... (43) ...

... (44) ...

... (45) ...

... (46) ...

... (47) ...

... (48) ...

... (49) ...

... (50) ...

... (51) ...

... (52) ...

... (53) ...

... (54) ...

... (55) ...

... (56) ...

... (57) ...

... (58) ...

... (59) ...

... (60) ...

... (61) ...

... (62) ...

... (63) ...

... (64) ...

... (65) ...

... (66) ...

... (67) ...

... (68) ...

... (69) ...

... (70) ...

... (71) ...

... (72) ...

... (73) ...

... (74) ...

... (75) ...

... (76) ...

... (77) ...

... (78) ...

... (79) ...

... (80) ...

... (81) ...

... (82) ...

... (83) ...

... (84) ...

... (85) ...

... (86) ...

... (87) ...

... (88) ...

... (89) ...

... (90) ...

... (91) ...

... (92) ...

... (93) ...

... (94) ...

... (95) ...

... (96) ...

... (97) ...

... (98) ...

... (99) ...

... (100) ...

## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

was ground separately for family or other use.

Having ascended the hill on the southern side of the Marsh Stream I again beheld the aristocratic course of Blanket Lane-- just across the valley. The man whom I asked to confirm my recollection prefaced his reply to my inquiry with:- "What name?" He evidently didn't wish to converse with people to whom he had not been properly introduced but upon catching the word "Kneeland" and my assurance "Yes, Henry Kneeland's son", his caution in the matter was immediately dispelled.

I had already passed the Samuel Crockett and Samuel Bachelder places before I came to the "Josh" Ellis Hill---Crockett's wife, Mehitabel, who was Bachelder's sister, always used to refer to and address them as "Sam Crockett" and "Sam Bach". When built, the two houses were exactly alike. "Sam Bach" lived just at the top of the "Josh" Ellis Hill on the left-hand side of the road, going north, while "Sam Crockett" - (Grandfather's brother)- lived in the next house beyond---still going north. The two-story house on the other or eastern side of the road was the Captain Robert Killman house. During the last generation the "Sam Bach" place has been known as the Michael Haley farm, until his death about two years ago when his wife sold out and moved to Winterport. Samuel Bachelder had five sisters---Mehitabel, Jane, Maria, Sally and Hannah---who became the wives of Samuel Crockett, Jonathan Crockett, Samuel Heagan, Rufus Littlefield, and (Mother thinks) Hammons, respectively. They were all large women of some two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois and became the mothers of families which were at once husky and numerous.

As it refers to two of Grandfather Crockett's brothers



MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

and one of his nephews I am going to quote here a part of a letter which I received from Will Staples from North Easton, Mass., under date of September 5, 1916, as follows:-

"Uncle David Crockett weighed about 92 lbs. at his best and when the first elephant was exhibited in Hampden the showman asked for eight of the heaviest men in the crowd to come and get on his back---and Uncle David was the first man in the ring. It is too bad that you cannot work in Uncle Sam's inimitable nasal drawl when he said to Aunt Hetty:- "Dear, you, Hitty, hain't you got some apple sass or sumpthin--this bread is so dry" If the characteristics, good, bad, and indifferent, of these old-timers could be printed, it would make interesting reading.

"There was Cap'n Allard Crockett who sailed West Indiamen for Treat & Company of the 'Mink Hole' -(as Frankfort was once called). He was so daring and reckless that the Treats would never allow him to go to sea with a mate of his own choosing. As far as he was concerned, when a sail was once set it never came off until the wind took it or he reached port. It is told that he was once wrecked on the Maine Coast in a terribly cold northeaster, reached shore wet, and found refuge in a barn. When he was found in the morning his clothing was frozen stiff. The owner of the barn thawed him out but he was delirious and remained in his delirium several days. When he came to his senses he was asked how he felt and answered:- "I feel like I want a good smoke".

"I remember when the Grant boys of the 'Marsh' tried to frighten him on a dark night---I do not know just how they made out but they admitted that they did not frighten him."





200

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

In his letter, Will goes on to say that he was just then feeling that he inherited some of the Crockett nerve as he had recently been selected by his co-workers in the machine-shop of the Ames Shovel & Tool Company, where he is a tool-maker, to present a demand to the management for a reduction in the time of their working day from ten to nine hours and had "gotten away with it"---to the extent of securing a compromise of nine and a half hours. He states that since the two older members of the Ames family died their children had left the management of the company to others so that he had never met any of the present owners, but that as the nine-hour demand was beyond the powers of the Superintendent it had to go "higher up", and that, as the members of the Ames family have the reputation of possessing fiery and ungovernable tempers, the other men thought, when he was called to the office for a conference, that he would "come away maimed and beaten and with a can tied to my tail", so that some of the best of them offered to go with him as a body-guard. Will says that "It was a ticklish job to undertake" but "I went alone,--put up the best argument for nine hours that I was capable of, and came away with a compromise of one half hour", but that now "the men are blaming me for not getting the full hour". He also adds that "Instead of getting in bad, it is told that Hobart Ames, the President, said that the men couldn't get a better man to handle their case."

Will's reference to the occasion "when the Grant boys of the 'Marsh' tried to frighten him" has to do with an episode which took place at the time that Allard Crockett -(he was Samuel Crockett's son)- was living in the large two-story house which stands at the top of the hill just south of the Marsh



## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Stream---on the right-hand side, going north. Like most of the men of the vicinity, Allard Crockett was accustomed to spend at least a part of every evening at the store at the Marsh Village. Thinking to frighten him and expecting to enjoy the consequent joke, some of the young men in the neighborhood including at least one named Grant, held him up at the point of pistols as he was going home from the store one dark night, demanding his "money or his life!" When Crockett met their demand with immediate action in an effort to hand them the sort of medicine that he no doubt was in the habit of passing to mutinous sailors, in a day when no ship-master could do much "pussy-footing" and retain control of his own quarter-deck, ---at the same time launching the inquiry, delivered in his most stentorian and nasal tones:--"How dare you stop an honest man on the highway?", they turned tail and fled. But the joke seems to have been too good to keep to themselves---even if it hadn't turned out as they had expected.

The large two-story house above referred to as the one-time residence of Allard Crockett had been built by Elisha Grant, one of the leading men of Prospect, and at the time of its erection and after was locally referred to as "The Mansion", it having been superior to any other dwelling in the vicinity. It was here that Grant had reared his family and that he had lived when and after he married the widow of James Heagan and Abijah Reed-(See Page 8 of Heagan Family Notes), my great-grandmother. Speaking of Elisha Grant while we were at the dinner-table today, Mother laughingly said that he was the first man in Prospect to own a chaise---that it was the first one she ever saw---but that "old" Eben Seavey quickly followed





## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Grant's lead by purchasing one for himself. When I asked Mother if she thought they resembled Doctor Holmes's, she replied:- "Yes, I think they all three went to pieces on the same day!"

Mentioning Seavey's chaise led Mother to tell us of a party which Eben Seavey's family gave but to which they did not invite any of the people of the immediate neighborhood, to whom it seems they considered themselves superior. Great preparations had been made for the affair and the more influential and prominent people of all the surrounding towns were the invited guests. The evening of the great event arrived and passed--- but no guests appeared! The Seaveys didn't learn until afterward that several young men of the vicinity had appointed themselves a reception committee, the different members of which had been stationed on the various roads leading to the Seavey home for the purpose of turning back the expected guests with the information that some member of the Seavey family had become violently ill and that the party had been called off in consequence. Mother remembers that Simon Littlefield had the assignment covering the road leading up from the Turner Schoolhouse, while Freeman Partridge guarded the approach from the north, another member being delegated to hold the fort on the road leading past Fred Ellis's and her father's house.

Returning to Elisha Grant and his "mansion:"-- Mother says that, in her girl-hood, the days on which Elisha Grant and his wife came to Grandfather Crockett's to spend the day with Mrs. Grant's daughter -(Mother's mother)- were Events, with a capital E. In the first place, there was the wonderful chaise! When to this evidence of wealth were added the expensive Panama hat and shining gold-rimmed spectacles of Elisha and the black



256

## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

silk dress and gold beads of her grandmother Hoagan-Reed-Grant, the sum total of magnificence was one calculated to impress the youngsters of a generation the members of which did not presume to declare that "I want what I want when I want it!"

So much for some of the past and present inhabitants along the road between Spout Hill and Prospect Marsh Village. Down in the valley to the east, and between the Marsh Village and Blanket Lane, is the Marsh River along which there used to be wharves to which Father's father - (and later, Father himself, to a lesser extent) - used to haul tan-bark and cord-wood with oxen---often after a full day's work and the chores had already been done. Father has often told me in the past how, after the ordinary labors of a farmer and lumberman's day had been finished, his father would yoke up his oxen, throw on a load of wood or bark, and take it to Prospect Marsh, returning home in the wee, sma' hours of the morning---after which there was "Nothing to do until tomorrow!", which we may be sure was not later than five o'clock. But Grandfather Kneeland died at 54!

Lester C. Dow now conducts a store at the Marsh Village, near the spot where John Libby so long did business in the store in which he had succeeded Jeremiah Grant---who was its proprietor and moving spirit as long ago as Mother can remember.

Just below the "Four Corners" at the Marsh Village is the old Prospect Marsh Cemetery, lying on the western side of the Bangor-Stockton Springs road and sloping toward the East, so that standing in it one looks across the valley to Blanket Lane and the stone house built and occupied by Park Watts - (grandfather of the wife of Ira Cobe of "Hillside Farm", Northport) - well up toward a hundred years ago. He still lived there when





MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Mother was a young girl but moved to Sandypoint more (?) than fifty years ago.

There have been additions to the old cemetery both to the north and south but, entering by what is now the main entrance (although Mother says it used to be one block of graves further to the north) and passing straight up the hill-side, the lot where Mother's father and mother, and brothers Leander, Daniel, **3rd**, Jr., James H., and Adelbert, lie buried, is on the right-hand side of the drive-way and the third or fourth down the hill-side from the western edge of the cemetery. When you have passed over to the next drive-way to the right - (which used to lead from the main entrance) - they lie in the order named. Both Uncle James and Uncle Adelbert were Masons. I confirmed the dates of birth and death of all of them, as given in the Crockett Family Genealogical Notes, from the tombstones. This lot is full.

In the lot adjoining Grandfather Crockett's to the west and next to what used to be the drive-way from the main entrance is the grave of William Colcord, the first husband of Uncle Nelson Staples's mother. His tombstone (which bears an anchor device) states that he was "Drowned April 1st, 1820, aged 32 years, 9 mos., and 10 days." Next to him, to the south in this lot lies Norman D. Staples, whose stone states that he died on January 26, 1882, aged 29 years, 8 mos., and 24 days. Next to Norman are buried Uncle Nelson and Aunt Lucy Staples, their graves as yet unmarked save for a small American Flag which was evidently placed on Uncle Nelson's grave last Decoration Day.

Passing on up what used to be the drive-way from the main

(1) The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the

general theory of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

the case of the

# MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

entrance, to the extreme western side of the cemetery, and on the right-hand side in what apparently used to be the extreme north-west corner of the yard, one finds himself standing before the tombstones over the graves of my Great-grandfather, Daniel Crockett, and his wife, Anna (Trundy) Crockett---See first pages of Crockett Family Genealogical Notes. The inscription on his tombstone states that he "Died December 6th, 1869, aged 94 years, 4 months, and 20 days"---Therefore he was born on July 16, 1775, --- five months and fourteen days after the day on which my Great-grandfather Edward Kneeland (of Cape Jellison) was born in Boston. Besides the above the inscription consists simply of the name "Daniel Crockett" above and the words "Rest in Peace" below.

Beside Great-grandfather Crockett sleeps his first wife--Anna Trundy of Frankfort. Besides the name "Anna, wife of Daniel Crockett", the inscription reads:- "Died December 23rd, 1821, aged 41 years, 7 months, and threedays. Erected by her daughter, Ann French." Therefore she was born on May 20, 1780. Only these two appear to have been buried in this lot---there are only the two tombstones!

Down the hillside a short distance I found the graves of Thomas Bretherick - (Aunt Mary Bretherick-Matthews-Gray's first husband)- and of Tommy W. Bretherick. ~~It~~ It seemed hard to realize that here lay the "Tommy Bretherick" of whom I had heard Aunt Mary Matthews speak when I was a boy and whose memory even, to the present generation, seems almost legendary. Thomas Bretherick died March 27, 1857, aged 24 years, 4 months, and 16 days. Tommy W. Bretherick died April 24, 1864, aged 7 years, 3 months, and 24 days.



MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

In the same lot and a little to the south are the graves of Uncle Amos and Aunt Mary Matthews' three children, Ruth G., Frank H., and Nellie K. -(the stone gives the last name as "Nellie" and not "Helen", which I had thought was "Gyp[s]" correct name). As nearly as I could make out the figures, etc., on their combined and moss-grown stone, the inscriptions were as follows:-

Ruth G. Matthews, Died Dec. 27, 1866, aged 10 mos.

Frank H. Matthews, Died Jan. 12, 1867, aged 2 yrs., 11 mos. / 7 ds.

Nellie K. Matthews, Died May 24, 1878, aged 7 yrs., 10 mos., / 12 ds.

Uncle Amos is buried in Leadville, Colorado, and Aunt Mary in Belfast, Maine.

A little below is the family lot of the Sanborns with its monolith, which Virgil Eaton, Editor of the Banger Daily News, -(who was born and reared near Bowden's Point in Prospect)- said in an issue of that paper early in the present year, was made from the block of granite by which True Sanborn was killed on Mosquito Mountain---See Heagan Family Genealogical Notes. In the article referred to, Eaton speaks of True Sanborn as "a fine and manly gentleman, much beloved by those who knew him" and says that ~~as a result of his death~~ "There was much genuine mourning in the community over the death of this good citizen, who left a widow, several charming daughters, and one son who is said to be the counterpart of his father."

This son was the present Henry True Sanborn of Banger, Agent of the Eastern S.S. Company Lines, to whom reference is made in the Heagan Family Genealogical Notes. Quoting Eaton in the article above referred to, he married Almeda Grant of Prospect, "the daughter of an old time Democratic politician,



# THE HISTORY OF THE

... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...

... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...

... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...

... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...

... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...  
 ... of the ...

## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

who became a Republican at the outbreak of the Civil War" and who (again speaking of Miss Grant) "was among the first to own and learn how to play the piano in Waldo county---Her fine singing and playing at Good Templars meetings, lodges, churches and school commencements, remains a fond memory in many old residents of Maine today."

This Almeda Grant, the wife of Henry True Sanborn of Bangor, was a grand-daughter of Elisha Grant referred to in the preceding pages---the daughter of his son Timothy---See Heagan Family Notes. Mother used to know her as a girl - (she was four or five years older than Mother)- and has often heard her play and sing when they both were members of the Good Templars---but of different lodges---and at other gatherings. She was the music-teacher referred to on page 60 of the preceding collection of songs.

Besides the above, Eaton's article from which the above quotations are made, after mentioning the fact that True Sanborn's widow - (Mother's Aunt Sarah (Heagan) Sanborn--See Heagan Family Notes)- later married a man named Nutter, deals chiefly with the romance between True Sanborn's eldest daughter, to whom he refers as the "beautiful Miss Sarah Sanborn" and General Cyrus Hamlin of Bangor, son of the then Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, - (during Lincoln's first administration)-, the culmination of which was their marriage and his taking her to his post of duty at New Orleans. Eaton says that they both died of yellow fever during an epidemic in New Orleans. But Mother says he is mistaken in this---that Hamlin was the only one of them who died of yellow fever. Mother says that Mrs. Hamlin died as the result of a dose of morphine administered to



her by a physician after a horse-back ride which she should never have taken and that General Hamlin brought her remains home for burial in a metallic casket---Her tombstone in the Sanborn Family Lot in the Prospect Marsh Cemetery bears the following inscription:- "Sarah Sanborn, wife of Cyrus Hamlin, Died July 12, 1863, aged 22 years, 1 month, and 12 days."

Mother says that after bringing the remains of his wife home for burial General Hamlin returned to his post at New Orleans, that something over <sup>three</sup> years later he was to have married his deceased wife's sister Nellie, but that, the day before he was to have started North for the purpose, he became ill of yellow fever and died---Mother remembers having seen his funeral procession from across the Penobscot River as it was on its way to Mount Hope Cemetery above Bangor---She was visiting her sister Sarah in Brewer at the time and thinks it was in October ---She is sure that it was in the Fall of 1866. His intended second wife, Nellie Sanborn - (her real name was Ellen)- was the first mourner. In telling me about her, Mother remarked that, upon his mother's death, Cyrus Hamlin had given to Nellie Sanborn Mrs. Hannibal Hamlin's piano---considered some present in those days! Nellie Sanborn later married a sea-captain of Winterport---Captain Thomas.

The clipping from the Bangor Daily News containing the article from which I have quoted passages in the preceding pages is headed "ROMANCE--TRAGEDY OF CYRUS AND SARAH---A Tale of Penobscot River Life More Than Fifty Years Ago." It consists of about three-quarters of a column, the heading being down in the body of the page. Mother did not note the date on it but thinks she cut it out about six months ago. Eaton closes it





## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

with the following paragraph:-

"Of all that gay old crowd of uniformed soldiers, shipwasters and gallants, who rode from Bangor to the shadow of Mosquito mountain for the purpose of paying their respects to Mrs Nutter and the Sanborn girls, few are living today. Some have left their bones on battle fields at the South; more survive to draw pensions at the North; their children have married and raised children of their own; the grass in scores of cemeteries springs greenly from the sad hillside, for Lincoln has been succeeded by Johnson, and he by Grant, Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson, and the prices of living and clothing have more than quadrupled since those old Democratic days when 'Cy' Hamlin drove to Frankfort for the sake of paying successful court to beautiful Miss Sarah Sanborn."

Virgil Eaton was the son of Guilford Eaton of Prospect and Harriet Rogers of Brewer. He was born in 1849 or 50. Mother used to know him as a girl. Her sister Clara went to school with him in 1866 in the old schoolhouse which stood on or near the site of the present one near Prospect Marsh Cemetery, Nettie Stubbs of Bucksport having been the teacher. Mother says he was six feet tall even then. Father first became acquainted with him when he went to the State Legislature as a Representative for the first time in 1896, Eaton having hunted him up while he was in ~~Banner~~ Augusta in the interests of his paper. Eaton graduated from Boston University and was later for nine years connected with the Boston "Globe". Father and Mother had the idea that he accompanied General Grant on his tour around the world after the expiration of his second term as President, as the "Globe's" representative, but inquiries which



MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

they have made seem to show that this was not correct. He became connected with the Bangor Daily News about twenty-six years ago but retired about three years since, although he still writes special articles for that paper.

General Cyrus Hamlin, referred to in Eaton's article, is the officer who, when the "Secesh" or "Copperhead" element of Prospect, during the opposition to the draft in 1862, threatened to mob him if he dared to appear on the day set for the drafting to take place, called their bluff by donning his full uniform as a Brigadier-General, strapping a few revolvers around his waist and, with his sword swinging free, circulating somewhat ostentatiously in their midst. Tradition says that those who had threatened him gave him a very wide berth on that day---that they sneaked off like whipped curs.

It was upon this occasion that the Selectmen of Prospect, called upon by the Governor of the State for a certain number of men and volunteers not being forth-coming, prepared to secure the necessary quota by drafting them. The proceeding was to take place in the schoolhouse at Prospect Marsh Village. The selectmen were Lincoln Clifford, (who lived up over the hill from the old Kneeland farm), Isaac Smith, and Harrison Ginn, Clifford being the head of the Board or First Selectman. The plan was to place slips of paper bearing the names of all the men in town eligible for military service in a hat and then draw therefrom a number of slips corresponding to that of the men called for by the Governor. The three Selectmen were behind a long desk to get behind which it was necessary to pass through aisles around its ends, or at least, that was the ordinary procedure. Clifford held up the hat for Ginn to begin



MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

drawing the fateful ballots. As he did so the crowd made a rush for them through the aisles. Both Smith and Ginn made a precipitate retreat out over the top of the desk. Clifford, the only Democrat on the Board and known as a "Copperhead", stood his ground and, doubling up a pair of fists like a couple of hams, swore he would kill the first man that came within reach. Met with this show of determination the crowd paused to consider and, like all hesitants, were lost. The result of the parley which followed was that Clifford said he would telegraph the Governor asking him to give the town another week in which to raise the necessary number of men but that, even if the extension were granted, if the contingent required had not been provided at its expiration, he would certainly raise the quota which had been called for by drafting them. The upshot of the matter was that the Governor granted a week's extension and before it had expired the town had voted to pay a bounty of \$125.00 each to volunteers, the requisite number of which coming forward the necessity for drafting had ceased to exist. Later in the war bounties of as high as \$500.00 were paid.

It was in one of the melees which served as a side-show to this attempted draft that "old" Andrew Grant - (whose son Andrew married Aunt Ruth Crockett Grant and who Mother thinks was a brother of Elisha Grant--though she is not sure of it)- had his shirt torn off from him. When his son Jeremiah - (not Elisha's son Jeremiah, who conducted the store at the Marsh Village---the two Jeremiahs were probably cousins)- expostulated with him, saying:- "Father, you had better leave this affair to younger men, " the old man - (he was seventy-five)-replied "Just twenty-one today", and in proof of the statement





leaped into the air and cracked his heels together three times.

While the events above described as attendant upon the proposed draft were taking place, General Hamlin, although present and swaggering around through the crowd, had taken no part in them--So far, it was a town affair---in which he had no authority. As I write this it occurs to me that as far as appearance was concerned, Lincoln Clifford had some of the characteristics of "Old Abe"---He certainly wasn't beautiful to look at! The above description of the affair has been given me by Father. He was there--"had gone over to see the fun!", as he expresses it. It really had nothing to do with him--He was a resident of another town.

It was the same Andrew Grant, an arrant "Copperhead", (as the Northern sympathizers with the Secession movement and Southern cause were called)- who at a later stage of the Civil War attempted, ~~to recite~~ at the close of an exhibition in the Turner Schoolhouse, to recite a poem he had composed beginning:-

"Lincoln's government's tumbling down!  
Glory! Hallelujah!  
Jefferson Davis's gaining ground!  
Glory! Hallelujah!"

and when the audience wouldn't stand for its delivery in the building returned to the charge by ~~at~~ trying to launch it at the crowd while standing in his pung. Uncle Milton had taken "The Four Center Girls" -(Mother, her sister Clara, Ella Peaslee, and Luella Whitehouse)- to the show -- likewise in a heavy pung---and when "old Andrew" again began to pour forth the torrent of his eloquence Uncle Milton, who hadn't enlisted in the Union Army because of his Southern sympathies, bore down on him with the warning:-"Get out of the way, you old-----!",



MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

at the same time taking good care to violently collide with him---thereby sending him sprawling over his dashboard, and effectually shutting him up for that night!

Hearing such occurrences described afterward and appreciating the spirit in which the North as a whole undertook and continued the task of putting down the Rebellion, one wonders that such men ever lived to see the end of the war---that they were not lynched by their indignant townsmen!

Because of what I have said about the Sanborns I am going to insert here the dates on some of the tombstones, as follows:

True Sanborn, Died April 27, 1850, aged 38 years.

Henry T. Sanborn, Died Jan. 21, 1841, aged 2 yrs., 3 mos.,  
/11 ds.

Sarah Sanborn, wife of Cyrus Hamlin, Died July 12, 1865,  
aged 22 yrs., 1 mo., 12 ds.

Debber Sanborn, wife of Henry K. White, Died Feb. 17, 1883,  
aged 33 yrs., 14 days.

Nettie L., daughter of True and Sarah Sanborn, Died Oct. 30,  
1884, aged 37 yrs., 18ds.

As I was copying these dates Bert's car, with himself, Father, Kit, Annie and Viola aboard, had drawn up at the main gate of the cemetery and a deputation therefrom had found me seated among the old graves, industriously scribbling these notes. While Father, Bert and Kit viewed the graves of Great-grandfather and Grandfather Crockett, Uncle Nelson, and their families, I made a last general cruise around the cemetery and in doing so, jotted down the following:-

Thomas Heagan, Died Nov. 11, 1831, aged 65 years.

Sally, his wife, Died Sept. 25, 1849, aged 21 years.

John Heagan, Died Feb. 1, 1830, aged 70 years.

Betsey, his wife, Died Aug. 4, 1857, aged 95 years.

Samuel Crockett, Born Jan. 28, 1801. Aged 79 yrs., 9 mos.,  
/2 ds.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE



## MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

This last was the grave of Grandfather Crockett's elder brother, Samuel, the eldest son of the Daniel Crockett who had come to Spout Hill from Cape Rozier in the early days of the 19th century and who, with his first wife and at least four of his sons - (Samuel, Daniel, Jonathan and George)- sleeps in this same cemetery. His eldest daughter, Ann French, who, according to the stone, erected the tombstone over the grave of his first wife - (and probably later the one over his own)- sleeps in Mount Hope Cemetery, Bangor, beside her first husband, Captain Jeremiah French, a well-to-do shipmaster of Bangor with whom she visited all parts of the world---souvenirs of which travels constituted a large portion of the contents of her fine house on lower Main Street in Bangor, where Mother remembers to have called on one occasion with her sisters, Ruth and Sarah, when, as a girl of sixteen, she was visiting her sister Sarah - (Uncle "Bill" Gray's first wife)- across the river in Brewer. Mother says that at that time the curios referred to, together with the fine furnishings and table-service (many ~~af~~ pieces of which were of silver) with which the house was filled, impressed her as the acme of munificence. It appears that the three daughters, Ann, Mary, and Martha, the wives of Captains Jeremiah **Pierce of Orrington** French, David Pierce, and William, and Richard Warren respectively, were the most prosperous members of Great-grandfather Crockett's family, but Mother says that her Aunts Mary and Martha remained on the more friendly terms with their brothers, never ceasing their visits to them and their families. Mother's Aunt Mary Pierce has visited her here, since we have been living on "The Pinnacle". Besides Marcus Pierce, the former captain of the Boston and Bangor line steamers, Mother's Aunt

Place of Origin

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Mary Pierce had nine children, their names, as Mother remembers them, being as follows:- Helen, Annie, Belle, Alice, Ella, Willis, Marcus, Warren, French and Albert---they are not supposed to be in proper order. So far as Mother knows, Helen, Belle, Alice, Warren, French and Albert are still living, but she lost all track of them many years ago. Practically the same condition applies to Mother's Aunt Martha Warren's children; Mother knows that she had two, William and Minnie, by Richard Warren, her second husband, -(there were none by the first)-and so far as she knows they are still living at Deer  
 \*\*\*  
 Isle, that home of sturdy sea-farers from which have come the crews of so many successful defenders -(so far they have never been unsuccessful)- of the "America's" cup---challenged for and won by the schooner yacht "America" in a race around the Isle of Wight, England, on August 22, 1851, and regarding whose performance an attendant was reported to have informed Queen Victoria, when she sought consolation in defeat by inquiring what boat was second:- "There is no second!" Many of us have seen the old "America", afterward the property of Ben Butler of The Silver Spoons and his son Paul, swinging at her moorings at Chelsea Brudge in the Mystic river without even knowing what craft she was. Mother's Aunt Mary Pierce is buried at Hampden, to which place the family moved from Brewer many years ago, and her Aunt Martha Warren at Deer Isle.

So that the information which it contains will "stay put" I am going to copy here a clipping which Mother has regarding the death, etc., of her Aunt Ann French who, when she had become a very old lady, married a young physician (?) named Dr. Herbert C. Penney, formerly of Amherst, Maine. Mother did not  
 -----  
 \*\*\*No! See under Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield!

*Boston*  
*Book* ~~1919~~ 1919

DELIGHTED PARADE SPECTATOR ON COLUMBUS AVENUE.  
Herbert C. Penny, who weighs 470 pounds, saw the parade from the Columbus avenue bridge and he kept the crowd in good humor by apparently smoking a cigar as large, comparatively, as himself.

MY V'YAGE TO SPOUT HILL

note the date on the clipping, neither does she remember for certain the name of the paper from which it was taken, but inasmuch as the article bears a Lewiston date and the paper contains an "ad" of a Gardiner, Me., merchant, I assume that it was from the "Kennebec Journal" of Augusta, Me., which Mother says she had for awhile at about that time. As for the date, from a reference to McKinley contained in an article on the reverse side of the clipping I assume it to have been either a short time prior or subsequent to the Presidential Election of 1896---therefore (probably) the issue of January 1st, 1897, although it may have been a year earlier or later. As I am going to copy the full article I will not put it in quotation marks--the quotation marks used will be as they appear in the paper, where Mrs. Ann (Crockett) French-Penney herself is quoted. The article is as follows:-

MRS. PENNEY DEAD

DEATH OF MRS. CROCKETT-FRENCH-PENNEY AT LEWISTON

ACTIONS OF DECEASED HAVE STIRRED UP MAINE AT VARIOUS TIMES

Leaves an Estate Valued at Nearly \$20,000

Story of a Strange Life

Lewiston, Dec. 31.--Mrs. Crockett-French-Penney, the aged wife of Dr. H. C. Penney of Lewiston, formerly of Bangor and Amherst, died at 5 o'clock, Thursday morning, after a six weeks illness of pneumonia. Her death brings to a climax a most interesting romance, which has been enacted in Maine during the last 12 or 14 years.

She was 96 years old and her husband is about 46. She has been in Lewiston at her rooms on Sabatis street for 10 weeks,





and he has passed his time there and at his rooms on Bates street, or his dermatologist rooms in Pillsbury's block. Not long ago the writer called at her home and listened to her story, from her own lips. In her younger days Mrs. Anna Crockett-French-Penney was a noted medium, and no meeting of Maine or Massachusetts spiritualists was deemed complete without her presence. She has evidently believed in her gift, for she has never used it for the getting of money, or for the detriment of others. You should have seen her when she was in communication with the spirits of the other world. Those who might have been her children are long since dead, they who could have been her grandchildren are gray-headed old people.

When we rang the door-bell at Mrs. Penney's home he came to the door and invited us in. It was a large, pleasant room on the second floor, and a merry fire cracked in the fireplace in the corner. Before this was drawn up a large, comfortable chair in the lap of which sat an old lady, the wrinkles of nearly an hundred years ruffling what was once an extremely good looking and prepossessing face, and a heavy head of white hair falling upon her shoulders. Her hands were toying with some bead stuff which she had been working, and her keen eyes were gazing absently into the fire. The room was her sleeping room but was comfortably and even luxuriously furnished. She turned her head when we approached and the doctor, taking her faded hand in his, said, gallantly: "Mrs. Penney--this is the Journal reporter--my wife, Mrs. Penney, sir."

She did not rise but gave a steady and firm grasp of the hand. "I have sent for you", she said, "because I want to tell the public the story that they have heard from other lips than



MY V'VIGE TO SPOUT HILL

mine and my husband, and in a garbled condition."

"I am of age," she said smiling, "and if I am satisfied with my husband, whose business is it?

"No one's."

"Well, they are continually trying to make it some one's affair than ours. He is my husband and is capable of taking care of me. I do not need a protector or guardian. When I married I was also one and twenty, at least, and I had a mind of my own. It was no business of a gabbling town's folks to come beating pans about my house. I did not marry Dr. Penney because he was young and handsome or because I was young and giddy--though I am not old by any means. I married him because he was willing to protect me as long as I lived, and in return I gave him the assurance that when my days were numbered and I had done with what property I had, he should have it. I am not rolling in wealth, but I have some property now which I shall give him when the time comes. Since the first day that I met him he has been nothing else than kindness itself to me, and that is all that I want. I feared that there were those who might get me out of the way that my property could be had, and for that reason I made this agreement with Dr. Penney that I might have a strong man to lean on in my old age. When I am old I shall need him!" and she laughed as young as any 16-years-old schoolma'am.

"How old are you, Mrs. Penney?"

"Well, I have never told anyone. My former husband used to say that I was eighty, but I was younger than that.

"When did you first meet Dr. Penney?"

"When I first met Dr. Penney he came to my house selling





MY WIFE TO SPEND BILL

goods. It was his toilet preparations. I invited him in, and having a friend who wanted some goods of that kind, I purchased some for her. That was in 1892 and I was living at Belfast on Spring street. I became acquainted with Dr. Penney from that time, as he seemed to be a bright and business-like young man, and to all appearances was honest--as I have since found him to be. Our acquaintance continued. My husband had been dead ten years then, and I was materially alone in the world. I told him my troubles and asked if there was any way that they could be helped. I said that I had had trouble with my folks, and I was told that some one wanted to get possession of my property, and I knew that I was not insane, all stories to the contrary. He told me that he would do the best he could to assist me. So he did.

"He was in the presence of some parties there and they said: 'Wonder if Mrs. French has found the silks that she lost?' and another said: 'I don't know--I have heard that some one has been employed to help her find them.' Not long after that they were brought back and placed on the doorstep in a basket. They had been taken from my house. I was ill shortly after this and was suffering from a bad cold. I thought that I was going to die. So I asked him to stay and get a nurse to take care of me and pay my bills. I gave him \$100 for his trouble and \$100 for my expenses. I dreaded to be left alone in the house, as I had been interrupted for several nights before by some person who got into the rooms. I was taken care of by the nurse, and the doctor looked after things. Of course, after I got well, I felt grateful to Dr. Penney and wanted some one to leave my property to and care for me while I live. I



MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

proposed the agreement of marriage as the best plan. I have never regretted it since. We were married by a clergyman of Belfast about a month after the agreement. We lived at Belfast for some time, and then Dr. Penney and I went to his home in Amherst to live."

Mrs. Penney left a will giving her remaining property unconditionally to her husband---and it is estimated that it would amount in all to about \$14,000 in real estate and a few thousand in money.

From the attitude of her family of late years, the Crockettts (of whom Dr. G. L. Crockett, late of Lewiston, was a connection), it is probable that her will will be contested upon the grounds that she was insane when it was made.

She had been a great sufferer for a number of weeks, but for a week it had been known that she could not recover. She was in her right mind for the greater part of the time, and at times when she was the lowest, would rally at the sound of his voice. Her remains will be taken to Bangor for interment on Friday, and Dr. Penney will accompany them. She will probably be buried, Saturday.

Dr. Penney is just now going through insolvency.

---

Thus ends this particular clipping. Another, which Lother evidently cut from the same paper a few years earlier and which, from the fact that an article on the reverse side contains the record of a debate in the National House of Representatives between "Sockless Jerry" Simpson of Kansas and others and that another Washington despatch is dated February 29, showing it to



## MY WING TO SPOT HILL

have been leap-year, I judge to have been the issue of (about) March 2, 1892, in which year Mrs. Crockett-French-Penney says in her interview that she and Dr. Penney were married, reads as follows:-

### WHITE CAPS

#### ATTACK HOME OF HERBERT PENNEY AT BELFAST

#### And Abuse Him for Having Married a Woman 84 Years of Age

Belfast, March 1.--Last night White Caps surrounded the house of Ann French,,the wealthy old lady, 84 years of age, who was married to young Herbert Penney.

They broke the front door and ransacked the house but found Penney hid in the haymow in the barn with two revolvers.

They disarmed Penney, kicked, pushed and pelted him with eggs for two hours. They notified him to leave town before to-night or be tarred, feathered and rail ridden to the town line.

Penney captured one of the White Caps and locked him in a closet at the point of a pistol.

Rev. T. T. Mack, the Congregationalist minister, who performed the marriage ceremony, says the room was darkened and he was deceived.

The damage to the house is £200.

Penney is still here and seeks legal redress.

People here claim that the old lady is demented.

Among Mrs. French's idiosyncrasies have been that of collecting almanacs, of which she has hundreds, for years as far back as 1780. Her house in Lancor is a regular museum of curiosities.

She has had a monument erected at Mt. Hope Cemetery in





MY WIFE TO SPONT HILL

Bangor, for herself, when she should lie beside that of her late husband, with the lettering and inscriptions, etc., the date of death alone being left to be filled in.

Her monument is completely covered with bead work, which she made herself.

Penny has been travelling about the country selling face powders and cutting women's bangs.

He was a witness against Graves, the game-warden murderer, it will be remembered.

---

Thus ends the second clipping. Mother has a third somewhere describing Mrs. French-Penney's curios, etc., but she cannot find it at this writing.

Mother knows little more about her Aunt Ann than is set forth above. She remembers seeing her only on two occasions--once in Bangor fifty-one years ago, and once when she and Father met her on the bridge at Belfast after she had moved there from Bangor---Mother didn't recognize her until after they had passed her---then as she wondered who it was that looked so much like her father she remembered that Caroline Delloff had told her of her aunt, Mrs. Ann French, having moved to Belfast and of some of her peculiarities. Mother says that she lived in Belfast only two or three years, that she understood that she lived on Bell street (not Spring as given in the interview) and that she was told that Mrs. French had moved to Belfast in order to be near some Spiritualist friends.

Captain and Mrs. Jeremiah French never had any children of their own but reared one girl---Mother doesn't know whose child she was nor what became of her. It was said that Captain

The first of these is the fact that the  
 second of these is the fact that the  
 third of these is the fact that the  
 fourth of these is the fact that the  
 fifth of these is the fact that the  
 sixth of these is the fact that the  
 seventh of these is the fact that the  
 eighth of these is the fact that the  
 ninth of these is the fact that the  
 tenth of these is the fact that the  
 eleventh of these is the fact that the  
 twelfth of these is the fact that the  
 thirteenth of these is the fact that the  
 fourteenth of these is the fact that the  
 fifteenth of these is the fact that the  
 sixteenth of these is the fact that the  
 seventeenth of these is the fact that the  
 eighteenth of these is the fact that the  
 nineteenth of these is the fact that the  
 twentieth of these is the fact that the  
 twenty-first of these is the fact that the  
 twenty-second of these is the fact that the  
 twenty-third of these is the fact that the  
 twenty-fourth of these is the fact that the  
 twenty-fifth of these is the fact that the  
 twenty-sixth of these is the fact that the  
 twenty-seventh of these is the fact that the  
 twenty-eighth of these is the fact that the  
 twenty-ninth of these is the fact that the  
 thirtieth of these is the fact that the  
 thirty-first of these is the fact that the  
 thirty-second of these is the fact that the  
 thirty-third of these is the fact that the  
 thirty-fourth of these is the fact that the  
 thirty-fifth of these is the fact that the  
 thirty-sixth of these is the fact that the  
 thirty-seventh of these is the fact that the  
 thirty-eighth of these is the fact that the  
 thirty-ninth of these is the fact that the  
 fortieth of these is the fact that the  
 forty-first of these is the fact that the  
 forty-second of these is the fact that the  
 forty-third of these is the fact that the  
 forty-fourth of these is the fact that the  
 forty-fifth of these is the fact that the  
 forty-sixth of these is the fact that the  
 forty-seventh of these is the fact that the  
 forty-eighth of these is the fact that the  
 forty-ninth of these is the fact that the  
 fiftieth of these is the fact that the  
 fifty-first of these is the fact that the  
 fifty-second of these is the fact that the  
 fifty-third of these is the fact that the  
 fifty-fourth of these is the fact that the  
 fifty-fifth of these is the fact that the  
 fifty-sixth of these is the fact that the  
 fifty-seventh of these is the fact that the  
 fifty-eighth of these is the fact that the  
 fifty-ninth of these is the fact that the  
 sixtieth of these is the fact that the  
 sixty-first of these is the fact that the  
 sixty-second of these is the fact that the  
 sixty-third of these is the fact that the  
 sixty-fourth of these is the fact that the  
 sixty-fifth of these is the fact that the  
 sixty-sixth of these is the fact that the  
 sixty-seventh of these is the fact that the  
 sixty-eighth of these is the fact that the  
 sixty-ninth of these is the fact that the  
 seventieth of these is the fact that the  
 seventy-first of these is the fact that the  
 seventy-second of these is the fact that the  
 seventy-third of these is the fact that the  
 seventy-fourth of these is the fact that the  
 seventy-fifth of these is the fact that the  
 seventy-sixth of these is the fact that the  
 seventy-seventh of these is the fact that the  
 seventy-eighth of these is the fact that the  
 seventy-ninth of these is the fact that the  
 eightieth of these is the fact that the  
 eighty-first of these is the fact that the  
 eighty-second of these is the fact that the  
 eighty-third of these is the fact that the  
 eighty-fourth of these is the fact that the  
 eighty-fifth of these is the fact that the  
 eighty-sixth of these is the fact that the  
 eighty-seventh of these is the fact that the  
 eighty-eighth of these is the fact that the  
 eighty-ninth of these is the fact that the  
 ninetieth of these is the fact that the  
 ninety-first of these is the fact that the  
 ninety-second of these is the fact that the  
 ninety-third of these is the fact that the  
 ninety-fourth of these is the fact that the  
 ninety-fifth of these is the fact that the  
 ninety-sixth of these is the fact that the  
 ninety-seventh of these is the fact that the  
 ninety-eighth of these is the fact that the  
 ninety-ninth of these is the fact that the  
 hundredth of these is the fact that the

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

French had intended that his property should go to his own family--the Frenches--after his widow had finished with it, but her marriage to Penney seems to have upset this plan.

The "Gabbling Town" mentioned in the first clipping is of course Belfast. Mother says that the bead-work mentioned in the clippings and with which the second says that her monument is covered was one of Mrs. French's hobbies, that she had a picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware and a fire-board, among other things, made entirely from it.---Reminds me of the bead-work of the Indians as described by Prescott!

Although the second clipping says Mrs. French was 84 years of age when she married Penney the figures given in the first are the nearer correct---She was Great-grandfather's eldest child and as her brother Samuel was born on January 28, 1801, she must have been born as early as 1800, which would have made her at least 92 at the time of her last marriage. Talk about ~~about~~ Eternal Youth! She certainly justified her being descended from that hardy race some of whom Aunt Ruth used to say had to be killed off with sticks!

The inference arising from her marriage to Penney caused Captain Marcus Pierce and Mother's Aunt Martha Warren - (or her family (?))- to endeavor to prevent Penney from obtaining control of her property, but without success. Among other things and according to the papers of the time he obtained possession of some \$6,000 in Bangor banks and \$20,000 in government bonds. Mother does not know whether or not her will was contested. The Reverend R. T. Hack who was deceived (!!!) into performing the marriage ceremony between Mrs. French and Dr. Penney is said to have visited in Belfast this summer.





MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

While I may have heard of the above at the time I have no recollection of having done so until the present week---during which Mother's life has not been a rosy one!

In passing, and while speaking of the Pierces---A few days since, while looking over some old papers, Mother came across a letter written to her many years ago by her cousin Warren Pierce - (her Aunt Mary's son and Captain Marcus Pierce's brother)- in which he said that of all his uncles and aunts he liked his Uncle Daniel and Aunt Jane best. He used to visit them often when Mother was a girl. Father and Mother think it probable that the Frank Pierce whom we know as a putser on the Boston and Bangor boats is a son of either "Mark" Pierce or one of his brothers.

I don't know any better place to make mention of the fact that Samuel Crockett - (Grandfather Crockett's elder brother and Mother's Uncle)- whose ~~life-long~~ wife used to refer to and address him as "Sam Crockett" in order to distinguish him from her brother, "Sam Bach", and whose life-long home (after he had reached manhood) I had passed on the way from Spout Hill to the Marsh Village, had boarded with Father and Mother at the old farm while he was superintending the building of the bridge and also (?) the dam at the present site of Herbert Black's saw-mill. I was about three months old at the time and remember him well. At any rate, Father's diary says under date of October 14, 1870:- "Samuel Crockett came here to board today." During this particular year it would be better to speak of it as "Mother's diary" as she kept it during 1869 and 70. Under date of October 27, 1870, the diary says:- "Henry went to help Black raise his mill this afternoon." Father and Mother tell



MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

me that the site on which Black's mill now stands was formerly owned by William - ("Uncle Billy")- Houston and that the waterfall at that place was known as "Houston's Falls." They think that the granite for the dam and the bridge was quarried from the slope just this side of Herbert Black's present home but on the western side of the road. It was the "Uncle Billy" referred to above who, afterwards describing his own actions on a day which had been cold enough to keep Father away from his work in the woods, said that:- "I took off my coat, hung my vest upon a twig, and chopped very comfortably all day." William Houston was the father of Fred Houston, Fred's mother having been Lydia Staples, a daughter of Grandmother Kneeland's sister, Jane Rendell, by her first husband, Staples, thus making Lydia and her sister, Betsey Staples, Grandmother Kneeland's nieces. After Staples's death his widow married a man named Clifford and he also having died his widow, Jane (Rendell) Staples- Clifford became the wife of James (?) Field, who lived on the place occupied in my boyhood by the Innis family and for whom, - (or his father (?) )- the Field Settlement, later known as the Roulstone District and now as the Portland District, was so-called.

In looking over Father's - (or Mother's)- diary of 1870 I find it hard to realize that the name "Henry Elmer" which I find written several times therein refers to myself. From the fact that it is also written "Elmer H." I assume that Mother was undecided as to which way I should write it until the tragedy of the following year led to its being changed to Frank Elmer.

Of Grandfather Crockett's brothers and sisters Mother's Uncles Jonathan, David and George and her Aunt Mary have visit-



LY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

ed her in her present home - (her Uncle David of Hampden used to come here with Grandfather Crockett when he came to Stockton) - but her Uncle Samuel died in 1880, four years after we had moved to "The Pinnacle".

Prior to her Uncle Samuel Crockett's death it had been a family custom to give a birthday party to him and his brothers Daniel and Jonathan, jointly, their birthdays having been January 28, 1801, January 28, 1803, and January 29, 1805, respectively, the parties having been given at their several houses, in turn. While I remember to have attended some of the parties given to Grandfather Crockett after his brother Samuel's death I do not remember if his brother Jonathan was present at any of them. The only references I find to these parties in Father's diaries are the three following:-

"January 28, 1880. F. P. Staples and family, Mary Matthews and family, and F. E. Wheeland and family all assembled at Mr. Crockett's to commemorate his 77th birthday."

"January 28, 1883. We all went to Mary Matthews to birthday party -- Father Crockett 80 years old today."

"January 28, 1886. We went to Mr. Crockett's in afternoon to birthday party. Got home at 11:30. Had good time."

Jonathan Crockett - (Grandfather's brother) - lived over in what used to be called "the New York Settlement", the first house on the right beyond Ira Ward's---between the Clark Settlement and Mountaldo. When his son Henry had grown to manhood and married he built himself a house about half way between Ira Ward's and his father's but on the other side of the road, where he lived for many years. Henry's family is now grown up, his wife is dead, and he himself is living with a Mr.





# MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

Warren in either Frankfort or Monroe. His father-(Jonathan)-died between twenty-five and thirty years ago and Father thinks Jonathan's second wife died shortly afterwards. As stated in the Crockett Family Notes, Joshua Crockett, a son of Samuel Crockett, is still living in Winterport.

So much for some of the occupants of the old Prospect Marsh Cemetery, a final look around which, while Father was walking back to the car, showed that it afforded opportunity for much browsing by one interested in the old families of this section. The trip to Bangor had been a rather long one for Father so I had to defer hunting up Mr. Killman until a more convenient opportunity presented itself. The counterpart of the cars which have made many new records during the present season made short work of the road to Stockton Springs and Searsport and I was soon up under the eaves---setting down for future reference such facts as I had gathered during my first "V'y'ge to Spout Hill".

---

I started to write the above on September 10th, immediately upon my return from Spout Hill but had to leave it to be finished (?) the next day. Next morning, Father having been unable to see an oculist in Bangor on Sunday, Bert decided to stop over long enough to again take him up there for the purpose of seeing Dr. Clough, the eye specialist at State and Brown streets. He invited me to go along and as I had not ridden over the river road in many years I did so, completing a party of five---Father, Mit, Viola, Bert and myself. George Bowen had come to Bangor on the morning train for the purpose of seeing Dr. Whitney about his eyes so we left word with Ber-



MY VIV'GE TO SPOUT HILL

tha to have his wife telephone him that if he would meet us at the Bangor House he could ride home with us---thereby reaching Searsport some hours earlier than if he waited to come down on the boat. As on the day before, Bert chose the route via Searsport village, Stockton Springs, Prospect Marsh, Frankfort, Winterport and Hampden. I didn't stop at either "the Ma'sh" or Spout Hill this time. We had a pleasant ride over what in some places are really good roads and, after picking ~~George~~ up George at the Bangor House and discovering Dr. Clough's office, my watch showed that exactly one and a half hours had elapsed since we left "The Pinnacle." That was a considerable improvement over the days when we used to make the trip behind horses but a greater was to follow.

Dr. Clough is evidently a busy man and although Father supposed he had an appointment he had to wait his turn so that, when the rest of the party picked me up at the Bangor House for the return home, my watch showed that it was already 11:45 a.m. I don't know whether Bert was really in a hurry or not---Kit said he wanted to get home---but if Phil Sheridan and his justly celebrated black horse could have been along they would have concluded that they hadn't "seen no runnin' yit!" I tried to smoke but the fire ~~burned~~ was forced back through the center of the cigar so that, although the outside looked fair enough, it burned my tongue. As we drew into Winterport George, sitting beside me, remarked:- "I suppose a feller could tell where he was if he could see anything!" "Hills rose and fell", etc. George, with his head ducked into the breeze and hanging on to his hat for dear life, gave me the impression of peering up under the visor of my cap for the entire distance. At 12:40 we





# MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

had dropped down over the hill into Stockton Springs village and turned our faces toward the west. Five minutes later--- one hour from Bangor---we were passing the Captain Andrew Ross -(old Ben. Merrithew)- place, lately sold to a Mr. Hogan from Bangor, and at 12:48---one hour and three minutes from the Bangor House---we had drawn up in front of Union Hall, Searsport, for the purpose of allowing Father to vote for Carl E. Milliken for Governor in an election the returns from which all good Republicans hoped would indicate the election of Hughes and Fairbanks in November.

It was exactly one o'clock when I stepped from the car in the door-yard here on "The Pinnacle". Bert concluded to defer his start on the return trip to Boston until the next morning and, during the afternoon, took Father, Bertha, Helen, Kit, Annie and Viola to Belfast and, after returning home, to Searsport again---It would have been somewhat wearing on one's nerves to do this with "Old Charlie"!

George's parting shot at us as he stepped out of the car at Leach's Corner on the return from Bangor had been:- "I shouldn't never want to travel no slower!" Kit didn't say much but I inferred from her expression that she regretted that an automobile wasn't something to which one could "put the braid"! Father cheered on the driver, Viola warned her father when anyone was likely to run over us from behind, while as for myself---when Bert later added insult to injury by inquiring if there had been any wind on the rear seat, I felt constrained to reply:- "Not a d--- bit! It was a dead calm back there!"

Bert, Annie and Viola made an early start on their return

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

had dropped down over the hill into Stockton Springs village and turned our faces toward the west. Five minutes later--one hour from Bangor--we were passing the Captain Andrew Ross--(old Ben. Harris)--place, lately sold to a Mr. Hogan from Bangor, and at 12:48--one hour and three minutes from the Bangor House--we had drawn up in front of Union Hall, Bangor, for the purpose of allowing Father to vote for Carl W. Wilkin for Governor in an election the returns from which all good Republicans hoped would indicate the election of Hughes and Fairbanks in November.

It was exactly one o'clock when I stepped from the car in the door-yard here on "The Pinnacles". Bert concluded to defer his start on the return trip to Boston until the next morning and, during the afternoon, took Father, Bertha, Helen, M. Annie and Viola to Belfast and, after returning home, to Bangor port again--it would have been somewhat wearing on one's nerves to do this with "Old Charlie".

George's partying shot at us as he stepped out of the car at Leah's corner on the return from Bangor had been:-- "I shouldn't never want to travel no aiver!" "It didn't say much but I inferred from her expression that she regretted that an automobile wasn't something to which one could "put the bridle"! Father cheered on the driver, Viola warned her father when anyone was likely to run over us from behind, while as for myself--when Bert later added insult to injury by inquiring if there had been any wind on the rear seat, I felt constrained to reply:-- "Not a d--- bit! It was a dead calm back there!"

Bert, Annie and Viola made an early start on their return

MY V'Y'GE TO SPOUT HILL

trip to Boston the next (Tuesday) morning --- they made the run from "The Pinnacle" here in Searsport to their home in West Roxbury from (about) seven in the morning to seven in the evening of that same day --- while I have been "devilling" Father and Mother with questions all the week!

F. E. K.  
Searsport, Me., 9/17/1916.

MY VIKING TO SPOUT HILL

trip to Boston the next (Tuesday) morning --- they made the run from "The Pinnacle" here in Seersport to their home in West Portbury from (about) seven in the morning to seven in the evening of that same day --- while I have been "devilish" rather and

Went with questions all the week!

F. H. K.  
Seersport, Me., 5/17/1912.

## THE LIFE OF HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT

### HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR



HENRY THREVELT GROCERIES---A BAY ASTOR

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

Henry Trevett Crockett is the sole remaining child of Jonathan Crockett, Grandfather Crockett's next youngest brother! He is a gentleman who, although he really doesn't need to talk with both his hands and his feet in addition to his tongue in order to give clear and vivid expression to his thoughts, still persists in doing so---a trait inherited from the Bachelders! After talking with him for the greater part of one afternoon, I felt as if I had been examined for spavin, strained tendons, string halts, swollen joints, and other ills to which horse-flesh is heir! Nevertheless, I will wager that he doesn't carry a malicious or unkindly thought in his head! And as for drollery---on the only occasion on which I remember ever seeing him he kept us in an uproar during the entire time of his visit! Except for a few minor corrections which he and Mrs. Twombly made in the original draft which I sent him for the purpose the following is an exact copy of a memorandum which I made of our conversation on the afternoon referred to!

---

Searsport, Maine, October 7, 1916.

Henry Trevett Crockett called here today and I talked with him about the letter I wrote him some weeks ago asking if he knew where his grandfather, Daniel Crockett, Senior, was born, or where he came from when he settled, first at Cape Rosier or its vicinity, and later at Spout Hill, Prospect, Me.!

To this inquiry Mr. Crockett replied:- "Why, he came from the place where they raise the cranberries---Cape Cod, isn't it? He used to go with Captain Powers in a trading packet which brought cranberries to this section -(Penobscot Bay)- and ex-

HENRY TRAVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

Henry Travett Crockett is the sole remaining child of Jonathan Crockett, Grandfather Crockett's next youngest brother. He is a gentleman who, although he really doesn't need to talk with both his hands and his feet in addition to his tongue in order to give clear and vivid expression to his thoughts, still persists in doing so---a trait inherited from the Bachelders! After talking with him for the greater part of one afternoon, I felt as if I had been examined for sprain, strained tendons, straining halts, swollen joints, and other ills to which horses flesh is heir! Nevertheless, I will wager that he doesn't carry a malicious or unkindly thought in his head! And as for drollery---on the only occasion on which I remember ever seeing him he kept us in an uproar during the entire time of his visit! Except for a few minor corrections which he and Mrs. Twombly made in the original draft which I sent him for the purpose the following is an exact copy of a memorandum which I made of our conversation on the afternoon referred to:

Barreport, Maine, October 7, 1916.

Henry Travett Crockett called here today and I talked with him about the letter I wrote him some weeks ago asking if he knew where his grandfather, Daniel Crockett, Boston, was born, or where he came from when he settled, first at Cape Boston or its vicinity, and later at Spout Hill, Prospect, Me. To this inquiry Mr. Crockett replied:-- "Why, he came from the place where they raise the cranberries---Cape Cod, isn't it? He used to go with Captain Powers in a trading packet which brought cranberries to this section (Penobscot Bay)- and ex-

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

changed them for fish, etc.: they could bring a few bushels of cranberries and get fish enough to last them all winter!"

Asked if Captain Powers settled in this vicinity Mr. Crockett replied that he thought not, that although he ran a trading packet to Deer Isle and other points in Penobscot Bay, and Daniel Crockett, Senior, married and remained here, he believed Captain Powers did not. He told us several amusing incidents about his grandfather according to one of which, while he was trading on the packet referred to, Captain Powers was hailed by the captain of another craft which was in distress and requested to "send his best man" to his assistance! Henry says that according to the version of the incident which he had often heard his grandfather - (my great-grandfather Daniel Crockett, Senior)- relate as a boy, Captain Powers turned to him (Daniel) with the remark:- "Well, Crockett, you'll have to go!" I told Mother that now I knew from whom I inherited my excessive modesty!

Henry Crockett recalled that when he was a boy and living at his father's home in "The New York Settlement" at Prospect and Great-Grandfather Crockett was still living on Spout Hill, the old gentleman often used to come to his son's (Henry's father's) house to spend the day---that he used to walk over and they took him home in a team at night. Henry said that whenever he and his brothers saw him coming they would exclaim:- "Here comes Old 'V'y'ge to the Nor-rard'"---that he always used to relate the details of the famous "V'y'ge" whenever he visited them, which was often! While Henry said they were always glad to see him, I gathered from the above and the fact that a reference to his "V'y'ge to the North" was for years about the only



changed them for fish, etc.; they could bring a few bushels of cranberries and get fish enough to last them all winter."

Asked if Captain Powers settled in this vicinity Mr. Crockett replied that he thought not, that although he ran a trading racket to Bear Lake and other points in Pendocot Bay, and Dan-

iel Crockett, Senior, married and remained here, he believed Captain Powers did not. He told us several amusing incidents about his grandfather according to one of which, while he was trading on the racket referred to, Captain Powers was hailed by the captain of another craft which was in distress and requested to "send his best man" to his assistance! Henry says

that according to the version of the incident which he had often heard his grandfather - (my great-grandfather Daniel Crockett, Senior) - relate as a boy, Captain Powers turned to him (Daniel) with the remark:- "Well, Crockett, you'll have to go!" I told Mother that now I know from whom I inherited my excessive modesty!

Henry Crockett recalled that when he was a boy and living at his father's home in "The New York Settlement" at Prospect and Great-Grandfather Crockett was still living on Spout Hill, the old gentleman often used to come to his son's (Henry's) house to spend the day---that he used to walk over and they took him home in a team at night. Henry said that whenever he and his brothers saw him coming they would exclaim:- "Here comes Old 'V'y'ge to the Nor'-ard'"---that he always used to relate the details of the famous "V'y'ge" whenever he visited them, which was often! While Henry said they were always glad to see him, I gathered from the above and the fact that a reference to his "V'y'ge to the North" was for years about the only



HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

thing I had ever heard regarding my great-grandfather, that his constant recital of its details became something of a bore to the members of the (then) younger generation---a conclusion in which I have been strengthened by the fact that two very old ladies - (Aunt Lydia Mackenzie -85- and Miss Ellen E. Heagan - who must be about 75-)- have this Fall assured Mother and myself in letters that they well remember hearing him describe the "V'y'ge" referred to, although at this late date they could not remember its details!

Mr. Crockett told me that his Uncle Simon -(his father's brother)- was lost at sea and that when his chest was sent home later it was appropriated by Samuel Crockett---that neither his father nor his Uncle Daniel -(my grandfather)- got so much as an auger---I believe he was a ship-carpenter---like so many of the men of that day! Mr. Crockett said that at the time of his death his Uncle Simon had a wife and two children. He seemed to think that it was these two children who were brought up by a Mr. Hopkins at Troy, Maine, but after talking it over with Mother I believe they decided that Mr. Hopkins reared the <sup>their</sup> children of his Uncle Jeremiah. They both recalled a visit which Mr. Hopkins made to Stockton and Prospect many years ago, when they were both children, bringing the daughter -(of Jeremiah?)- with him. Mother says she supposed Hopkins was driving a colt but that it finally developed that the horse was approximately thirty years old---For a horse of that age, they thought he was "a long ways from hum!" It was the daughter -(of Jeremiah?)- referred to who afterward married Pearl Harmon of Lowell, Mass. They don't know what became of the boy!

Mr. Crockett told us about visiting his Aunt Ann French in

thing I had ever heard regarding my great-grandfather, that his constant recital of its details became something of a bore to the members of the (then) younger generation---a conclusion in which I have been strengthened by the fact that two very old ladies - (Aunt Lydia Wickenzie - 88- and Miss Ellen E. Hagan - who must be about 78-) - have this fall assured father and myself in letters that they well remember hearing him describe the "V'y'ee" referred to, although at this late date they could not remember its details!

Mr. Crockett told us that his Uncle Simon - (his father's brother) - was lost at sea and that when his chest was sent home later it was appropriated by Samuel Crockett---that neither his father nor his Uncle Daniel - (my grandfather) - got so much as an sugar---I believe he was a ship-carpenter---like so many of the men of that day! Mr. Crockett said that at the time of his death his Uncle Simon had a wife and two children. He seemed to think that it was these two children who were brought up by a Mr. Hopkins at Troy, Maine, but after talking it over with Mother I believe they decided that Mr. Hopkins reared the children of his Uncle Jeremiah. They both recalled a visit which Mr. Hopkins made to Stockton and Prospect many years ago, when they were both children, bringing the daughter - (of Jeremiah?) - with him. Mother says she supposed Hopkins was driving a colt but that it finally developed that the horse was approximately thirty years old---"for a horse of that age, they thought he was "a long ways from home!" It was the daughter - (of Jeremiah?) - referred to who afterwards married Perry Harmon of Lowell, Mass. They don't know what became of the boy! Mr. Crockett told us about visiting his Aunt Ann French in

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

Bangor on his return from the Civil War and how, many years later but before her death, he had visited the lot in Bangor which she had even then prepared as her final resting-place--- beside her first husband in Mount Hope Cemetery! He also told us how the sailing packet which Captain Jeremiah French used to run from Penobscot Bay and River to Massachusetts ports, having among his passengers many of the young women who used to work as operatives in the mills of Massachusetts, was capsized; how the men climbed from the water on to her up-turned bottom; how two of the women passengers (one of whom was Captain French's sister) were caught below when the vessel turned over; and how the men clinging to the craft's up-raised keel could hear these women rapping and pounding for help on the inside of the ship but were unable to do anything to aid them!

He told us several incidents regarding Dr. G. Langtry Crockett of Thomaston, the son of his Uncle Samuel's son Luther. When he mentioned that Luther's wife was "Allie" Ausplund of Prospect I asked if he had ever known her. "Known her?", he replied. "I was brought up with her in the same town, as a child." He told me that her name was Almina---not Almena! Mother tells me that she was present at the serenade which was given Luther Crockett and Almina Ausplund, his newly-made wife, at the house of Luther's father---Samuel Crockett---just above Prospect Marsh Village, fifty-odd years ago! At first, the newly-made Mrs. Crockett declined to come out to see the visiting serenaders, but her husband finally prevailed upon her to do so---by telling her if she didn't come one way she would another! It was Luther Crockett of whom it was said that there was never a man on Fox (?) Island who could lay him on his back



HENRY THOMAS CROCKETT---A SAD STORY

Bangor on his return from the Civil War and how, many years later but before her death, he had visited the lot in Bangor which she had even then prepared as her final resting-place--- beside her first husband in Mount Hope Cemetery! He also told us how the sailing packet which Captain Jeremiah French used to run from Penobscot Bay and River to Massachusetts ports having among his passengers many of the young women who used to work as operatives in the mills of Massachusetts, was capsized; how the men climbed from the water on to her up-turned bottom; how two of the women passengers (one of whom was Captain French's sister) were caught below when the vessel turned over; and how the men clinging to the craft's up-raised keel could hear these women rapping and pounding for help on the inside of the ship but were unable to do anything to aid them!

He told us several incidents regarding Dr. G. Langtry Crockett of Thomaston, the son of his Uncle Samuel's son Luther. When he mentioned that Luther's wife was "Allie" Asplund of Prospect I asked if he had ever known her. "Known her?", he replied. "I was brought up with her in the same town, as a child." He told me that her name was Almira---not Allie! Luther tells me that she was present at the serenade which was given Luther Crockett and Almira Asplund, his newly-made wife, at the house of Luther's father---Samuel Crockett---just above Prospect Marsh Village, fifty-odd years ago! At first, the newly-made Mrs. Crockett declined to come out to see the visit- ing serenaders, but her husband finally prevailed upon her to do so---by telling her if she didn't come one way she would en- other! It was Luther Crockett of whom it was said that there was never a man on Fox (?) Island who could lay him on his back

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

---some reputation to bear in a community made up principally of stone-cutters! Mr. Henry Crockett told us that Dr. G. Langtry is "a chip of the old block"---that when he was in the Insane Hospital at Augusta he would pick up two or three madmen by whatever limbs happened to be handy and lug them off for all the world as an ordinary man would so many squawking chickens! Uncle Nelson Staples used to speak of a Crockett from somewhere down the Bay who was one of his comrades in the Fourth Maine Regiment -(Company I)- during the Civil War but Henry says it could not have been Luther Crockett as he and his brother Joshua went to California at that time!

Among others, Mr. Crockett and Mother spoke of their Uncle David's son Horace, who lived and died at Waco, Texas, and of Horace's daughter, ----- Crockett, who is a public reader and elocutionist and who made a professional tour of Maine a few years ago---six or seven, they thought! They also spoke of Dr. G. Langtry Crockett's sister Emma!

When I told Mr. Crockett what his niece, Mrs. Fanny Twombly, had written me a short time ago about having seen the name of Daniel Crockett \*\*\* in a History of Deer Isle, he said that she probably saw it when she went down to Deer Isle to take care of her brother, Samuel Austin, before he died, and that it was while there at that time that she visited his aunt -(and her great aunt)- Martha Warren!

Henry Crockett's sister, Sarah Ann -(she was named for her two grandmothers, Sarah (Pepper) Bachelder and Anna (Trundy) Crockett)-, was first married to Thomas Austin, by whom she had three children:- Samuel, Jennie, and Fanny! Samuel married Laura Sellers, Jennie married Thomas Twiss, and Fanny married

---

\*\*\*The name of Daniel Crockett does not appear in Hosmer's History of Deer Isle!



---some reputation to bear in a community made up principally

of stone-cutters! Mr. Henry Crockett told us that Dr. G.

Langtry is "a chip of the old block"---that when he was in the  
Insane Hospital at Augusta he would pick up two or three madmen  
by whatever name happened to be handy and lug them off for all  
the world as an ordinary man would so many squawking chickens!

Uncle Nelson Staples used to speak of a Crockett from somewhere  
down the Bay who was one of his comrades in the North Maine

Regiment - (Company I) - during the Civil War but Henry says it  
could not have been Father Crockett as he and his brother Josh-  
us went to California at that time!

Among others, Mr. Crockett and father spoke of their Uncle  
David's son Horace, who lived and died at Waco, Texas, and of  
Horace's daughter, ----- Crockett, who is a public reader and  
circulationist and who made a professional tour of Maine a few  
years ago---six or seven, they thought! They also spoke of  
Dr. G. Langtry Crockett's sister Emma!

When I told Mr. Crockett what his niece, Mrs. Fanny Twen-  
dy, had written me a short time ago about having seen the name  
of Daniel Crockett \*\*\* in a History of Deer Isle, he said that  
she probably saw it when she went down to Deer Isle to take care  
of her brother, Samuel Austin, before he died, and that it was  
while there at that time that she visited his aunt - (and her  
great aunt) - Martha Warren!

Henry Crockett's sister, Sarah Ann - (she was named for her  
two grandmothers, Sarah (Pepper) Bachelder and Anne (Trundy)  
Crockett)---, was first married to Thomas Austin, by whom she had  
three children:- Samuel, Jennie, and Fanny! Samuel married

Laura Sellers, Jennie married Thomas Wise, and Fanny married  
\*\*\*The name of Daniel Crockett does not appear in Horner's His-  
tory of Deer Isle

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

Frank Twombly. With the exception of Mrs. Twombly all of them, both husbands and wives, are dead. After the death of Thomas Austin, his widow married William Crosby of Brooks, Maine. Mrs. Twombly's husband having died, she now makes her home with Mr. Crosby, caring for him during his declining years. In the letter above referred to, Mrs. Twombly says "Father Crosby is real smart---was 94 last July"! In the same letter Mrs. Twombly writes:- "I am quite positive my grandfather was born on Deer Isle"! Mr. Henry Crockett thought his father -(Mrs. Twombly's grandfather)- was born at the farm on Spout Hill but when I told him what his niece, Mrs. Twombly, had said, he thought she might be right but said there was no doubt but that his father lived on the Spout Hill place from the time he was a very small boy until he reached manhood.

Henry Trevett Crockett was born on July 19, 1841, one of twelve children of the late Jonathan and Jane (Bachelder) Crockett. He is the only remaining member of the family. He married Lydia Perkins. She died 35 years ago. They had two children;-Armon, who lives at Athol, Mass. -(He is married but has no children)-, and Laura, who married Ney Killman of Prospect, the latter now being the station agent at Dexter, Maine. He was named for Napoleon's marshal, his full name being Marshal Ney Killman, --- for what particular reason I do not know!

Years ago, before Henry Crockett's wife died and Father was in the habit of making a two-day trip over around the mountain into "Paddy Hollow", he used to stay at Mr. Crockett's house over night---I find constant reference to it in Father's Diaries of 35-40 years ago! Henry Crockett's father and mother died twenty-five or thirty years since and he has long ago sold

HENRY TRIVETT CROCKETT--A BAD Actor

Frank Twombly. With the exception of Mrs. Twombly all of them both husbands and wives, are dead. After the death of Thomas Austin, his widow married William Crosby of Brooks, Maine. Mrs. Twombly's husband having died, she now makes her home with Mr. Crosby, caring for him during his declining years. In the letter above referred to, Mrs. Twombly says "Father Crosby is real smart---was 94 last July!" In the same letter Mrs. Twombly writes:-- "I am quite positive my grandfather was born on Deer Isle!" Mr. Henry Crockett thought his father - (Mrs. Twombly's grandfather)- was born at the farm on Spout Hill but when I told him what his niece, Mrs. Twombly, had said, he thought she might be right but said there was no doubt but that his father lived on the Spout Hill place from the time he was a very small boy until he reached manhood.

Henry Trivett Crockett was born on July 19, 1841, one of twelve children of the late Jonathan and Jane (Bachelder) Crockett. He is the only remaining member of the family. He married Lydia Perkins. She died 55 years ago. They had two children; Amos, who lives at Athol, Mass. - (he is married but has no children)-, and Laura, who married Roy Kilman of Westbrook, the latter now being the station agent at Dexter, Maine. He was named for Napoleon's marshal, his full name being Marshal Roy Kilman, --- for what particular reason I do not know!

Years ago, before Henry Crockett's wife died and Father was in the habit of making a two-day trip over around the mountain into "Laddy Hollow", he used to stop at Mr. Crockett's house over night---I find constant reference to it in Father's Diaries of 35-40 years ago! Henry Crockett's father and mother died twenty-five or thirty years since and he has long ago sold



HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

both the place where his father used to live and his own house ---both in "The New York Settlement" of Prospect---I do not know why it was so called! \*\*\* A number of years ago he went to live at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren, old friends in Monroe, on what used to be known as the George Rand place, some eight miles from Black's Corner, which Mr. Warren had bought of Rand---I believe Mrs. Warren was Rand's daughter! Mr. Warren died a year or two ago but Mr. Crockett still makes his home with the widow, Mrs. Alice Warren. His postoffice address is R. P. D. No. 2, Monroe, Maine.!

Together with his brother Elijah, Henry Trevett Crockett was a member of the same company with Father in the Union Army during the Civil War---Company K., 26th Maine Volunteers! Father says Henry was about the only sure cure for "the blues" which the "boys/ in blue" had---that he kept the camp in an uproar! I had hoped to hear him tell of the occasion when he impressed the pair of young horses and a carriage as a means of "catching up" when some of his comrades and himself were left behind on the Red River Expedition---but he had to go before I had an opportunity to ask him to do so! He was taken prisoner at Brashear City, Louisiana, along with Uncle "Del" Crockett! They were later released on parole and came home in 1863! He seems to have been able to command considerable attention in the intervening years by nonchalantly referring to his "prison term"!

Henry Trevett Crockett was named for the eldest son of his grandfather Crockett's second wife---by her first husband, Samuel Trevett!

---

\*\*\* see Mrs. Twombly's explanation in the succeeding pages!

\*\*\* See Mrs. Twombly's explanation in the succeeding pages!

and Trevellett

Grandfather Crockett's second wife---by her first husband, Sam-

Henry Trevellett Crockett was named for the eldest son of his

term!

the intervening years by nonchalantly referring to his "prison

seems to have been able to command considerable attention in

They were later released on parole and came home in 1863! He

at Brashear City, Louisiana, along with Uncle "Del" Crockett!

had an opportunity to ask him to do so! He was taken prisoner

behind on the Red River Expedition---but he had to go before I

"catching up" when some of his comrades and himself were left

impressed the pair of young horses and a carriage as a means of

uppers! I had hoped to hear him tell of the occasion when he

which the "boy in blue" had---that he kept the camp in an

Father says Henry was about the only sure cure for "the blues"

during the Civil War---Company K., 26th Maine Volunteers!

was a member of the same company with father in the Union Army

Together with his brother William, Henry Trevellett Crockett

R. W. D. No. 2, Monroe, Maine!

with the widow, Mrs. Alice Warren. His postoffice address is

died a year or two ago but Mr. Crockett still makes his home

band---I believe Mrs. Warren was Band's daughter! Mr. Warren

eight miles from Black's Corner, which Mr. Warren had bought of

ree, on what used to be known as the George Band place, some

at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren, old friends in Mon-

why it was so called! \*\*\* A number of years ago he went to live

---both in "The New York Settlement" of Prospect---I do not know

HENRY TREVELLETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

both the place where his father used to live and his own house



HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

So ends my memorandum of October 7, 1916. In returning the corrected draft, Mr. Crockett and Mrs. Twombly -(She signs her name "Mrs. Fannie A. Twombly")- sent me several pages of miscellaneous notes a large part of which are already covered in the section entitled "The Crockett Family" and therefore are not again included here. They say they think Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born on Cape Cod but the digging up of the Trevett Family Record after I had addressed my letter of inquiry on the subject to Henry Trevett Crockett establishes the fact that he was born at Windham in the present State of Maine! For that matter, many of their impressions regarding family history are incorrect! For example:- On page 150 I quote their opinion to the effect that Jonathan Crockett's sister Olive was lost at sea with Captain Jeremiah French's sister, but in a letter dated Kennebunkport, Me., March 11, 1917, and received after Page 150 was written, Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield---fresh from a winter trip to California and several visits while there with her cousin, Helen (Pierce) Folsom---writes as follows:-

"Aunt Olive Crockett lived with her father until the new wife came--then sometime she went to live with Aunt Ann Crockett French and died there of tuberculosis. I have often heard Mother tell of it and Cousin Helen spoke of it this winter. Helen also told me that she was buried across the street from Uncle French's and adjoining the old Methodist Church that was afterward used as a town-house. A new Methodist Church was afterward built at Orrington Corner. She was engaged to be married and had the customary lot of silver to keep house with---two large spoons and 1/2 dozen teaspoons, all with O. P. C. on them. Mother had three teaspoons, Aunt Mary the same, and as usual, Aunt Ann had the lion's share--the two large ones! I now have the three small ones that Mother had and one of the large ones that Aunt Ann had. I was in Lewiston to a Fair since she died and Mr. Penney, her second husband, was exhibiting her bead work and silver service. I went and examined it all and asked all the questions that I cared to---then I told him who I was and told him I would like to buy the two large spoons as my daughter was named for Aunt Olive. He was very nice and courteous and gave me one and said that the other was in Amherst,

So ends my memorandum of October 7, 1916. In returning the corrected draft, Mr. Crockett and Mrs. Twombly - (She signs her name "Mrs. Jennie A. Twombly") - sent me several pages of miscellaneous notes a large part of which are already covered in the section entitled "The Crockett Family" and therefore are not again included here. They say they think Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett was born on Cape Cod but the digging up of the Trevett Family Record after I had addressed my letter of inquiry on the subject to Henry Trevett Crockett established the fact that he was born at Wingham in the present State of Maine. Now that matter, many of their impressions regarding family history are incorrect. For example:- On page 150 I quote their opinion to the effect that Jonathan Crockett's sister Olive was lost at sea with Captain Jeremiah French's sister, but in a letter dated Kennepinport, Me., March 11, 1917, and received after Page 150 was written, Mrs. Minnie E. (Warren) Littlefield--fresh from a winter trip to California and several visits while there with her cousin, Helen (Pierce) Nelson--writes as follows:

"Aunt Olive Crockett lived with her father until the new wife came--then sometime she went to live with Aunt Ann Crockett French and died there of tuberculosis. I have often heard Mother tell of it and Cousin Helen spoke of it this winter. Helen also told me that she was buried across the street from Uncle French's and adjoining the old Methodist Church that was afterwards used as a town house. A new Methodist Church was afterward built at Orlington Corner. She was engaged to be married and had the customary lot of silver to keep home with--two large spoons and 12 dozen teaspoons, all with G. F. C. on them. Mother had three teaspoons, Aunt Mary the same, and as usual, Aunt Ann had the lion's share--the two large ones! I now have the three small ones that Mother had and one of the large ones that Aunt Ann had. I was in Lewiston to a Fair since she died and Mr. Penney, her second husband, was exhibiting her bead work and silver service. I went and examined it all and asked all the questions that I cared to--then I told him who I was and told him that I would like to buy the two large spoons as my daughter was named for Aunt Olive. He was very nice and courteous and gave me one and said that the other was in Amherst."



HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

where he had stored a lot of things, and that he would send it to me---but I have never seen it! Do you know if he is alive now? My getting the spoon has been a joke in the family for years! Aunt Olive would be about 73 years now, Helen thinks! (\*\*\*) You could find out by going to this cemetery in Orrington".

I have quoted the above from Mrs. Littlefield's letter as probably being authority on the death and final resting-place of Olive Crockett, Mr. Henry Crockett, Mrs. Twombly and Aunt Lydia Mackenzie to the contrary notwithstanding! Although they ~~do~~ not belong here, still, as I have not time to re-write the pages where they do belong, I am going to quote here the following additional extracts from Mrs. Littlefield's letter of 3/11, 1917, in order to get them into the record:-

"Aunt Mary Pierce died October 3, 1890, aged 75 years, 1 month, 1 day. My mother was born October 7, 1819, and ~~month & day~~ passed away May 10, 1900. I do not know Aunt French's age but am positive she was over 90 quite a bit. I do not know either of the others' births and deaths---only that Uncle (which one? W.E.K.) died on the Island of Lombok (?), Sumatra, E. I., and Uncle Jeremiah died in some part of California. I remember hearing Mother speak of Fannie Twombly but never saw her. Mother's first husband, Captain William Marsh Pierce, was a first cousin to Aunt Mary's husband, Captain David Pierce. William had a brother, Captain David Washington Pierce! No, my father was not a Sea Captain. I think he went fishing to Bay of Chaleur when very young for I have heard him laugh about Nova Scotia pigs with long noses but he, when very young, opened a general country store and kept in the business, with the exception of about a year during the Rebellion. Uncle Jeremiah married an Abbie Jane Bickford of East Hampden and Uncle Simon married a Miss Alameda Warren of Wyoming Valley, Penn. Then they parted and she took her maiden name. Her son's name was George Warren and I presume he lives or did live in Wyoming Valley. Mother used to hear from Luella Crockett through Mary Gray I think, but since Mother went she lost all track of her. Now I know her married name I shall ask of her of friends who live in Lowell. ----- You know of course the Crocketts have a pretty good opinion of themselves! ----- Uncle Heman had only one son--Beverly--and I did not know he left children. Beverly was in a bank in Carson City. Afterward he went to Reno. I heard of him (after he died) from an oculist who came from Reno and afterwards lived in San Diego--I think he told me they had no children but may be mistaken. To go back to Luella, I neglected to say she was adopted by people and lived in Troy, Maine, and lived with them until ~~she~~ she went to the Lowell Mills to \*\*\*She would be much older! Her mother died 95 years ago!

HENRY THREVEY CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

where he had stored a lot of things, and that he would send it to me---but I have never seen it! Do you know if he is alive now? We getting the spoon has been a joke in the family for years! Aunt Olive would be about 78 years now. Helen thinks! (\*\*\*) You could find out by going to this cemetery in Oregon."

I have quoted the above from Mrs. Littlefield's letter as probably being authority on the death and final resting-place of Olive Crockett, Mr. Henry Crockett, Mrs. Twombly and Aunt Lydia Macdonald to the contrary notwithstanding! Although they do not belong here, still, as I have not time to re-write the pages where they do belong, I am going to quote here the following additional extracts from Mrs. Littlefield's letter of 3/11, 1917, in order to get them into the record:-

"Aunt Mary Pierce died October 3, 1890, aged 78 years, 1 month, 1 day. My mother was born October 7, 1812, and monthly I day passed away May 10, 1900. I do not know Aunt French's age but am positive she was over 90 quite a bit. I do not know either of the others' births and deaths---only that Uncle (which one? W.R.K.) died on the island of Lombok (?), Sumatra, E. I., and Uncle Jeremiah died in some part of California. I remember hearing Mother speak of Fannie Twombly but never saw her. Her first husband, Captain William Pierce, was a first cousin to Aunt Mary's husband, Captain David Pierce! William had a brother, Captain David Washington Pierce! No, my father was not a sea Captain. I think he went fishing to Bay of Chaleur when very young for I have heard him laugh about Nova Scotia pigs with long noses but he, when very young, opened a general country store and kept the business, with the exception of about a year during the Rebellion. Uncle Jeremiah married an Abbie Jane Pickford of East Hampton and Uncle Simon married a Miss Alameda Warren of Wyoming Valley, Penn. Then they parted and she took her maiden name. Her son's name was George Warren and I presume he lives or did live in Wyoming Valley. Mother used to hear from Isabella Crockett through Henry Grey I think, but since Mother went west all track of her. Now I know her married name I shall ask of her of friends who live in Lowell.----- You know of course the Crockett have a pretty good opinion of themselves!----- Uncle Herman had only one son---Reverly---and I did not know he left children. Severly was in a bark in Carson City. I heard of him (after he died). I heard of him (after he died) from an cousin who came from Reno and afterwards lived in San Diego---I think he told me they had no children but may be mistaken. To go back to Lydia, I neglected to say she was adopted by people and lived in Utah, Idaho, and lived with them until she went to the Lowell Mills to \*\*\*She would be much older! Her mother died 55 years ago!"



HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT--A BAD ACTOR

work. Aunt Mary Pierce had the following children:- Helen Amanda, who is 80 years in April--the 18th I think; Willis Patten, who was killed on a gunboat (Wachusett?) during the Rebellion; Ann French (Married twice, 1st husband--Carl, 2nd husband--Leman); Marcus David; Warren Nickerson; Isabella Alameda (now in Bangor Insane Asylum); Jeremiah French; Alice Sophia; Agnes Ella; Mary Florine (who died young); and Albert David---He and Helen are the only ones left! Albert is in Jerome, Arizona, just now. He was in Vancouver. Then went to San Diego. Was there nearly two years and then went to Jerome. ----- Grandfather Crockett had relatives living in Dover and Foxcroft for Mother used to visit there and, I think, later used to write to them. There names were Robinson. One--Mary--married a Going and lived in Boston. She died within the last ten years, nearly one hundred years young--not old. I saw her twice and she was the youngest old lady I ever saw. Another sister,--Alathea---married a Colonel Doughty and lived in either Dover or Foxcroft. Probably some of his descendants are living there now. The Colonel was a prominent man, I have been told. I hope this may be new to you. It was to me at first---then I remembered it all after awhile. I have not been home for forty-five years, only for a few weeks or days at a time, and not living near relatives had forgotten it until Cousin Helen told me. I have a friend who has lived in Brewer and she tells me I have a cousin living there. Do you know who she is? I think the name is Crockett. If so, he must be the kin, as they say in the South!" -(This is Aunt "Mel" and her family. F.E.K.)-

When, on Page 302, I began quoting from Mrs. Littlefield's letter, I intended to quote merely that part of it having reference to Olive Crockett, but having continued with Pages 303-4, have concluded to include what constitutes practically the balance of her letter, as follows:-

"I am still of the impression that Grandfather Crockett settled in Prospect in his early married life and that most of his children were born there. I remember Mother telling about going a mile to school -(To the Marsh Village? F.E.K.) and wading through the snow, and how her underclothes would be frozen when she got to school. There is a Crockett who lives at Stonington, Me.,-(Elmer E. Crockett. F.E.K.)-(His father was Levi and he lived in Oceanville, Me.) who might tell you about the family. I think the Trundy family came from Deer Isle---Anna Trundy married Grandfather Crockett---Elizabeth married Grandfather Warren--Father's father---One married a Thurlow---One married a Whittemore---One a Pressey! There is a Chas. Thurlow living at Stonington, or he did live there, that might tell you about the family. I'm not sure but (that?) one of the sisters married a Fifield. You might write to Mrs. Dudley Fifield, Stonington, Me., and she perhaps could tell



work. Aunt Mary Pierce had the following children:- Helen Amanda, who is 90 years in April--the 18th I think; Willie Tetter, who was killed on a gunshot (Wednesday?) during the rebellion; Ann French (married twice, first to a band--Carl, and husband--Leman); James David; Warren Mickerson; Lashelle Alameda (now in Barker Karpis gang); Jeremiah French; Alice Sophia; Agnes Alice; Mary Florence (who died young); and Albert David--He and Helen are the only ones left! Albert is in Jerome, Arizona, just now. He was in Vancouver. Then went to San Diego. Was there nearly two years and then went to Jerome. ----- Grandfather Crockett had relatives living in Dover and New York for Mother used to visit there and, I think, later used to write to them. There names were Robinson. One--Mary--married a Goring and lived in Boston. She died within the last ten years, nearly one hundred years young--not old. I saw her twice and she was the youngest old lady I ever saw. Another sister--Althea--married a Colonel Bonny and lived in either Dover or New York. Probably some of his descendants are living there now. The Colonel was a prominent man, I have been told. I hope this may be new to you. It was to me at first--then I remembered it all after awhile. I have not been home for forty-five years, only for a few weeks or days at a time, and not living near relatives had forgotten it until Goring Helen told me. I have a friend who has lived in Dover and she tells me I have a cousin living there. Do you know who she is? I think the name is Crockett. If so, he must be the kin, as they say in the South. (This is Aunt "Mel" and her family. T.E.K.)-

When, on page 302, I began quoting from Mrs. Littlefield's letter, I intended to quote merely that part of it having reference to Olive Crockett, but having continued with pages 303-4 have concluded to include what constitutes practically the balance of her letter, as follows:-

"I am still of the impression that Grandfather Crockett settled in Prospect in his early married life and that most of his children were born there. I remember Mother telling about going a mile to school--(To the Marsh Village?) W.E. be frozen when she got to school. There is a Crockett who lives at Stonington, Me.--(Homer E. Crockett. T.E.K.)-- (His father was Levi and he lived in Coosville, Me.) who might tell you about the family. I think the Trundy family came from Deer Isle--Anna Trundy married Grandfather Crockett--Elizabeth married Grandfather Warren--Father's father--One married a Trundy--One married a Whittemore--One a Pressey! There is a Chase, Trundy living at Stonington, or he did live there, that might tell you about the family. I'm not sure but (that) one of the sisters married a Willard. You might write to Mrs. Dudley Willard, Stonington, Me., and she perhaps could tell

HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

you a good bit. You can tell her I asked you to write. She was always a friend of ours. Then again, if Mrs. Edward Cole of Brooklin, Me., is alive she would know. She was a cousin (Father's sister)---Aunt Abbie's oldest daughter. She belongs to a most remarkable family for family knowledge!"

The above three quotations constitute practically the whole of Mrs. Littlefield's letter---although the arrangement has been altered somewhat! The last one strengthens my assumption that Anna(Trundy)Crockett was a daughter of the Samuel Trundy shown by the First Census to have been living at Deer Isle in 1790 and whose family apparently included six daughters!

To return to the primary subject of this section---The Bad Actor! Although I know that some of the dates, etc., supplied me by Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Twombly and having reference to other people are inexact, I am going to quote them as authorities regarding the twelve children of Jonathan and Jane (Bachelder) Crockett as follows:-

- "(1) Samuel Crockett, born October 21, 1827, and died at the age of 81 in California---about 12 years ago---unmarried. -(Note the discrepancy in dates! F.E.K.)-
- (2) Jonathan Crockett. Died at the age of 23 with a fever
- (3) Sarah Ann Crockett. Born in Prospect, March 4, 1831, and died June 14, 1900. Married Thomas C. Austin of Charlestown, R. I., January 16, 1851. Their children were:-
  - (1) Samuel Crockett Austin. Born March 18, 1854, and died Jan. 7, 1892. He married Laura Sellers of Deer Isle. They had two boys.
  - (2) Jennie Austin. Born October 27, 1857, and died October 7, 1884. She married Thomas W. Twiss July 4, 1870. She had one girl--Lena(?)!
  - (3) Fannie Astin (Austin). Born March 17, 1864. Married Frank Twombly of Monroe, Maine, November 7, 1882. They had two children---apoy and girl!
- (4) Kingsbury B. Crockett. Born August 31, 1833, and died in April, 1916. He married Drusilla Sanders. They had 8 children:- Nancy, Sarah Jane, Evelyn, Nettie, Wilbra Percy, Ernest, Bertha, George. -(They give ten names. I have assumed that "Sarah Jane" is one. Which of the other two should be combined I do not know. FEF)-

You a good hit. You can tell her I asked you to write. She was always a friend of mine. Then again, it was Edward Cole of Brockton, Mass., is alive and would know. She was a cousin (Wether's sister)--- Aunt Abbie's oldest daughter. She belongs to a most remarkable family for family knowledge!"

The above three questions constitute practically the whole of Mrs. Littlefield's letter---although the management has been altered somewhat! The last one strengthens my assumption that Anna (Trudy) Crockett was a daughter of the Samuel Trudy shown by the first Census to have been living at Deer Isle in 1780 and whose family apparently included six daughters!

To return to the primary subject of this section---The Bad Actor! Although I know that some of the dates, etc., supplied me by Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Twombly and having referred to other people are incorrect, I am going to quote them as authorities regarding the twelve children of Jonathan and Jane (Schneider) Crockett as follows:-

- (1) Samuel Crockett, born October 21, 1827, and died at the age of 21 in California---about 12 years ago---numbered. (Note the discrepancy in dates! F.B.K.:-)
- (2) Jonathan Crockett. Died at the age of 22 with a fever given worse:-  
(2) Sarah Ann Crockett. Born in Prospect, March 4, 1831, and died June 14, 1890. Married Thomas B. Austin of Sparrowsnest, N. Y., January 16, 1851. Their children were:-  
(1) Samuel Crockett Austin. Born March 18, 1854, and died Jan. 7, 1893. He married Laura Bellera of Deer Isle. They had two boys.  
(2) Jennie Austin. Born October 27, 1857, and died October 7, 1894. She married Thomas W. Twiss July 4, 1870. She had one girl---Jane(?)!  
(3) Jennie Estlin (Austin). Born March 17, 1866. Married Frank Twombly of Monroe, Maine, November 7, 1888. They had two children---a boy and girl!
- (4) Kingsbury B. Crockett. Born August 21, 1833, and died in April, 1916. He married Fannie's sisters. They had 8 children:- Nancy, Sarah Jane, Kyrle, Nettie, Wilfred Percy, Ernest, George. (They give the names. I have assumed that "Sarah Jane" is one of the other two should be combined I do not know.)



HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT--A BAD ACTOR

- (5) Maria Crockett. Born August 4, 1835, and died in March, 1915. Married John B. Harding. They had four children:- Wilbert, Annette, Henry, and Sarah. All are dead. They left only one grandson, Orrel Avery!
- (6) Hannah Jane Crockett. Born May 4, 1837, and died November 23, 1891. Married William G. Clark of Prospect. They had three children:-
  - (1) William W. Clark. He married Mabel Kingsbury of Frankfort. They have one boy, Thornton, about 21 years old.
  - (2) Mabel Clark. Married a McKenzie. They have no children.
  - (3) Blanch(e) Clark. Married Clifton Harriman. They had five children, four boys and a girl,---- Eva, Walter, Herman, and Alton! One died!
- (7) Elijah Crockett. Born March 31, 1839, and died in April, 1868.
- (8) Henry Trevett Crockett. Born July 19, 1841. Married Lydia Perkins, January 1, 1870. They had two children, Laura and Ammon!
- (9) Mary Crockett. Born in March, 1843, and died March 18, 1861.
- (10) Orren Crockett. Born in October, 1845, and died in October, 1846.
- (11) Ammon Crockett. Born in March, 1848, and died February 7, 1864.
- (12) Eliza Ann Crockett. Born May 6, 1850, and died July 22, 1873."

In addition to items covered elsewhere, Mr. Crockett and Mrs. Twombly supply the following:-

"Luther Crockett had three children.--- Allard Crockett married Martha Pierce. They had six children:- The oldest was buried at Sea. Emma married Frank Grant and lives in California. Etta married C. C. Homer of Bucksport---They had a daughter married in Searsport not long ago by the name of Guida. Annie died at home. Fanny and Fred were twins---The girl married Bert Blanchard---Don't know where the boy is!---- The "New York Settlement" was so-called because:- A young lady (named Sprague, I think) said when she married she should live in the City of New York---but she failed! When she did marry she settled on the side of Mount Waldo, near the stone watering trough---Hence it derived the name of "New York"! Samuel Crockett's daughter Rachel's first husband was named

Samuel Crockett's daughter Rachel's first husband was named

"New York!"  
the same watering place---Hence it derived the name of  
she did marry and settled on the side of Mount Waldo, near  
should live in the City of New York---but she failed! When  
Lady (named Sprague, I think) said when she married she  
The "New York Settlement" was so-called because:- A young  
Blanchard---Don't know where she lay!----  
home. Henry and Fred were twins---The girl married first  
port not long ago by the name of Guido. Anne died at  
Homer of Buckner's---They had a daughter married in Somers  
Frank Grant and lives in California. Edna married C. C.  
children:- The eldest was buried at Sea. Edna married  
Alfred Crockett married Maria Pierce. They had six  
"father Crockett had three children.---

Probably supply the following:-

In addition to items covered elsewhere, Mr. Crockett and Mrs.

(12) Miss Ann Crockett. Born May 6, 1850, and died July  
28, 1873."

(11) Ammon Crockett. Born in March, 1848, and died Febru-  
ary 7, 1884.

(10) Owen Crockett. Born in October, 1843, and died in  
October, 1846.

(9) Mary Crockett. Born in March, 1843, and died March  
18, 1861.

(8) Henry Travett Crockett. Born July 19, 1841. Married  
Lydia Perkins, January 1, 1870. They had two chil-  
dren, Laura and Ammon!

(7) Elijah Crockett. Born March 31, 1839, and died in  
April, 1868.

Had five children, four boys and a girl,---  
Eva, Walter, Herman, and Alton! One died!  
(5) Blanche (c) Clark. Married Clifton Harrison. They  
children.  
(3) Label Clark. Married a McKenzie. They have no  
21 years old.

(1) William W. Clark. He married Label Kingsbury of  
Trenton, about  
They have one boy, Trenton, about  
They had three children:-  
number 28, 1891. Married William W. Clark of Prospect

(6) Hannah Jane Crockett. Born May 4, 1837, and died No-  
vember 28, 1891. Married John B. Harding. They had four  
children:- Wilbert, Annette, Henry, and Sarah. All  
are dead. They left only one grandson, Orrel Avery!

HENRY TRAVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR



HENRY TREVETT CROCKETT---A BAD ACTOR

Bachelor. They had one boy, Lyman! Rachel's second husband was John Milliken of Belfast. -(As Mother remembers it, this Milliken's first name was Frank. F.R.K.)-! Daniel Crockett, Senior, died at the home of his son, Geo. Crockett. Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett died at the home of Sewell Trevett---one of her sons by her first husband, Samuel Trevett!"

---

This ends my quotations from the notes furnished by Henry Trevett Crockett and Mrs. Fannie Twombly, the next to the last line of which reminds me to say that although I think I have invariably spelled the middle name of Samuel Sewell Trevett as "Sewell", this is probably incorrect---The majority of the letters I have received give it as Sewall---"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety"!

On the occasion of Henry Trevett Crockett's call here last Fall I remember that he particularly remarked upon the fact that of the children of Great-Grandfather Crockett's three eldest sons, Samuel, Daniel, and Jonathan, there were but three remaining:- Joshua Crockett of Winterport, Mother, and himself! May they long be with us!

Searsport,  
Maine,  
3/26/17.

HENRY TRIVETT CROCKETT--A LADY ACTOR

Bachelor. They had one boy, Lyman. Rachel's second husband was John Wilkin of Belfast. (An actor remember it, this Wilkin's first name was Frank. W.M.).--! Daniel Crockett, Senior, died at the home of his son, Geo. Crockett. Sarah (Larkin) Trivett-Crockett died at the home of Sewell Trivett--one of her sons by her first husband, Samuel Trivett!"

This ends my quotations from the notes furnished by Henry Trivett Crockett and Mrs. Fannie Twombly, the next to the last line of which reminds me to say that although I think I have invariably spelled the middle name of Samuel Sewell Trivett as "Sewell", this is probably incorrect--The majority of the letters I have received give it as Sewill--"In the multitude of counselors there is safety!"

On the occasion of Henry Trivett Crockett's call here last fall I remember that he particularly remarked upon the fact that of the children of Great-Grandfather Crockett's three eldest sons, Samuel, Daniel, and Jonathan, there were but three remaining:-- Joshua Crockett of "Limerport, Idaho", and himself! May they long be with us!

Reasport,  
Maine,  
3/26/17.

### OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

OUR VISIT TO MR. TRAVETT

# OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

A few days after I made the acquaintance of Mr. George L. Dockham on the occasion of my visit to Spout Hill on September 10, 1916, I addressed to him a letter asking him to quiz his father as to any memories he might have of Daniel Crockett, Senior, and jot them down for me. Mr. Dockham's father couldn't remember anything about Great-grandfather but Mr. Dockham very kindly dropped in to see Mrs. Angeline R. Trevett, widow of Samuel Sewell Trevett, who lives with one of her daughters, Mrs. Rachelder, on the old Trevett Farm--the third house below the junction of the Bangor and Spout Hill roads and almost directly across the road from the residence of William S. Killman. While Mrs. Trevett remembered the old gentleman very well she did not know anything about his ancestors but another daughter---Mrs. Grace Ames---happening to come in while they were still conversing on the subject remarked that she had a photograph of Daniel Crockett, Senior, which George Crockett's widow -(Mrs. Sarah(Parsons) Crockett)- had given her and that I could have it if I would like it. "Would I like it?" I commissioned Dockham to get it for me immediately upon receipt of his letter and after some delay it reached me on October 21st, 1916. I am going to have it reproduced and copies made for the different members of the family.

In the meantime Miss Ellen E. Heagan of Prospect Ferry, with whom I had been corresponding, suggested that possibly Mrs. Trevett might have a Family Record which would show Great-grandfather Crockett's birthplace. As I did not then know Mrs. Trevett's address I wrote her "an anonymous letter and signed my name to it" which I enclosed in one to Miss Heagan with a request that she forward it to Mrs. Trevett. This she did with



OUR VISIT TO NEW HAMPSHIRE

A few days after I made the acquaintance of Mr. George I. Dockham on the occasion of my visit to Spout Hill on September 10, 1916, I addressed to him a letter asking him to quiz his father as to any memories he might have of Daniel Crockett, son of Mr. Dockham's father couldn't remember anything about great-grandfather but Mr. Dockham very kindly dropped in to see Mrs. Angeline R. Trevett, widow of Samuel Sewall Trevett, who lives with one of her daughters, Mrs. Bachelder, on the old Trevett farm--the third house below the junction of the Bangor and Spout Hill roads and almost directly across the road from the residence of William E. Williams. While Mrs. Trevett remembered the old gentleman very well she did not know anything about his ancestors but another daughter--Mrs. Grace Ames--happened to come in while they were still conversing on the subject remarked that she had a photograph of Daniel Crockett, Seniors, which George Crockett's widow - (Mrs. Sarah (Parsons) Crockett) - had given her and that I could have it if I would like it. "Would I like it?" I commissioned Dockham to get it for me immediately upon receipt of his letter and after some delay it reached me on October 21st, 1916. I am going to have it reproduced and copies made for the different members of the family.

In the meantime Mr. William E. Hagan of Prospect Ferry, with whom I had been corresponding, suggested that possibly Mrs. Trevett might have a family record which would show great-grandfather Crockett's birthplace. As I did not then know Mrs. Trevett's address I wrote her an anonymous letter and signed my name to it which I enclosed in one to Mrs. Hagan with a request that she forward it to Mrs. Trevett. This she did with

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

the result that on September 29th I received a reply from Mrs. Trevett to the effect that she had the Family Record "which states that Daniel Crockett was born in Windham" and that he was "married to Sally Trevett in Frankfort by Rev. Joshua Hall, Dec. 1, 1825." This was of course his second marriage - (and hers)- Anna (Trundy) Crockett and Samuel Trevett having previously died. In thanking her for the information I very naturally - (for me)- asked her more questions with the result that she invited me to come to see her---saying that she could tell me anything she knew easier than she could write it. This brings me to the thread of my tale:----

Jane having been operated upon for appendicitis in the Waldo County Hospital five days before (Oct. 18th) Hal started out in one of Gilkey's autos yesterday afternoon to find a nurse to care for her when she is able to return home. He was bound for Everett Littlefield's and stopped in here to ask me to go along with him. I had been dreading to ride to Prospect behind a horse and not only "went along" but got him to order his "Man Friday" to continue to the Marsh Village. This gentleman in embryo having convinced himself that he couldn't drive his machine up over the "Dickey" Hill by the Fred Ellis place covered the longer route described by the other two sides of the triangle and soon drew up in front of the cemetery at "The Ma'sh", where Bert and his party had picked me up six weeks before. This was Hal's first visit to the burying-ground where sleep many of his ancestors and we made a hurried visit to their graves, noting, what had escaped me on my previous visit, that Sally (Staples) Trevett-Crockett is buried by the side of her first husband, Samuel Trevett.

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TRAVETT

the result that on September 25th I received a reply from Mrs. Travett to the effect that she had the family record "which" stated that Daniel Crockett was born in "1825" and that he was "married to Sally Travett in Franklin by Rev. Joshua Hall, Dec. 1, 1825." This was of course his second marriage - (and here) - Anna (Thompson) Crockett and General Travett having previously died. In furnishing her for the information I very naturally - (say we) - asked her more questions with the result that she asked me to come to see her - saying that she could tell me any thing she knew easier than she could write it. This brings me to the thread of my tale:---

Jane having been operated upon for appendicitis in the "Waldo County Hospital five days before (Oct. 18th) had started out in one of Gilkey's autos yesterday afternoon to find a nurse to care for her when she is able to return home. He was bound for Everett Littlefield's and stopped in here to ask me to go along with him. I had been desiring to ride to Prospect behind a horse and not only "went along" but got him to order his "man Friday" to continue to the March Village. This gentleman in reply having convinced himself that he couldn't drive his car off over the "dike" will by the Fred Ellis place covered the longer route described by the other two sides of the triangle and soon drew up in front of the cemetery at "The Ma's", where Bert and the party had picked me up six weeks before. This was Eli's first visit to the burning-ground where sleep many of his ancestors and we made a hurried visit to their graves. Nothing had escaped me on my previous visit, that Sally (Stephen) Travett-Crockett is buried by the side of her first husband, General Travett.

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

Continuing north on the road to Bangor for a mile or more, during which we ~~went~~"down the hill"and then went"up the hill," we drove in to the yard of the fifth house north of the stream -(the second one/ the right-hand side)- where a weathervane in the shape of a gilded cow and a sign over the wide-open barn doors proclaimed that we had arrived at

"---1834--- THE TREVETT FARM---1912---"

I asked the man who came to the front of the barn if Mrs. A. R. Trevett lived there. He hesitated an instant and then said:- "Yes, but it's been so long since I heard her called that,that at first I didn't know who you meant." I explained that I had a pressing engagement and asked if I might see her, whereupon the conductor of the work took us into the house and the presence of the lady we were seeking---a pleasant-faced, motherly, well-preserved woman who didn't look her eighty-four years by a decade. Introductions all around showed that, in addition to Mrs. Angeline R. Trevett, we were the guests of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Bachelder---no connection of the "Sam Bach" who lived for so long on what to the last generation has been known as "The Haley Farm", a short distance down the road.

For the next hour and more Mrs. Trevett and I talked Crockett Family! Hal could only get a word in edgeways occasionally and applied himself to making a copy of the Family Record from which Mrs. Trevett had supplied me with the name of my Great-grandfather Daniel Crockett's birthplace, which I reproduce on the next page. It will be noted that it gives the date of Daniel Crockett, Senior's, birth as July 29th, 1775, instead of July 16, 1775, which is the way it figures out from



Continuing north on the road to Bampton for a mile or more, driving which we want down the hill and then westward to the hill, we drove in to the yard of the fifth house north of the street - (the second one the right-hand side) - where a weather-vane in the shape of a gilded cow and a sign over the wide-open barn doors proclaimed that we had arrived at

"---1234---THE TRAVETT FARM---1912---

I asked the man who came to the front of the house if Mrs. A. R. Travett lived there. He hesitated an instant and then said:- "Yes, but it's been so long since I heard her called that, that at first I didn't know who you meant." I explained that I had a pressing engagement and asked if I might see her, whereupon the conductor of the work took us into the house and the presence of the lady we were seeking--a pleasant-faced, motherly, well-preserved woman who didn't look her sixty-four years by a decade. In introductions all around showed that, in addition to Mrs. Angelina R. Travett, we were the guests of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Eschelder--in connection of the "Sam Bach" who lived for so long on what is the last road of the "Sam Bach", a short distance down the road.

For the next hour and more Mrs. Travett and I talked Crockett Family! Hal could only get a word in sideways occasionally and applied himself to making a copy of the family record from which Mrs. Travett had supplied me with the name of my great-grandfather Daniel Crockett's birthplace, when I reproduce on the next page. It will be noted that in the date of Daniel Crockett, Senior's, birth as July 20th, 1775, instead of July 16, 1775, which is the way it figured out from



OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

the inscription on his tombstone in The Marsh Cemetery. It also gives the date of the marriage of Daniel Crockett and Sarah Trevett - (she was familiarly known as "Sally")- as Dec. 1st, 1825, which is undoubtedly correct although Miss Heagan had previously informed me that a copy of the records of the Town of Prospect extending from March, 1789 to 1890 belonging to Captain A. A. Ginn, one of her nearest neighbors, showed under date of Nov. 5, 1826, that "Mr. Daniel Crockett of this town and Mrs. Sally Trivet of Frankfort were published in Prospect as the law directs---Marriage not recorded---Mr. Ginn thinks they were not married in town." A few days before writing me as above Miss Heagan had advised me that the copy of the Town Records in Captain Ginn's possession showed that Daniel Crockett and Mrs. Sally Trivett were married Dec. 25, 1826, but in the next letter said she had made a mistake.

The Trevett Family Record is as follows:-

"Family Names	Born	Married	Died
Parents			
Samuel Trevett	Feb. 8, 1786. York.	(Jan. 1, 1812. Frankfort, by Rev. Joshua Hall	July 18, 1822. Frankfort. Age-36. )
Sarah Staples	May 3, 1789. Prospect.	(	
Children			
Henry S. Trevett.	Sept. 28, 1812. Frankfort.	Feb. 3, 1839. I. Bunker.	Trenton. -----
Richard M. Trevett.	Aug. 12, 1814. Frankfort.	Dec. 26, 1841. Rev. I. P. Stone.	Prospect. -----
Samuel S. Trevett.	Nov. 25, 1817. Frankfort.	Jan. 15, 1854. L. Mudgett, Esq.	Prospect. -----
Mary J. Trevett.	July 5, 1820. Frankfort.	)	-----

-(See continuation on next page)-

OUR VISIT TO MR. TOWNSEND

the inscription on his tombstone in The Marsh Cemetery. It also gives the date of the marriage of Daniel Crockett and Sarah Trévett - (she was familiarly known as "Sally") - as Dec. 1st, 1822, which is undoubtedly correct although Mrs. Nease had previously informed me that a copy of the records of the Town at Prospect extending from March, 1789 to 1899 belonging to Captain A. A. Ginn, one of her nearest neighbors, showed under date of Nov. 2, 1822, that "Mr. Daniel Crockett of this town and Mrs. Sally Trévett of Trenton were published in Prospect as the law directs--Marriage not recorded--Mr. Ginn thinks they were not married in town." A few days before writing me on above Mrs. Nease had advised me that the copy of the Town Records in Captain Ginn's possession showed that Daniel Crockett and Mrs. Sally Trévett were married Dec. 22, 1822, but in the next letter said she had made a mistake.

The correct family record is as follows:-

Married	Married	Born	"Family Name"
			Parsons
			Daniel Trévett Nov. 2, 1784. York.
			(Mar. 1, 1812. July 28, 1852.)
			(Trenton, N. J. Prospect.)
			(Rev. Joshua Hall Age 64.)
			Barth Staphan Nov. 2, 1784.
			Prospect.
			Children
			Henry 2. Trévett. Sept. 22, 1812. (Mar. 2, 1852. Trenton. Prospect.)
			Richard H. Trévett. Aug. 12, 1814. (Dec. 22, 1841. Prospect.)
			(Trenton. Prospect.)
			Daniel H. Trévett. Nov. 22, 1817. (Jan. 1, 1854. Prospect.)
			(Trenton. Prospect.)
			Sally J. Trévett. Jan. 7, 1822. (Mar. 1, 1852. Trenton. Prospect.)
			(Trenton. Prospect.)
			(See continuation on next page)

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

Family Names	Born	Married	Died
Parents			
Daniel Crockett.	July 29, 1775. Windham.	Dec. 1, 1825. Frankfort.	Dec. 6, 1869. Prospect. <del>Age 84</del>
Sarah Trevett.	May 2, 1789. Prospect.	By Rev. Joshua Hall. )	Dec. 8, 1874. <del>Age 94</del> Prospect. Aged 85.
Children			
Heman N. Crockett.	Sept. 24, 1826. Prospect.	Aug. 13, 1850. ) Prospect. ) Rev. J. Hall.	(Lost at sea, (1874. (Age 48.
George W. Crockett.	May 21, 1829. Prospect.	Dec. 31, 1859. ) M. Prospect. ) L. Mudgett, Esq.	----- -----
Ellis R. Crockett.	March 8, 1832. Prospect.	Sept. 3, 1863. ) Greenbush, Wisconsin. ) By Rev. J. W. Whitney.	----- -----

The original of the above record is written on one of the ruled blanks with a scroll at the top such as used to be sold for the purpose in the long ago and is enclosed in a frame for hanging on the wall like a picture---although Mrs. Bachelder said that upon receipt of my letter she had dug it up from the attic, where it had rested for many years. A very small signature in the margin at the bottom shows that it was the work of Richard Trevett---At least I assume such to be the case as the signature is in the same handwriting as the body of the record. The above is an exact copy except that it is possible that the initials of Messrs. Bunker and Stone on the previous page may have been "J" instead of "I". I assume that the place of Henry Trevett's marriage was Trenton, Maine, -(near Ellsworth)- from the fact that Mrs. Trevett told us that her daughter, Mrs. Grace Ames, had just gone to Trenton to visit either friends or relatives. It will be noted that in one place the date of Mrs. Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett's birth is given

OUR VISIT TO THE TREVINIS

Parents	Children
David Crockett July 22, 1783. By Rev. Thomas Hall. Prospect.	Henry N. Crockett, Sept. 24, 1885. Prospect. Rev. T. Hall. (Prospect.)
George W. Crockett, May 21, 1885. Prospect. Rev. T. Hall. (Prospect.)	Ellis R. Crockett, March 8, 1885. Prospect. Rev. T. Hall. (Prospect.)
David Crockett, July 22, 1783. By Rev. Thomas Hall. Prospect.	George W. Crockett, May 21, 1885. Prospect. Rev. T. Hall. (Prospect.)
David Crockett, July 22, 1783. By Rev. Thomas Hall. Prospect.	Ellis R. Crockett, March 8, 1885. Prospect. Rev. T. Hall. (Prospect.)

The contents of the above record is written on one of the  
 ruled blanks with a pencil at the top such as used in the  
 for the purpose in the form and is enclosed in a frame for  
 hanging on the wall like a picture--although the  
 said that upon receipt of the letter she had had it up from the  
 attic, where it had rested for many years. A very small sign-  
 nature in the margin at the bottom of the page was the work  
 of Richard Trevett. At least I cannot recall to me the name of  
 the signature is in the same handwriting as the body of the  
 record. The above is an exact copy of the original and is  
 that the initials of Trevett, Barker and Stone on the previous  
 page may have been "T" instead of "I". I assume that the place  
 of Henry Trevett's marriage was "Trevett, Barker and Stone" (the  
 worth)--from the fact that Mrs. Trevett told us that her hus-  
 band, Mrs. Grace Ames, had come to Trevett to get a divorce  
 friends or relatives. It will be noted that in one place the  
 date of Mrs. Barker (Barker) Trevett-Crockett's birth is given



OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

as May 2nd while in another it is given as May 3rd. Perhaps she was born at midnight and there was no stop-watch handy!

Samuel S. Trevett's middle name was Sewell and it was by that name that he was commonly known although he wrote it "S.S." It was he who told Mother's cousin, Augusta Freeman - (Mrs. Jacob Favor of Lowell, Mass)- that "this may be fun for you, "Gusty", but it's death for me!" Father and Mother recall that in the long ago he built the milk-rooms at both the old Kneeland Farm where Father was born and at the one where Bert, Kit, and myself first saw the light. It was his widow whom we were visiting. He was a capable and straightforward man and was well-regarded by his neighbors and friends.

His father, Samuel Trevett, had come to what is now Prospect from York, Maine. It appears that many of the original settlers in the Penobscot Bay region had come from the southwestern and (generally speaking) older section of the State--- although it is of course true that settlements at Castine and Mount Desert were among the first in the entire country. As above stated, this first Samuel Trevett and his wife, Sarah (Staples) Trevett-Crockett, are buried side by side in the old cemetery at the Marsh Village. She was a sister of Great-grandfather James Heagan's wife and a half-sister of "old Jimmy" Staples of Sandypoint---according to Mrs. Trevett.

Mrs. Trevett could tell us little about Great-grandfather Crockett that we did not already know except the place of his birth as shown by the Family Record and the fact that the photograph which her daughter had given to Dockham to send me "looked just like him" in the last years of his life. She did add that he was accustomed to make visits to someone at Bower-



as far and while in another it is given as far. There  
 she was born at midnight and to be was no stop-watch handy!  
 Samuel S. Trevett's middle name was Daniel and it was by  
 that name that he was commonly known although he wrote it "S. S."  
 It was he who told Father's cousin, Augustus (Uncle) - (Mrs. Jacob  
 Favor of Lowell, Mass.) - that "this may be far for you, "but",  
 but it's death for me!" Father and other recall that in the  
 long ago he built the milk-room at both the old Wheeland Farm  
 where Father was born and at the one where Sam, Kit, and myself  
 first saw the light. It was his widow whom we were visiting.  
 He was a capable and straightforward man and was well-regarded  
 by his neighbors and friends.  
 His father, Samuel Trevett, had come to what is now Brook-  
 field from York, Maine. It appears that many of the original  
 settlers in the Concord Bay region had come from the south-  
 western and (generally speaking) older section of the State.  
 although it is of course true that settlements at Oyster and  
 Mount Desert were among the first in the entire country. As  
 above stated, this first Samuel Trevett and his wife, Sarah  
 (Staples) Trevett-Crockett, are buried side by side in the old  
 cemetery at the Marsh Village. One was a sister of Great-  
 grandfather James Heegan's wife and a half-sister of "old Jimmy"  
 Staples at Sandpoint--according to Mr. Trevett.  
 Mrs. Trevett could tell us little about Great-grandfather  
 Crockett that we did not already know except the place of his  
 birth as shown by the Family Record and the fact that his pho-  
 tograph which her daughter had given to Doobman to send me  
 "looked just like him" in the last years of his life. She did  
 add that he was accustomed to make visits to someone at Bow-

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

bank---whether relatives or friends she did not know. An old copy of the "Maine Register" published by Grenville M. Donham of Portland shows that Bowerbank Plantation is six miles north of Dover, that it was "formerly No. 7, Range 8", that it was "organiz-ed Nov. 27, 1888", and that it had a population in 1890 of 87. Mrs. Trevett did not remember anything of the Captain Powers ~~f~~ of whom Henry Trevett Crockett had told me, neither did she remember hearing Great-grandfather Crockett say anything about any of his ancestors---whether they had come from near London and settled in Amesbury. She had heard of Anna Trundy of Frankfort and wondered how, if he lived further down the river or bay, Daniel Crockett had come to know her, but seemed inclined to adopt my suggestion that perhaps he had met her while trading up and down the river with Captain Powers. <sup>Possibly</sup> Perhaps she was aboard the craft to ~~which~~ whose assistance the worthy captain had been requested to send his "best man"! Mrs. Trevett did not recall any details of the famous "V'Y'ge to the North" nor did she remember that Great-grandfather had ever had any connections with Cape Cod.

After receiving my first letter, Mrs. Trevett had written to Joshua Crockett at Winterport asking for information regarding the Crockett family but, having received no reply, had about given up any expectation of hearing from him on the subject until the day of our visit when, as she informed us, she had just heard that he had been very lame but that he was coming to Prospect <sup>to</sup> and answer her inquiries in person as soon as he was able to get out. This message had evidently been conveyed to her by her daughter, Mrs. Bachelder, who had complained of it being cold upon our arrival, explaining that she and her

bank--whether relatives or friends she did not know. An old copy of the "Maine Register" published by Greenville N. Dorrham of Portland shows that Bowdoin Plantation is six miles north of Dover, that it was "formerly No. 7, Range 8", that it was "organised Nov. 27, 1888", and that it had a population in 1890 of 87. Mrs. Trevett did not remember anything of the Captain Powers of whom Henry Trevett Crockett had told me, neither did she remember hearing Great-grandfather Crockett say anything about any of his ancestors--whether they had come from near London and settled in Amesbury. She had heard of Anna Trundy of Frankfort and wondered how, if he lived further down the river or bay, Daniel Crockett had come to know her, but seemed inclined to adopt my suggestion that perhaps he had met her while trading up and down the river with Captain Powers. Possibly perhaps she was afraid the craft to which whose assistance she worthy captain had been requested to send his "best man"! Mrs. Trevett did not recall any details of the famous "V.V.'s" to the North" nor did she remember that Great-grandfather had ever had any connections with Cape Cod.

After receiving my first letter, Mrs. Trevett had written to Joshua Crockett at Winterport asking for information regarding the Crockett family but, having received no reply, had about given up any expectation of hearing from him on the subject until the day of our visit when, as she informed us, she had just heard that he had been very lame but that he was coming to Prospect and answer her inquiries in person as soon as he was able to get out. This message had evidently been conveyed to her by her daughter, Mrs. Bachelder, who had complained of it being cold upon our arrival, explaining that she and her

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

husband had just returned from a shopping-trip to Winterport. Whoever brought it had also told Mrs. Trevett that Joshua Crockett had said that "all the Crockett boys were born on Deer Isle" ---by"the Crockett boys" being meant the sons of Great-grandfather Crockett:- Samuel, Daniel, Jr., Jonathan, David, Simon, and Jeremiah. While this may have been true the fact that Joshua Crockett's wife, -(Mary (Dorr) Crockett)- wrote me on September 21st last, in reply to letters which I had addressed to her husband, that he could not give me a "thought" about one of the people I wanted to know about-"he is so forgetful"-leads me to desire confirmation. Grandfather Crockett himself has told me not less than a dozen times that he was "born down at Cape Rose-you-ā" but as I told Hal, after studying on the matter awhile last night, it now occurs to me that on every occasion when he told me this we were probably standing in the yard here at home or at Uncle Nelson's and looking at Cape Rosier, so that it is barely possible that he was merely giving "the kid" an idea of the locality where he was born and didn't intend to be taken literally. Quien sabe?

Outside of the above and other facts which were already known to me our conversation with Mrs. Trevett had principally to do with Great-grandfather Crockett's family by his second wife and the present City Physician of Thomaston---Dr. G. Langtry Crockett. When I asked her if she knew the last-mentioned she smiled -(a smile that Hal said was full of meaning)-, then said:- "I was with his mother when he was born!" She confirmed what we already knew:- that his father was Samuel Crockett's son Luther and that his mother was Almira Ausplund, of the party serenading whom at his grandfather Samuel Crockett's home after



OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

husband had just returned from a shopping-trip to Winterport. Whoever brought it had also told Mrs. Trevett that Joshua Crockett had said that "all the Crockett boys were born on Deer Isle" --- by "the Crockett boys" being meant the sons of Great-grandfather Crockett:-- Samuel, Daniel, Jr., Jonathan, David, Simon, and Jeremiah. While this may have been true, the fact that Joshua Crockett's wife,-- Mary (Dorr) Crockett,-- wrote me on September 21st last, in reply to letters which I had addressed to her husband, that he could not give me a "thorough" account of the people I wanted to know about--"he is so forgetful"--leads me to desire confirmation. Grandfather Crockett himself has told me not less than a dozen times that he was "born down at Cape Rose-you-a" but as I told Hal, after studying up the matter awhile last night, it now occurs to me that on every occasion when he told me this we were probably standing in the yard here at home or at Uncle Nelson's and looking at Cape Rose, so that it is hardly possible that he was merely giving "the kid" an idea of the locality where he was born and didn't intend to be taken literally. Just a baby?

Outside of the above and other facts which were already known to me our conversation with Mrs. Trevett had principally to do with Great-grandfather Crockett's family by his second wife and the present City Physician of Thompson--Dr. G. Langtry Crockett. When I asked her if she knew the last-mentioned she smiled--(a smile that Hal said was full of meaning)--, then said:-- "I was with his mother when he was born!" She continued what we already knew:-- that his father was Samuel Crockett's son Luther and that his mother was Almira Auglund, of the party serenading whom at his grandfather Samuel Crockett's home after



OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

their marriage our own mother had been a member---she having been visiting her Aunt "Sally" Sanborn -(Mrs. Nutter)- and Aunt "Polly" Freeman at "The Mountain" at the time. \*\*\*\*

Although Mrs. Trevett and her daughter -(Mrs. Bachelder)- gave me quite full information regarding Great-grandfather Crockett's sons by his second marriage, all of whom are dead, and I made some rough memos. of the conversation, there may be some errors in the following:-

Heman N. Crockett was a sailor by profession (or occupation)- and was lost at sea in 1874. He married Mary Curtis who was born in the house in which we were talking---Mrs. Trevett explaining when I asked her if it were not the old "Odom Farm" that Captain Odom used to live on the next place but that after his wife and Mr. Curtis had died he had married the widow Curtis and come to the Curtis place to live, after which he was for a number of years keeper of the lighthouse at Fort Point. The name bringing to me a recollection of the many references to it which I had heard made by George Bowen I laughingly asked her if it were for Captain Odom that "Odom's Ledge" was named and where it was. From her reply I judged that the captain had been entitled to the honor and Mrs. Bachelder informed me that the locally-famous "Ledge" is off Sandypoint and that it is marked by a buoy. It seems that Hal was already posted as to its location. To return to Heman Crockett:-

Prior to his death -(I believe this is correct)- he had removed to California. At any rate, he had two children---a son named Beverly and a daughter named Cora, the latter of whom died at the age of three years. Heman's widow, together with her son Beverly, lived for a time at Los Angeles, California,

\*\*\*\*In speaking of DR. G. Langtry Crockett's birth Mrs. Trevett said:- "He was born in the house where "Will" Killman lives- just the place."

their marriage our own mother had been a member--and having been visiting her Aunt "Sally" Sanborn - (Mrs. Webster) - and Aunt "Polly" Freeman at "The Mountain" at the time. \*\*\*

Although Mrs. Trevelick and her daughter - (Mrs. Bachelder) - gave me quite full information regarding Great-grandfather Crockett's sons by his second marriage, all of whom are dead, and I made some rough notes of the conversation, there may be some errors in the following:-

Herman M. Crockett was a sailor by profession (or occupation) - and was lost at sea in 1874. He married Mary Curtis who was born in the house in which we were talking--Mrs. Trevelick explaining when I asked her if it were not the old "Odum house" that Captain Odum used to live on the next place but that after his wife and Mr. Curtis had died he had married the widow Curtis and come to the Curtis place to live, after which he was for a number of years keeper of the lighthouse at Fort Point. The name bringing to me a recollection of the many references to it which I had heard made by George Bower I laughingly asked her if it were for Captain Odum that "Odum's Lodge" was named and where it was. From her reply I judged that the captain had been entitled to the honor and Mrs. Bachelder informed me that the locally-famous "Lodge" is off Sandpoint and that it is marked by a buoy. It seems that Hal was already posted as to its location. To return to Herman Crockett:-

Prior to his death - (I believe this is correct) - he had removed to California. At any rate, he had two children--a son named Beverly and a daughter named Cora, the latter of whom died at the age of three years. Her mother's widow, together with her son Beverly, lived for a time at Los Angeles, California.

\*\*\*\*In speaking of Dr. G. Langley Crockett's birth Mr. Trevelick said:- "He was born in the house where 'Will' Williams lived."

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

but later removed to Glendora, some thirty miles distant from the last-named city. Here both Beverly and his mother died but Beverly left four children - (two of whom bore the names of George and Annie)- who were living at Glendora when Mrs. Trevett last heard from them.

George W. Crockett was a farmer and except for a few years in California -(Mother thinks after his second marriage)- spent his whole mature life on his farm on the Bangor road at Prospect ---the next north of "Billy" Smith's but on the other side of the road. His first wife was Lydia Littlefield and his second Mrs. Sarah (Parsons) Robbins---Elisha Parsons daughter-"Gracious Lord!" Before the death of her first husband Mrs. Robbins had lived by the "Bridge Hill" at Belfast. George Crockett had no children by either marriage. After his death his widow cared for her parents until, her father having previously died, her mother's death at Swanville during the summer just passed, when she went to live with her niece and nephew, Alice and Arthur Young, at Woodfords -(in the City of Deering)-, Maine, from which place she wrote me on the third of the present month saying that when her husband died Mary J. Trevett had all the records but that as "she has passed over the river to be on earth no more" her brother's wife, Angeline Trevett, "may have the old Bible or some record" from which "she can give you the information you wish." It is with this lady that Hal and I have been talking.

Ellis R. Crockett was a carpenter by trade and lived at Plymouth, Wisconsin. He died of cancer. He had four children the eldest of whom, Lyman Crockett, lives on a ranch near Forsyth, Montana. His second child was christened Sarah but the

but later removed to Glendora, some thirty miles distant from the last-named city. Here both Beverly and his mother died but Beverly left four children - (two of whom bore the names of George and Annie) - who were living at Glendora when Mrs. Trivett last heard from them.

George W. Crockett was a farmer and except for a few years in California - (Mother thinks after his second marriage) - spent his whole mature life on his farm on the Banner road at Prospect ---the next north of "Billy" Smith's but on the other side of the road. His first wife was Lydia Littlefield and his second Mrs. Sarah (Parsons) Robbins--Eliza Parsons daughter--Crockett lived by the "Bridge Hill" at Belfast. George Crockett had no children by either marriage. After his death his widow cared for her parents until, her father having previously died, her mother's death at Gwynville during the summer just passed, when she went to live with her niece and nephew, Alice and Arthur Young, at Woodstock - (in the City of Downing) - Maine, from which place she wrote me on the third of the present month saying that when her husband died Mary J. Trivett had all the records but that as "she has passed over the river to be on earth no more" her brother's wife, Angelina Trivett, "may have the old Bible or some record" from which "she can give you the information you wish." It is with this lady that Hal and I have been talking.

William R. Crockett was a carpenter by trade and lived at Plymouth, Wisconsin. He died of cancer. He had four children the eldest of whom, Lyman Crockett, lives on a ranch near Fort Syn, Montana. His second child was christened Sarah but the



OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

nickname of "Donie" has stuck to her so persistently that when her aunt and cousin -(Mrs. Trevett and her daughter)- started to call her "Sarah" during her visit East the past Summer she laughingly told them that she "wasn't Sarah any more--just Donie" She is the wife of a musician, Thomas de Swarte, and lives at Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Her husband is of German descent. Mr. and Mrs. de Swarte and Miss Ellen Heagan called on Father and Mother on the occasion of the visit East above referred to--- around the first of last July. Mother thinks they have three children. Ellis Crockett's third child was named Annie and lives at Plymouth, Wisconsin, ---whether married or not I do not know. The fourth and youngest, Maud, is married to a man named Blum and lives at Forsyth, Montana

This is about all I learned at Mrs. Trevett's for although we talked of the Frenches, the Pierces, and the Warrens, as well as of the families of the sons, nothing came out that we did not already know. Although they live in Prospect the mail address of Mrs. Trevett and her daughters, Mrs. Grace Ames and Mrs. Bachelder, is R. F. D. No. 2, Stockton Springs, Me.

After we had talked to Mrs. Trevett for what Hal declared was three hours by his watch he announced that it was time to go and upon arriving in the yard said to young Philip Hall :- "You better go home by way of Stockton Village---The road is better!" "A word to the wise is sufficient!" and young Philip proceeded to burn up the aforesaid road ~~so~~ so that at twenty minutes before six we had drawn up in the yard on "The Pinnacle." Couldn't have been too long as the cigar which I lit in the Trevett door-yard was still burning as we drove in the lane here at home. We had been gone two hours and fifty minutes



OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

nickname of "Doris" has stuck to her so persistently that when her aunt and cousin - (Mrs. Trevett and her daughter) - started to call her "Sarah" during her visit East the last summer she laughingly told them that she "wasn't Sarah any more" - just Doris. She is the wife of a musician, Thomas de Swarte, and lives at Wausau, Wisconsin. Her husband is of German descent. Mr. and Mrs. de Swarte and Miss Ellen Heagan called on Father and Mother on the occasion of the visit East above referred to - around the first of last July. Mother thinks they have three children. Miss Crockett's third child was named Annie and lives at Plymouth, Wisconsin, -- whether married or not I do not know. The fourth and youngest, Maud, is married to a man named Blum and lives at Torrey, Montana.

This is about all I learned at Mrs. Trevett's for although we talked of the Frenches, the Pierces, and the Warrans, as well as of the families of the sons, nothing came out that we did not already know. Although they live in Prospect we well agree of Mrs. Trevett and her daughters, Mrs. Grace Ames and Mrs. Bachelder, is R. T. D. No. 2, Stockton Village, Mo.

After we had talked to Mrs. Trevett for what felt like three hours by his watch he announced that it was time to go and upon arriving in the yard said to young Philip Hall: "You better go home by way of Stockton Village -- the road is better!" "A word to the wise is sufficient!" and young Philip proceeded to turn up the abandoned road to the farm at twenty minutes before six we had driven up in the yard on "The Pinnacles." Couldn't have been too long as the other which I left in the Trevett door-yard was still burning as we drove in the lane here at home. We had been gone two hours and fifty minutes

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

and done what, had I made the trip behind an old horse as I intended, would have taken up most of an entire day.

Since returning home Mother has again told me that it was Mrs. Trevett's house which Minot St. Clair Francis (?), the negro murderer who escaped from Thomaston State Prison some ten years ago and had this whole section "up in the air" until he was re-captured in some town above Bangor and taken to the prison at Atlanta, entered one night and helped himself to a square meal---after which he appropriated unto himself sundry articles of clothing in the way of an overcoat, rubber boots, etc., hitched up a horse, and drove through to Bangor, no-one in the household being any the wiser until they arose next morning. The team was recovered.

Long live the Crockett Family!

F. E. K.

Searsport, October 24, 1916.

OUR VISIT TO MRS. TREVETT

and gone what, had I made the trip behind an old horse as I intended, would have taken up most of an entire day.

Since returning home Mother has again told me that it was Mrs. Trevett's house which Minor St. Clair Francis (??) the negro murderer, who escaped from Thompson State Prison some ten years ago and had this whole section "up in the air" until he was re-captured in some town above Bangor and taken to the prison at Atlanta, entered one night and helped himself to a square meal---after which he appropriated unto himself sundry articles of clothing in the way of an overcoat, rubber boots, etc., hitched up a horse, and drove through to Bangor, no-one in the household being any the wiser until they arose next morning. The team was recovered.

Long live the Crockett Family!

J. E. W.

Bearport, October 24, 1916.

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

November 27, 1910

Entitled

"THE CROCKETTS --- AN ANCIENT SCOTCH FAMILY"

"SOME OF THE EARLIEST SETTLERS IN MAINE"

(By G. T. Ridlon, Sr.)

---

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

November 27, 1910

Entitled

"THE ORCHETTS --- AN ANCIENT SCOTCH VALUITY"

"SOME OF THE EARLIEST SETTLERS IN WAIR"

(By G. W. Ridgion, Esq.)

---



**Photographic Reproduction**  
**of**  
**THE CROCKETT COAT-OF-ARMS**  
**As It Appears In**  
**THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE**  
**of**  
**November 27, 1910**

---

Photographic reproduction

of

THE CROCKETT CASE-BOOK

As it appears in

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY EVENING ASTOR

of

November 27, 1910

---

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

In its issue of Sunday, November 27, 1910, there appeared in the Second Section of the "Portland Sunday Telegram" an article entitled

"THE CROCKETTS --- AN ANCIENT SCOTCH FAMILY"

"SOME OF THE EARLIEST SETTLERS IN MAINE"

(By G. T. Ridlon, Sr.)

While I do not possess any specific information regarding the Crocketts other than that pertaining to Mother's immediate branch of the family and am therefore not in a position to say anything for or against the general historical accuracy of the article in question there are nevertheless some statements appearing therein which I know to be incorrect, two examples being the reference to Richard H. Crockett as a "yachtsman and captain in Searsport" and the supposition that Dr. George Langtry Crockett of Thomaston, Me., is "a descendant of the Mount Desert or Rockland family"! Neither Father, Mother, nor John H. Sullivan, Judge of the Searsport Municipal Court, "Journal" Correspondent, and an undoubted authority on Searsport's shipping and shipmasters,--- ever heard of a Captain Richard H. Crockett living in Searsport, while if his alleged nephew, Elmer E. Crockett, the present Postmaster at Stonington, Me., has any knowledge regarding such a man I have been unable to obtain it during our correspondence of the last few months! As for the parentage of Dr. George Langtry Crockett, that he is a grandson of Grandfather Crockett's elder brother Samuel of Prospect would seem to be fairly (!!!) well established from the fact that Mother was one of the party who serenaded his parents - (Luther

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

In its issue of Sunday, November 27, 1910, there appeared in the Second Section of the "Portland Sunday Telegram" an article entitled

"THE CROCKETTS --- AN ANCIENT SCOTCH FAMILY"

"HOME OF THE MARLBOROUGH CROCKETTS IN ILLINOIS"

(By J. T. Higgins, Jr.)

While I do not possess any specific information regarding the Crocketts other than that pertaining to Mother's immediate branch of the family and am therefore not in a position to say anything for or against the general historical accuracy of the article in question there are nevertheless some statements appearing therein which I know to be incorrect, two examples being the reference to Richard W. Crockett as a "yeoman" and captain in "Bearsport" and the supposition that Dr. George Langtry Crockett of "Bearsport, Mo." is a descendant of the "Mount Desert or Rockland family"! Either Father, Mother, nor John H. Sullivan, Judge of the Bearsport Municipal Court, "Journal" Correspondent, and an undoubted authority on Bearsport's shipping and shipmasters,--- ever heard of a Captain Richard W. Crockett living in Bearsport, while in his alleged nephew, John H. Crockett, the present Postmaster at Stonington, Mo., has any knowledge regarding such a man I have been unable to obtain it during our correspondence of the last few months! As for the parentage of Dr. George Langtry Crockett, that he is a grandson of Grandfather Crockett's elder brother Samuel of respect would seem to be fairly (!!!) well established from the fact that Mother was one of the party who surrounded his parents - (Father

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

and Almira (Ausplund) Crockett)- at the home of Samuel Crockett above the Marsh Village in Prospect on the occasion of their marriage fifty-odd years ago; that Henry Trevett Crockett is well acquainted with some of the incidents of his past life; and that Mrs. Angeline R. Trevett is my authority for the statement that she "was with his mother when he was born" in the house almost across the road from her present residence and which she spoke of as now being occupied by "Will" Killman! As for the statement that Captain Robinson Crockett's son Samuel "lived in Prospect, Me.," the nearest approach I have been able to find of a record of a Samuel Crockett coming from Deer Isle to Prospect is that afforded by Grandfather Crockett's older brother above referred to---who may have come from Deer Isle with his father (my Great-Grandfather Crockett) while he was yet a very small boy! Still it is a fact, as set forth on pages 188-89-90, that there were several Crocketts living in the old Town of Prospect who were not immediately related to Mother's family and who may have been descended from a son or sons of Josiah or Captain Robinson Crockett of Deer Isle---The name of the latter reminds me that in her letter as quoted on page 304 Mrs. Littlefield states that her Grandfather -(my Great-grandfather)- Crockett had relatives in Dover and Foxcroft named Robinson and suggests a stronger possibility that Great-Grandfather Crockett's father, Daniel (?) Crockett of Windham, may have been a brother of the Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett who migrated from Falmouth to Deer Isle in 1768 and 1785 respectively! Bowerbark, where Mrs. Trevett said Great-Grandfather Crockett used to visit, is only six miles north of Dover!

In reply to a letter which I addressed to Mr. Ridlon in



THE PORTLAND TRIBUNE, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1902

and Almina (Anaplund) Crockett) - at the home of Samuel Crockett above the Marsh Village in Prospect on the occasion of their marriage fifty-odd years ago; that Henry Trevest Crockett is well acquainted with some of the incidents of his past life; and that Mrs. Angelina E. Trevest is my authority for the statement that she "was with his mother when he was born" in the house almost across the road from her present residence and which she spoke of as now being occupied by "Will" Killman! As for the statement that Captain Robinson Crockett's son Samuel "lived in Prospect, Me.," the nearest approach I have been able to find of a record of a Samuel Crockett coming from Deer Isle to Prospect is that attested by Grandfather Crockett's older brother above referred to--who may have come from Deer Isle with his father (my Great-Grandfather Crockett) while he was yet a very small boy! Still it is a fact, as set forth on pages 188-89-90, that there were several Crocketts living in the old Town of Prospect who were not immediately related to Mother family and who may have been descended from a son or sons of Josiah or Captain Robinson Crockett of Deer Isle. The name of the latter reminds me that in her letter as quoted on page 304 Mrs. Littlefield states that her Grandfather - (my Great-Grandfather) - Crockett had relatives in Dover and Wiscasset named Robinson and suggests a stronger possibility that Great-Grandfather Crockett's father, Daniel (?) Crockett of Windham, may have been a brother of the Josiah and Captain Robinson Crockett who migrated from Wiscasset to Deer Isle in 1768 and 1785 respectively! However, where Mrs. Trevest said Great-Grandfather Crockett used to visit, is only six miles north of Dover! In reply to a letter which I addressed to Mr. Bidion in

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

September, 1916, asking if he could give me further information than that contained in his newspaper article, I received a brief statement, written on the margin of my letter, reading:- "I know nothing more than I published about the Crocketts"! As Elmer E. Crockett of Stonington advises me that the record of his family as it appeared in Mr. Ridlon's article was taken chiefly from Hosmer's History of Deer Isle I assume that a similar procedure was pursued elsewhere and that it is really a general summary of information obtained from sundry local histories, whose writers had dug into the records of the Probate Courts, prepared as a special article for a Sunday newspaper!

As I find a general and growing disposition among widely scattered members of the Crockett Family to refer to this article as an authority and, as their recollections of its contents grow more obscure, to ascribe to ~~it~~ it things which it does not say, I am going to copy it in full so that it may be at hand for reference! The article, under the headings quoted on page 323 and photographic reproductions of the Coat-of-Arms and of old-time members of the family, is as follows:-

---

"We take pleasure in presenting for the perusal of the reader of the TELEGRAM this week an account of one of the earliest settled families in Maine and well represented in old Falmouth, now Portland, during Colonial days by shipwrights and master mariners whose descendants, many of them, sailed on the mighty deep and "did business in great waters."

From their settlement in New England where Thomas Crockett sat down in "old Kitterie" many of his descendants have "hugged the seacoast" and their environment had much to do in determin-

September, 1916, asking if he could give me further information than that contained in his newspaper article, I received a brief statement, written on the margin of my letter, reading:- "I know nothing more than I published about the Crocketts!" As Elmer E. Crockett of Stonington advises me that the record of his family as it appeared in Mr. Bidson's article was taken chiefly from Horner's History of Deer Isle I assume that a similar procedure was pursued elsewhere and that it is really a general summary of information obtained from sundry local histories, whose writers had dug into the records of the Probate Courts, prepared as a special article for a Sunday newspaper!

As I find a general and growing disposition among widely scattered members of the Crockett family to refer to this article as an authority and, as their recollections of its contents grow more obscure, to ascribe to it things which it does not say, I am going to copy it in full so that it may be at hand for reference! The article, under the headings quoted on page 382 and photographic reproductions of the Coat-of-Arms and of old-time members of the family, is as follows:-

"We take pleasure in presenting for the perusal of the reader of the TELEGRAPH this week an account of one of the earliest settled families in Maine and well represented in old Portland, now Portland, during Colonial days by shipwrights and master mariners whose descendants, many of them, sailed on the mighty deep and "did business in great waters."

From their settlement in New England where Thomas Crockett set down in "old Kitterie" many of his descendants have "pioneered the seacoast" and their environment had much to do in determining



THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

ing their employment. From Kittery they removed to old York and thence to Falmouth, and from Falmouth to Deer Isle, Rockland, Vinalhaven, Thomaston and other Eastern towns, each generation contributing its quota of seafaring men, and many found a place of sepulchre amid the coral vaults of old ocean's subterranean cemeteries. Those who survived the storms and wrecks graduated in the school of old Neptune where they were taught nautical language and became expert "yarn spinners" when they left the sea.

From their establishment as inhabitants of Piscataqua Plantation the Crocketts have exhibited the peculiar national characteristics of the Scotch. They have been conservative, close-mouthed, self reliant, honest and truth loving. They followed their own lines of thought and their own way of doing things, and tradition says they had an ark of their own when the flood came and were under no obligation to Noah. Invested with a full stock of courage and invincible determination the Scotch proverb, "The stiff knee for the steak brae", fitted them well.

With the inherent thirst for knowledge peculiar to their Caledonian forefathers the Crocketts have been diligent readers and were generally well informed. Latterly many have had the advantages of education and polish of professional life.

The surname Crockett is of Scotch derivation, but its significance as a family cognomen is uncertain. Some writers have assumed without any quoted authority, that the names Crockett and Crocker were the same, but I find no evidence for such conclusion save the resemblance in orthography. Crockett is Scotch, Crocker is English.

THE BOSTON QUINCY WINTER ARTICLE

ing their employment. From Kittery they removed to Old York and thence to Wilmington, and from Wilmington to Deer Isle, Rockland, Minerva, Thompson and other Eastern towns, each generation contributing its quota of seafaring men, and many found a place of sepulchre amid the coral vaults of old ocean's subterranean cemeteries. Those who survived the storms and wrecks graduated in the school of old Neptune where they were taught nautical language and became expert "yarn spinners" when they left the sea.

From their establishment as inhabitants of Massachusetts Plantation the Crocketts have exhibited the peculiar national characteristics of the Scotch. They have been conservative, close-mouthed, self-reliant, honest and truth loving. They followed their own lines of thought and their own way of doing things, and tradition says they had an ark of their own when the flood came and were under no obligation to Noah. Invested with a full stock of courage and invincible determination the Scotch proverb, "The stiff knee for the steep pass", fitted them well.

With the inherent thirst for knowledge peculiar to their Celtician forefathers the Crocketts have been diligent readers and were generally well informed. Latterly many have had the advantages of education and polish of professional life. The surname Crockett is of Scotch derivation, but its significance as a family cognomen is uncertain. Some writers have assumed without any quoted authority, that the names Crockett and Crocker were the same, but I find no evidence for such conclusion save the resemblance in orthography. Crockett is Scotch, Crocker is English.



THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

In architecture the word "crocket" represents a carved ornament like bent and clustered foliage used on the angles of canopies, spires and pinnacles; hence, a building thus finished is said to be "well crocketed"; but the root of all such words may be found in "crock", a jar or pitcher, and crockery; hence a "crock of gold" or a "crock of butter". The word is also applied to the soot that gathers upon chimney backs and kettles. Crocket was derived from "croaker", a crow, and there are ravens in their coat of arms.

At an early period of Scottish history there appeared a family named "Crock" and by them Crockston or Crokton Castle, near Glasgow, was founded. I have thought that the Crocketts might have descended from this ancient sept.

Reverend Samuel Rutherford Crockett, the popular Scotch author, descended from a long line of peasant farmers, represents the energy and self reliance of the modern family of this name in old Caledonia, for against many discouraging influences he acquired his education by his zeal for knowledge and personal exertion.

Some of the Crocketts removed from their homes among Scotland's hills during the plantation of Ulster in the north of Ireland and became thereby "Scotch-Irish" without having a drop of Celtic blood in their veins; and off-shoots of this hardy stock came to Pennsylvania about 1718, when the great wave of immigration from Ulster reached the American colonies. Of this branch of the family came the celebrated Col. David Crockett, son of a John Crockett, whose grandfather and several of his children were killed by the Indians in Tennessee. The Scotch-Irish head of this family took up 400 acres of land in

In architecture the word "crock" represents a carved ornament like bent and clustered foliage used on the angles of canopies, spires and pinnacles; hence, a building thus finished is said to be "well crocked"; but the root of all such words may be found in "crock", a jar or pitcher, and crockery; hence a "crock of gold" or a "crock of butter". The word is also applied to the root that gathers upon chimney backs and kettles. Crock was derived from "crock", a crow, and there are ravens in their coat of arms.

At an early period of Scottish history there appeared a family named "Crock" and by them Crockett or Crockett Castle, near Glasgow, was founded. I have thought that the Crocketts might have descended from this ancient sept.

Reverend Samuel Rutherford Crockett, the popular Scotch author, descended from a long line of peasant farmers, represents the energy and self reliance of the modern family of this name in old Caledonia, for against many discouraging influences he acquired his education by his zeal for knowledge and personal exertion.

Some of the Crocketts removed from their homes among Scotland's hills during the plantation of Ulster in the north of Ireland and became thereby "Scotch-Irish" without having a drop of Celtic blood in their veins; and off-shoots of this hardy stock came to Pennsylvania about 1718, when the great wave of immigration from Ulster reached the American colonies. Of this branch of the family came the celebrated Col. David Crockett, son of a John Crockett, whose grandfather and several of his children were killed by the Indians in Tennessee. The Scotch-Irish head of this family took up 400 acres of land in

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

Pennsylvania and this carried a pre-emption right to 1,000 acres more; but the family moved South and descendants are now numerous in the Southern States.

Col. David Crockett, the hunter and member of Congress, was born in Limestone, Tenn., Aug. 17, 1776, and was killed at Fort Alamo in Texas, March 6, 1836. He was the bravest of the brave and his life written by himself abounds in quaint humor that would cause any man but an undertaker to laugh. He became an expert with the rifle when a lad and was a "dead shot" at maturity. The story was told of a coon that had been "treed" by him, and looking down recognized him and cried out: "Don't shoot, colonel, and I'll come down as I know I'm a gone coon"; and thus the proverb. After a long search we have found a portrait of Col. Crockett, which accompanies this sketch.

THE CROCKETT FAMILIES IN MAINE

The first person bearing this surname to appear in New England was one Thomas Crockett, who came over in a ship called the Pied Cow as a servant of Capt. John Mason, owner of the Piscataqua Plantation, in 1633. According to court dispositions he was born, probably in Scotland, as early as 1606. He received of Ambrose Gibbons, Mason's agent, April 23, 1634, six pounds for his services at Portsmouth, where he had "3 weeks' diet" of John Pickering at a cost of 12 shillings. He received a gift of land from Thomas Georges in 1641. Signed submission of York in 1652. His grant of land was on the east side of Spruce Creek in Kittery, since called "Crockett's Neck". He was constable in 1657. He lived at Warehouse Point in Kittery and his lands there were designated as Crockett's Neck, Crockett's



THE PORTLAND JOURNAL TELEGRAM ARTICLE

Pennsylvania and this carried a pre-emption right to 1,000 acres more; but the family moved South and descendants are now numerous in the Southern States.

Col. David Crockett, the hunter and member of Congress, was born in Limestone, Tenn., Aug. 17, 1776, and was killed at Fort Alamo in Texas, March 6, 1836. He was the bravest of the brave and his life written by himself abounds in quaint humor that would cause any man but an undertaker to laugh. He became an expert with the rifle when a lad and was a "dead shot" at natural target. The story was told of a coon that had been "treed" by him, and looking down recognized him and cried out: "Don't shoot, colonel, and I'll come down as I know I'm a gene coon"; and thus the proverb. After a long search we have found a portrait of Col. Crockett, which accompanies this sketch.

THE CROCKETT FAMILY IN MAINE

The first person bearing this surname to appear in New England was one Thomas Crockett, who came over in a ship called the Red Cow as a servant of Capt. John Mason, owner of the Piscataqua Plantation, in 1638. According to court dispositions he was born, probably in Scotland, as early as 1600. He received of Amrose Gibbons, Mason's agent, April 25, 1634, six pounds for his services at Portsmouth, where he had "3 weeks' diet" of John Pickering at a cost of 12 shillings. He received a gift of land from Thomas Georges in 1641. Signed subscription of York in 1658. His grant of land was on the east side of Spruce Creek in Wittery, since called "Crockett's Neck". He was cornstable in 1657. He lived at Warehouse Point in Wittery and his lands there were designated as Crockett's Neck, Crockett's

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

Cove, and Crockett's Creek; the two latter names to the same locality at high and low water.

North of the Neck there was an inlet known as Crockett's Black Cove. When he died in 1679, his widow named Ann, administered on his estate, and was married before 1682 to Diggory Jeffreys of Kittery Point. She was living in 1712. His lands at Crockett's Neck were divided among his sons and sons-in-law. Here, then, we find the Scotchman who became the common progenitor of all who bear his surname in New England, seated by the seaside (seaside) in "Old Kitterie", and we may assume with plausibility that he subsisted by using the hoe and fish-hook from 1633 to 1679, a period of 46 years and when aged 73 1/2 years.

Thomas Crockett had a family of eight children of whom record has been found, and as these stand as the heads of numerous branches planted in Maine as founders of our townships I mention them briefly.

1. Ephraim Crockett, a son of Thomas and Ann, born in Kittery, in 1641, was a tailor by trade. He married before 1672, Ann ----- and had issue. Richard who settled in Exeter and Strattam, N. H., and whose wife was Deborah, daughter of ~~him~~ that Andrew Haley, who was called the "King of the Isle of Shoals". Samuel Crockett, son of Richard, was the ancestor of the three Crockett families in Gorham, Me., of whom more presently.

Ephraim Crockett's will was drawn July 17, 1678, and the inventory of his estate dated Sept. 10, 1688. He gave his house, lands and salt marsh at Braveboat Harbor which he purchased of Captain Champernown for an inheritance to his eldest



Cove, and Crockett's Creek; the two latter names to the name locality at high and low water.

North of the Neck there was an inlet known as Crockett's Black Cove. When he died in 1679, his widow named Ann, administered on his estate, and was married before 1682 to Gregory Jefferys of Kitty Point. She was living in 1713. The lands at Crockett's Neck were divided among his sons and sons-in-law. Here, then, we find the Scotoman who became the common progenitor of all who bear his surname in New England, as ed by the seal (seal) in "Old Kittery", and we may assume with probability that he was established by using the hoe and fish hook from 1633 to 1679, a period of 46 years and when aged 73 years.

Thomas Crockett had a family of eight children of whom record has been found, and as these stand as the heads of numerous branches planted in Maine as founders of our townships I mention them briefly.

1. Ephraim Crockett, a son of Thomas and Ann, born in Kittery, in 1641, was a tailor by trade. He married before 1672, Ann ---- and had issue. Richard who settled in Exeter and Grafton, N. H., and whose wife was Deborah, daughter of the late Andrew Wiley, who was called the "King of the Isle of Shoals". Samuel Crockett, son of Richard, was the ancestor of the three Crockett families in Gorham, Me., of whom more presently.

Ephraim Crockett's will was drawn July 19, 1678, and the inventory of his estate dated Sept. 10, 1688. He gave his house, lands and salt marsh at Traveston Harbor which he purchased of Captain Osgood for an inheritance to his eldest

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

son Ephraim. Gave son Richard 40 acres lying near the "mast way" and one cow. Gave to daughters £20 each to be paid by Ephraim at death of his widow. Mentions and confirms a piece of land on his father's "neck" assigned as marriage portions to Ann Roberts and Sarah Parrot. Joshua Crockett, his brother, overseer of his will. Ephraim's Scriptural name was perpetuated in the families of his descendants.

2. Elihu Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, deeded land in 1683, and was living in 1698.

3. Joseph Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Hannah ----- and had a numerous family, probably four sons and six daughters, whose posterity is accounted for and their records preserved. Made his will March 12, 1713, in which he says: "For reasons best known to myself I bequeath to my son Ephraim", etc., a genuine "Crockett" expression.

4. Joshua Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Sarah Trickey, daughter of Thomas Trickey of Bloody Point, before May 19, 1682. He died July 6, 1719, when his son, John Crockett, who married Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Knight of Scarboro, was mentioned; and this John was a shipwright in Falmouth in 1748. Another son of Joshua, probably his namesake, married Mary Bickford in Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 8, 1707.

5. Hugh Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Margaret ----- and had issue, Margaret, Samson, Ann and Elizabeth, born between 1698 and 1704. He had a grant of land in 1678.

6. Thomas Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, had grants of land in York 1696, 1702, 1714. His son Jonathan, born in Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 2, 1717, married Elizabeth Rice of Kittery, April 26, 1739, and settled in Durham, N. H., He and

THE FORTLAND ESTATE

son Ephraim. I have son Richard 40 acres lying near the "east way" and one cow. Gave to daughters £20 each to be paid by Ephraim at death of his widow. Antions and confirms a piece of land on his father's "neck" assigned as marriage portions to Ann Roberts and Sarah Farrot. Joshua Crockett, his brother, overseer of his will. Ephraim's Cornhill name was perpetuated in the families of his descendants.

2. William Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, deeded land in 1683, and was living in 1698.

3. Joseph Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Anne ----- and had a numerous family, probably four sons and six daughters, whose posterity is accounted for and their records preserved. Made his will March 12, 1712, in which he says: "For reasons best known to myself I bequeath to my son Ephraim etc., a genuine "Crockett" expression.

4. Joshua Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Sarah Trickey, daughter of Thomas Trickey of Wicoby Point, before July 19, 1682. He died July 6, 1712, when his son, John Crockett, who married Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Knight of Scarborough, was mentioned; and this John was a shipwright in Portsmouth in 1748. Another son of Joshua, probably his namesake, married Mary Richford in Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 8, 1707.

5. Hugh Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, married Margaret ----- and had issue, Margaret, Samson, Ann and Elizabeth, born between 1688 and 1704. He had a grant of land in 1678.

6. Thomas Crockett, son of Thomas and Ann, had grants of land in York 1696, 1702, 1714. His son Jonathan, born in Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 2, 1717, married Elizabeth Rice of Wicoby, April 26, 1732, and settled in Durham, N. H. He and



THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

his son, James Crockett, removed to Vermont about 100 years ago; and a grandson of James is Walter H. Crockett, now editor of the Morning Journal and Weekly Watchman of Montpelier, Vt., also secretary of the Sons of the Revolution in that state.

Of the daughters of Thomas, son of Thomas the pioneer, Mary married Barton; Ann married William Roberts; Sarah married John Parrott of Portsmouth, and her daughter, Mary, married Phillip Gammon.

THE CROCKETTS OF GORHAM, ME.

Samuel Crockett, son of Richard, son of Ephraim, son of Thomas, exchanged lands in Gorham for land at Falmouth Foreside. He was a shipwright. Was born February, 1717, married 1738, Sarah, daughter Jonathan Cobb. Settled in Falmouth but removed to Gorham in 1775. He built the great, rambling two-storied house in 1760, which he sold to Parson Jewett, with 60 acres of land, Aug. 16, 1784, since occupied by Henry Broad, grandson of the parson, and still known as "the Broad place". Situated on Main street and removed some distance from the highway and approached by a circular driveway this example of Colonial dwellings lifts its bold gables amid the foliage of stately old elms, and its great chimney is suggestive of the old-time fireplaces and wide hearth stones; of burning firelogs and sputtering apples.

He had lived on the corner of Middle and Plum streets. He married secondly Mrs. Priscilla Jackman, daughter John Sweet of Falmouth. She died March 7, 1763, and he married, June 10, 1763,, Mrs. Mary, widow of Abel Whitney of Gorham. He was of Falmouth in 1754, and in Gorham, 1755. See picture. He died

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY EVENING ARTIST

his son, James Crockett, removed to Vermont about 100 years ago and a grandson of James is Walter H. Crockett, now editor of the Morning Journal and Weekly Watchman of Montpelier, Vt., also secretary of the Sons of the Revolution in that state. Of the daughters of Thomas, son of Thomas the pioneer, married Barton; Ann married William Roberts; Sarah married John Parrott of Portsmouth, and her daughter, Mary, married Phillip Cannon.

THE CROCKETTS OF GORHAM, ME.

Samuel Crockett, son of Richard, son of Ephraim, son of Thomas, exchanged lands in Gorham for land at Wilmouth. He was a shipwright. Was born February, 1717, married 1738, Sarah, daughter Jonathan Cobb. Settled in Wilmouth but removed to Gorham in 1775. He built the great, rambling two-storied house in 1760, which he sold to Aaron Jewett, with 60 acres of land, Aug. 16, 1784, since occupied by Henry Broad, grandson of the person, and still known as "the Broad place". Situated on Main street and removed some distance from the highway and approached by a circular driveway this example of Colonial dwellings like its bold gables and the foliage of stately old elms, and its great chimney is suggestive of the old-time fire-places and wide hearth stones; of burnished faldags and spluttering apples. He had lived on the corner of Middle and Pine streets. He married secondly Mrs. Priscilla Jackson, daughter John Sweet of Wilmouth. She died March 7, 1763, and he married, June 10, 1763, Mrs. Mary, widow of Abel Whitney of Gorham. He was of Wilmouth in 1754, and in Gorham, 1755. See picture. He died



THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

December 19, 1798, aged 82. Wife Mary died 1794. They were buried in the old cemetery at Gorham village. By first wife he had Sarah, Betsey, and Susanna; by second wife, Samuel, Martha A., Docas, and Abigail. See History of Gorham.

Peletiah Crockett of Stratham, N. H., bought half of a hundred acre lot in Gorham, Me., then Narragansett No. 7, May 31, 1762. He also purchased in 1764 five acres of land on the northerly side of Crockett's land. He married Mary ----- and had issue, Susanna, Phebe, Rebecca, and John. Mary died Sept. 25, 1791, and he married, second, Mrs. Lucy Seiver, daughter of Joshua Roberts, by whom Eunice and Caroline. He lived on the "old Malloy place" near a brook. Numerous descendants.

Andrew Crockett, brother of Peletiah, purchased Oct. 19, 1764, the eastern half of the lot of one hundred acres, No. 26.

James Crockett of the Gorham family, descended from Richard of Stratham, N. H., built the old brick house on High street near York street in this city. He married Sarah Poor and their son, the late Leonard Crockett, born Aug. 4, 1816, was a draughtsman and well known coppersmith, who carried on an extensive business in Portland for many years, building the old fashioned fire engines worked by hand and furnished the brass work for locomotives, steamships and lighthouses, being one of the two persons in New England at the time who took orders for the manufacture of this class of metal work.

Leonard Crockett was fond of home and a great reader of good literature, invariably rising at 4 o'clock in the morning to feast his eager mind on the works of Scott and Dickens. He was a man of great dignity but modest, shrinking from public notice; reserved but a loyal friend.

THE PORTLAND QUARRY MINERAL ARTIST

December 12, 1798, aged 88. Wife Mary died 1794. They were buried in the old cemetery at Gorham village. By first wife he had Sarah, Betsey, and Susanna; by second wife, Samuel, Martin A., Isaac, and Abigail. See history of Gorham.

Paletian Crockett of Stratham, N. H., bought half of a hundred acre lot in Gorham, N. H., then Farmington No. 7, May 31, 1782. He also purchased in 1784 five acres of land on the northern side of Crockett's land. He married Mary ----- and had Isaac, Susanna, Rhoda, Rebecca, and John. Mary died Sept. 25, 1791, and he married, second, Mrs. Lucy Seiver, daughter of Joshua Roberts, by whom Eunice and Caroline. He lived on the "old mill place" near a brook. Numerous descendants.

Andrew Crockett, brother of Paletian, purchased Oct. 12, 1784, the eastern half of the lot of one hundred acres, No. 26. James Crockett of the Gorham family, descended from Richard of Stratham, N. H., built the old brick house on High street near York street in this city. <sup>married</sup> Unmarried Sarah Poor and their son the late Leonard Crockett, born Aug. 4, 1816, was a draftsman and well known copperplate, who carried on an extensive business in Portland for many years, building the old fashioned five engines worked by hand and furnished the brass work for locomotives, steamships and lighthouses, being one of the two persons in New England at the time who took orders for the manufacture of this class of metal work.

Leonard Crockett was fond of home and a great reader of good literature, invariably rising at 4 o'clock in the morning to read his eager mind on the works of Scott and Dickens. He was a man of great dignity but modest, shrinking from public notice; reserved but a loyal friend.

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

When settling his estate an out-lawed account of several thousand dollars against a responsible firm was found and so soon as a demand for payment was made it was honored. The members of the business house reposed such confidence in his honesty that they did not question the accuracy of his books.

Mr. Crockett married in 1835, Frances E. Talbot, and had issue James and Ellen, now Mrs. Manning, who resides on High street. We present a portrait of Leonard Crockett which will be recognized as a true likeness by many old Portlanders who knew him.

THE CROCKETTS OF DEER ISLE

Josiah Crockett, descended from Thomas of Kittery, was an early resident of Falmouth, now Portland. He removed to Deer Isle in 1768, and settled at a place since known as Crocketts Cove. He had 112 acres assigned to him and claimed other lots that were not surveyed and laid out for him. He was called "a queer man", but his peculiarities were not described. Time of his death unknown. Age not given. He had issue, Nathan, Ephraim and Sarah, and the first succeeded to his estate.

Captain Robinson Crockett, brother of the preceding, and a native of Falmouth, settled at Deer Isle in 1785, with a family, and remained till his death. Coming so late he was styled "a new settler", and was not entitled to grant of land. He had been a master mariner, sailing from Falmouth. Time of death unknown. Children: 1. Samuel, who lived in Prospect, Me. 2. Robinson, Jr., who lived on Stinsons Neck and tended a saw-mill of which he was part owner, but later removed to Little Deer Isle, thence to Brooksville, where he died about 1830(?FEK)



THE PORTLAND BUSINESS TRIMMER

When settling his estate an out-laid account of several thousand dollars against a responsible firm was found and so soon as a demand for payment was made it was honored. The members of the business house reposed such confidence in his honesty that they did not question the accuracy of his books. Mr. Crockett married in 1835, Frances E. Talbot, and had issue James and Ellen, now Mrs. Manning, who resides on High Street. We present a portrait of Leonard Crockett which will be recognized as a true likeness by many old Portlanders who knew him.

THE CROCKETT OF DEER ISLE

Joshua Crockett, descended from Thomas of Kittery, was an early resident of Walmouth, now Portland. He removed to Deer Isle in 1768, and settled at a place since known as Crockett Cove. He had 112 acres assigned to him and claimed other lots that were not surveyed and laid out for him. He was called "a queer man", but his peculiarities were not described. Time of his death unknown. Age not given. He had issue, Nathan, Ephraim and Sarah, and the first succeeded to his estate. Captain Robinson Crockett, brother of the preceding, and a native of Walmouth, settled at Deer Isle in 1765, with a family and remained till his death. Coming so late he was styled "a new settler", and was not entitled to grant of land. He had been a master mariner, sailing from Walmouth. Time of death unknown. Children: I. Samuel, who lived in Prospect, Me. S. Robinson, Jr., who lived on Skinsong Neck and tended a saw-mill of which he was part owner, but later removed to Little Deer Isle, thence to Brooksville, where he died about 1830(?)

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

rising 80 years of age. His wife was a daughter of Thomas Conaway. 3. Joseph, removed to St. Andrews, N. B. 4. Richard, who was father of Captain Levi B. Crockett of Stonington, Me., and for many years owned a sawmill, and 5. Ephraim, who moved to Rockport, Me. There were four daughters of Captain Robinson Crockett but their names have not reached me.

The sons of Richard were Richard, Jr., of Bath, Me., Rufus, of Augusta, and later of Bath, a Captain in the Civil War, Levi B., selectman of Stonington, Me., 1859 and 1860, 1874 and 1875; was representative in legislature 1866. A master mariner and merchant. A Baptist and a Democrat. He died in 1898, aged 84 years, 6 months. Sons of Levi B. Crockett, Courtney B., a master mariner and merchant, 12 years member of the firm of L. B. Crockett & Son. A Democrat, deacon of Baptist Church, lost at sea 1884, from schooner J. H. Miller, between Deer Isle and Boston, aged 45 years, Gideon H., son of Levi B., drummer boy in Civil War, since a mariner, living in Stonington, Me., Willie H., son of Levi B., carpenter in Portland, Richard H., son of Levi B., yachtsman and captain in Searsport, Me. Daughters, Mrs. Elie Milan, Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. R. K. Knowlton, Vinal Haven, Me., Mrs. Frank L. Colomy, Stonington, Me., Mrs. Minor Cleveland, New London, N. H., and Mrs. W. M. Hatch, Malden, Mass.

Elmer E. Crockett, of Stonington, Me., son of Courtney B., has been selectman for Deer Isle, 1891, of Stonington, 1899 and 1904, and town clerk since 1907, special deputy collector of customs district of Castine, 1894-8. His sister is Mrs. William A. Buckminster, of Walcott, N. Y.

Ralph H. Crockett, son of Gideon, before named, is a time-



THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

rising 80 years of age. His wife was a daughter of Thomas Conway. J. Joseph, removed to St. Andrews, N. B. 4. Rich- and, who was father of Captain Levi B. Crockett of Stonington, Me., and for many years owned a sawmill, and S. Epineau, who moved to Rockport, Me. There were four daughters of Captain Robinson Crockett but their names have not reached me.

The sons of Richard were Richard, Jr., of Bath, Me., Rufus of Augusta, and later of Bath, a Captain in the Civil War, Levi B., selectman of Stonington, Me., 1859 and 1860, 1874 and 1875; was representative in legislature 1866. A master mariner and and merchant. A Baptist and a Democrat. He died in 1898, aged 84 years, 6 months. Sons of Levi B. Crockett, Courtney B., a master mariner and merchant, 12 years member of the firm of L. B. Crockett & Son. A Democrat, deacon of Baptist Church, lost at sea 1884, from schooner J. H. Miller, between Deer Isle and Boston, aged 45 years. Gideon H., son of Levi B., drummer boy in Civil War, since a partner, living in Stonington, Me., Willie H., son of Levi B., carpenter in Portland, Richard H., son of Levi B., yeoman and captain in Steamport, Me. Daugh- ters, Mrs. Elie Allan, Cambridge, Mass., Mrs. R. V. Knowlton, Vinet Haven, Me., Mrs. Frank L. Colony, Stonington, Me., Mrs. Minor Cleveland, New London, N. H., and Mrs. F. L. Hatch, Mel- den, Mass.

Oliver B. Crockett, of Stonington, Me., son of Courtney B., has been selectman for Deer Isle, 1891, of Stonington, 1899 and 1904, and town clerk since 1907, special deputy collector of customs district of Castine, 1894-8. His sister is Mrs. William A. Brookmester, of Walcott, N. Y.

Ralph H. Crockett, son of Gideon, before named, is a time-

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

keeper for the John Pierce Company, Mt. Waldo. His sister, Mrs. Lettie Greenlaw, of Stonington, Me.

CROCKETTS IN ROCKLAND AND THOMASTON

Jonathan Crockett, born in Falmouth, now Portland, July 2, 1741, married Elionai<sup>a</sup> Robbins, January 18, 1763, one of the early settlers of Rockland, died April 20, 1829, aged 88 years.

These had eight children, named as follows:

1. John, born October 28, 1765; married Rebecca Blackington, January 31, 1789; died in Rockland, 1807.
2. Jonathan, born August 24, 1768; died October 6, 1775.
3. Benjamin A., born April 26, 1771; married Eunice Crockett, December 23, 1793;; died in Rockland, Me., March 3, 1813.
4. Enos, born November 6, 1773; died October 11, 1775.
5. Otis, born July 21, 1776; died May 7, 1777.
6. William, born February 23, 1778; died April 24, 1798.
7. Deacon David, born March 13, 1780; married Abigail Crockett January 26, 1804; master mariner; died in Rockland, Me., June 13, 1854.
8. Robert, born December 3, 1782; married Dorcas Holmes, July 23, 1805; died in Rockland, August 31, 1849.
9. George, born July 6, 1785; died at sea.
10. Elionai, born November 9, 1788; died September 25, 1800.

Nathaniel Crockett, brother of Jonathan, went from Falmouth to Vinal Haven and thence to Ash Point, South Thomaston, where he was one of the first settlers. He afterwards removed to Ohio where he died. He married Eunice Cooper and had issue as follows:

George Langtry Crockett, M. D., of Thomaston, Me., who has

THE PORTLAND FURNACE TRISTAN ARTICLE

keeper for the John Pierce Company, St. Albans. His sister,  
Mrs. Jessie Greenlaw, of Stonington, Me.

COCKBURN IN ROCKLAND AND THOMASTON

Jonathan Cockburn, born in Alburgh, now Portland, July 2,  
1741, married Elizabeth Robbins, January 18, 1768, one of the ear-  
ly settlers of Rockland; died April 20, 1822, aged 80 years.

These had eight children, named as follows:

1. John, born October 28, 1768; married Rebecca Blackington,  
January 31, 1789; died in Rockland, 1807.
  2. Jonathan, born August 24, 1768; died October 6, 1775.
  3. Benjamin A., born April 26, 1771; married Eunice Cockburn,  
December 23, 1793; died in Rockland, Me., March 3, 1813.
  4. Enoch, born November 6, 1773; died October 11, 1775.
  5. Otis, born July 31, 1776; died May 7, 1777.
  6. William, born February 23, 1776; died April 24, 1798.
  7. Deacon David, born March 13, 1780; married Abigail Cockburn,  
January 26, 1804; master mariner; died in Rockland, Me., June  
12, 1854.
  8. Robert, born December 3, 1783; married Dorcas Holmes, July  
23, 1805; died in Rockland, August 31, 1849.
  9. George, born July 6, 1785; died at sea.
  10. Eliza, born November 2, 1786; died September 25, 1800.
- Mathias Cockburn, brother of Jonathan, went from Alburgh  
to Vinland Haven and thence to Ash Point, South Thomaston, where  
he was one of the first settlers. He afterwards removed to  
Ohio where he died. He married Eunice Cooper and had issue  
as follows:

George Langtry Cockburn, M. D., of Thomaston, Me., who has

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

figured somewhat prominently in political affairs and has published a book titled (titled) The Plunderer, is supposed to be a descendant of the Mount Desert or Rockland family.

1. Lucy, b. Aug. 3, 1772; m. Nathaniel Emery, and d. in Unity.
2. Eunice, b. Feb. 17, 1775; m. Benjamin Crockett, and died in Ohio.
3. Margaret, b. in Vinal Haven; m. Thomas Rendall, and d. in Ohio.
4. Capt. David, b. -----; m. Sarah Heard Dec. 29, 1800, and d. in New York.
5. Thomas, m. Sally Godding Oct. 10, 1805; d. in Rockland May 18, 1816.
6. Lydia, m. David Woorster of New Hampshire.
7. Capt. Jonathan, b. 1780; m. Catherine Ulmer Mar. 3, 1803; d. in Rockland, June 12, 1851.
8. Jane, b. June 15, 1786; m. Benjamin Packard, and d. at Ash Point, South Thomaston.
9. Nathaniel, b. Dec. 26, 1787; d. at sea.
10. Asa, b. Feb. 15, 1790; m. Miriam Keating Jan. 1, 1817, and d. in Ohio.
11. Enos, b. Apr. 16, 1793; m. Lydia Maloon, Aug. 30, 1818; 2<sup>d</sup>, Mrs. Leadbetter; removed to Lincolnville.
12. Mary, b. 1795. d. young.
13. Capt. James, b. Apr. 9, 1798; m. Mary Haskell, Jan. 10, 1822; removed to Ohio.

---

George W. Crockett removed from Vinal Haven to Thomaston, m. Ann Lindsey of Fox Islands, removed to Rockland and d. at sea. Issue: Capt. Augustine W., b. 1828; m. Harriet L. Hall



1. Lucy, b. Aug. 3, 1772; m. Nathaniel Henry, and d. in Unity.
2. Eunice, b. Feb. 17, 1775; m. Benjamin Crockett, and died in Ohio.
3. Margaret, b. in Vinland Haven; m. Thomas Randall, and d. in Ohio.
4. Capt. David, b. ---; m. Sarah Ward Dec. 29, 1800, and d. in New York.
5. Thomas, m. Sally Gooding Oct. 10, 1805; d. in Rockland Aug. 18, 1816.
6. Lydia, m. David Worcester of New Hampshire.
7. Capt. Jonathan, b. 1780; m. Catherine Wimer Apr. 3, 1803; d. in Rockland, June 18, 1851.
8. Jane, b. June 15, 1786; m. Benjamin Packard, and d. at Ash Point, South Thomaston.
9. Nathaniel, b. Dec. 26, 1787; d. at sea.
10. Asa, b. Feb. 15, 1790; m. William Keating Jan. 1, 1817, and d. in Ohio.
11. Snow, b. Apr. 16, 1793; m. Lydia Nelson, Aug. 30, 1818; 2nd, Mrs. Leadbetter; removed to Lincolnville.
12. Mary, b. 1795; d. young.
13. Capt. James, b. Apr. 2, 1798; m. Mary Haskell, Jan. 10, 1823; removed to Ohio.
- George W. Crockett removed from Vinland Haven to Thomaston.
- m. Ann Lindsey of Fox Islands, removed to Rockland and d. at sea.
- Issue: Capt. Augustine W., b. 1828; m. Harriet L. Hall



THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

Aug. 10, 1849, and moved to Rockland. George H., b. Mar. 13, d. Aug. 19, 1834. Mary E., b. June 18, 1836. George H., b. Jan. 30, 1838, d. at Newburn, N. U., Apr. 20, 1862. A corporal much esteemed by his company. James A., b. Nov. 18, 1841.

CROCKETTS OF SANBORNTON, N. H.

John Crockett and David Crockett, brothers, from Stratham, N. H., removed to Sanbornton, where they settled permanently and raised families. John was born June 28, 1739; married Mary Lane, daughter of Samuel and Mary of Hampton, N. H., and died March 15, 1817. She died Sept. 18, 1792. Children: Mary, John, George, Samuel, Elizabeth, Ephraim and James.

Rev. John Crockett, son of John, was a Baptist minister in Sanbornton from 1794 to 1833; a man of great usefulness, highly esteemed. His children were George W., John, Hezekiah J., Joseph, Samuel B., William E., Beniah S., Beniah S.2nd, Betsey J., and Mary L.

Dr. Ephraim Crockett, brother of the preceding, became a clergyman and was ordained in Grafton, N. H. Member of legislature two years. He died June 10, 1842. Six children, three sons.

Hon. George W. Crockett, son of Rev. John, became a distinguished man. He was a merchant in Boston from 1820 till his death Aug. 14, 1859, in his 70th year. He was a member of the city government as common councillor in 1843-4; member House Representatives, 1847-1848; senator, 1849-1850; commissioner on banks and banking, member of convention to revise Constitution of Massachusetts, 1853; first president Bank of North America, 1850 till his death; one of the trustees of Mt.

Aug. 10, 1842, and moved to Rockland. George W., b. Apr. 18, 1842.  
 Aug. 19, 1844. Mary E., b. June 18, 1844. George W., b. Jan.  
 30, 1848, d. at Newbury, N. H., Apr. 20, 1862. A corporal who  
 was killed by his company. James A., b. Nov. 18, 1841.

### PROGENY OF SAMUEL W. CROCKETT, D. D.

John Crockett and David Crockett, brothers, from Stratford, N. H., removed to Sanbornton, where they settled permanently and raised families. John was born June 28, 1752; married Mary Jane, daughter of Samuel and Mary of Hampton, N. H., and died March 15, 1817. She died Sept. 18, 1792. Children: Mary, John, George, Samuel, Elizabeth, Ephraim and James. Rev. John Crockett, son of John, was a Baptist minister in Sanbornton from 1794 to 1822; a man of great usefulness, highly esteemed. His children were George W., John, Ezekiah J., Joseph, Samuel B., William B., Beniah B., Beniah S. and Betsey J., and Mary I.

Dr. Ephraim Crockett, brother of the preceding, became a clergyman and was ordained in Grafton, N. H. Member of legislature two years. He died June 10, 1842. Six children, three sons.

Hon. George W. Crockett, son of Rev. John, became a distinguished man. He was a merchant in Boston from 1820 till his death Aug. 14, 1852, in his 70th year. He was a member of the city government as common councillor in 1843-4; member House Representatives, 1847-1848; senator, 1849-1850; commissioner on banks and banking, member of convention to revise Constitution of Massachusetts, 1852; first president Bank of North America, 1850 till his death; one of the trustees of M.

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

Auburn Cemetery several years; one of the founders of Boston Academy of Music, organized in his house. See Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 15, 1859.

David Crockett moved from Stratham to Sanbornton, N. H. He married Sarah Thompson, who died June 14, 1801. These had eight children, whose names and births appear in the History of Sanbornton.

Mehitable Crockett, probably a sister of John and David, <sup>✓</sup> born Jan. 23, 1757, married Moses Thompson.

Dea. George B. Crockett of South Paris, Me., the well known manufacturer of small wooden wares such as step-ladders, sleds, children's wagons, etc., informs me that his grandfather, John Crockett, was a resident of Sumner and Hartford and was a soldier in the war of 1812, while his great grandfather, also named John, was a soldier of the Revolution, being accredited to the town of Buckfield, Me. Further than this he is not informed concerning his family. A John Crockett from Casco Bay served in the Revolution.

Linwood F. Crockett, Esq., the young lawyer of this city, is a descendant of the same family, through David Crockett, a mariner, who married an aunt of the late Hon. Nelson Dingley and after his retirement from the sea settled in Danville, Me. His son, Nelson Crockett, born May 25, 1811, married Lucy Dolley who was born July 6, 1813, by whom there were ten children, and one of them, Oscar Crockett, born Jan. 26, 1853, now living in Westbrook, married Flora Merrill (born May 6, 1855) and is the father of Linwood Crockett, Esq., of Portland. Of this branch of the family we have particular information but, as in the case of others, our limited space will not admit of personal treat-



THE FOUNDING GUILD: THE BOSTON ARTISTS

Academy of Music, organized in his house. See Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 15, 1832.

David Crockett moved from Stratford to Canton, N. H. He married Sarah Thompson, who died June 14, 1801. There had eight children, whose names and birth appear in the history of Canton.

Leitch Crockett, probably a sister of John and David, born Jan. 23, 1787, married Moses Thompson. See George B. Crockett of South Paris, Me., the well known manufacturer of small wooden wares such as step-ladders, sleds, children's wagons, etc., informs me that his grandfather, John Crockett, was a resident of Sumner and Stratford and was a soldier in the war of 1812, while his great grandfather, also named John, was a soldier of the Revolution, being accredited to the town of Rockfield, Me. Further than this he is not informed concerning his family. A John Crockett from Casco Bay served in the Revolution.

Linwood M. Crockett, Esq., the young lawyer of this city, is a descendant of the same family, through David Crockett, a mariner, who married an aunt of the late Hon. Nelson Dingley and after his retirement from the sea settled in Benning, Me. His son, Nelson Crockett, born May 25, 1811, married Lucy Dingley who was born July 6, 1813, by whom there were ten children, and one of them, Oscar Crockett, born Jan. 26, 1853, now living in Westbrook, married Miss Merrill (born May 6, 1855) and is the father of Linwood Crockett, Esq., of Portland. Of this branch of the family we have particular information but, as in the case of others, our limited space will not admit of personal treat-

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

ment.

---

Old Captain Crockett of Gorham was very austere in his observance of the Sabbath and could scarcely endure any of his townsmen who were not equally abstemious from secular employment, but at one time he neglected to consult his almanac, lost his reckoning, yoked his oxen and drove afield to plow; but when he discovered his mistake hastened to cover, while reproaching himself unmercifully for his profanation of the sacred day. It is pertinent to say that he did not fall into the error a second time.

This hero of the Revolution was a man of the genuine old stamp and continued to wear his Colonial costume of knee breeches and long hose, broad waistcoat and ruffled shirt, as long as he could go from home. He was a man of concrete speech, who, when he answered "yes" or "no", did so with an emphasis that left no doubt of his meaning and prevented any repetition of the question.

DANIEL CROCKETT, THE CHAIRMAKER

We remember him well. He was one of the Gorham or Cape Elizabeth Crocketts, born in Cape Elizabeth, Me., Feb. 13, 1782, died Sept. 24, 1851. His wife born Aug. 4, 1785, died Oct. 6, 1861. Eight children; married Olive Smith, daughter of Daniel Smith, 1st, of Phillipsburg, now Hollis, and lived in the Saco Valley, but it was said his wife moved so often that he did not know where to go when his day's work was done. He was one of the old-time chairmakers, known in early days as a "chairwright" and his wares did not wear out<sup>t</sup>---in a lifetime. His lathe with



ment.

Old Captain Crockett of Gorham was very sensitive in his observance of the Sabbath and could scarcely endure any of his townsmen who were not equally abstemious from secular employment, but at one time he neglected to consult his almanac, lost his reckoning, yoked his oxen and drove ahead to plow; but when he discovered his mistake hastened to cover, while reproaching himself unmercifully for his profanation of the sacred day. It is pertinent to say that he did not fall into the error a second time.

"This hero of the Revolution was a man of the genuine old stamp and continued to wear his Colonial costume of knee breeches and lacy hose, broad waistcoat and ruffled shirt, as long as he could go from home. He was a man of concrete speech, who, when he answered "yes" or "no", did so with an emphasis that left no doubt of his meaning and prevented any repetition of the question.

#### DANIEL CROCKETT, THE CHAIRMAN

We remember him well. He was one of the Gorham or Cape Elizabeth Crocketts, born in Cape Elizabeth, Me., Feb. 13, 1783. died Sept. 24, 1851. His wife born Aug. 4, 1788, died Oct. 6, 1861. Eight children; married Olive Smith, daughter of Daniel Smith, late of Phillipsburg, now Follis, and lived in the Back Valley, but it was said his wife moved so often that he did not know where to go when his days work was done. He was one of the old-time chairmakers, known in early days as a "chairwright" and his wares did not wear out—in a lifetime. His lapse with

THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM ARTICLE

which he turned his chair stock, the posts and rungs, was a very primitive and simple machine or device; it had neither shaft or wheel. There was a spring-pole overhead, from which a leather strap, connected with a treadle upon the shop floor, acting on the "fiddle-drill" principle, caused the piece of chair stock to revolve---hardly! But it turned toward and from the sun---and Daniel Crockett, and holding his turning gouge ready he caught the stick when it revolved that way and so cut away the corners; but up went the spring-pole and away went the chair post from the would-be artizan.

Col. Seldon Crockett, the famous landlord of the old Bromfield Tavern in Boston, was of this family. His wife ~~was~~ was an expert in the culinary art and many distinguished men were guests at her table. Her baked beans were so much admired that a party of Bostonians required the proprietor of a popular New York hotel to order a supply by express for their breakfast on a Sunday. At one time some of Madam Crockett's guests declined to eat her bread puddings, but when she had assured them that they were always made from fresh loaves, they were delighted with its excellence and always called for it when dining at the Bromfield Tavern. She was a beautiful and brilliant woman, well adapted to preside at the table of such a house. Colonel Crockett came to Boston in 1844, and with his sons carried on the hotel business for many years. He was a genial, polite and entertaining gentleman of the old school fashion and manners and very popular with those who tarried at his hostelry. He died at Laconia, N. H., in 1898, leaving issue. See portrait."

---

Thus ends the article---except that I failed to include at its beginning a sub-heading reading:- "Mariners and Makers of Musical Instruments---'The Stiff Knee for the Steek Brae'."

THE PORTLAND TUESDAY EVENING ASTORIAN

which he turned his chair stock, the posts and rings, was a very primitive and simple machine or device; it had neither shaft or wheel. There was a spring-pole overhead, from which a leather strap, connected with a treadle upon the shop floor, acted on the "middle-drill" principle, caused the piece of chair stock to revolve---hardly! But it turned toward and from the sun---and Daniel Crockett, and holding his turning gauge ready he caught the stick when it revolved that way and so cut away the corners; but up went the spring-pole and away went the chair post from the would-be artisan.

Col. Eldon Crockett, the famous landlady of the old Brownfield Tavern in Boston, was of this family. His wife was an expert in the culinary art and many distinguished men were guests at her table. Her baked beans were so much admired that a party of Bostonians requested the proprietor of a popular New York hotel to order a supply by express for their breakfast on a Sunday. At one time some of Judge Crockett's guests declined to eat her bread puddings, but when she had assured them that they were always made from fresh leaves, they were delighted with its excellence and always called for it when dining at the Brownfield Tavern. She was a beautiful and brilliant woman, well adapted to preside at the table of such a house. Colonel Crockett came to Boston in 1844, and with him some carried on the hotel business for many years. He was a genial, polite and entertaining gentleman of the old school fashion and manner and very popular with those who tarried at his hostelry. He died at Iaconia, N. H., in 1888, leaving issue. See portrait.

Thus ends the article---except that I failed to include at its beginning a sub-heading reading:--"Farmers and makers of Musical Instruments---The Bell Kne for the Clock Case."

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS  
of  
THE UNITED STATES  
of  
AMERICA

---

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CHINESE

to

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE

to

AMERICA

---



# EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

While digging for information regarding Mother's branch of the Crockett family in November, 1916, John H. Sullivan, Judge of the Searsport Municipal Court, "Journal" Correspondent, and allaround authority on local matters, loaned me a printed copy of the "First Census of the United States---1790---Maine" as published by the "Department of Commerce and Labor---Bureau of the Census---S. N. D. North, Director", and printed at the Government Printing Office in Washington in 1908, in which are given the "Heads of Families at the First Census of the United States taken in the year 1790---Maine"! In it are tabulated, under the towns and counties of their residence, the names of all Heads of Families living in what is now the State of Maine in 1790, the only additional details afforded being the numbers of members which their families contained, divided into four classes and arranged in four columns opposite the name of the family's head under the four general headings of "Free White Males of 16 years and upward, including Heads of Families"--- "Free White Males under 16 years"---"Free White Females, including Heads of Families"--- and "Slaves" ----of which last there were none within the limits of the present State of Maine at that time! In 1790, the present towns of Hampden, Winterport, Frankfort, Prospect, Stockton Springs and Searsport were all included in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", which had been incorporated as the 70th town on June 25, 1789, and extended from the present Bangor to Belfast!

The following extracts from the First Census are set down here for future reference:-

# EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

While digging for information regarding Mother's branch of the Crockett family in November, 1916, John F. Sullivan, Judge of the Bearport Municipal Court, "Journal" Correspondent, and otherwise authority on local matters, loaned me a printed copy of the "First Census of the United States---1790---Maine" as published by the "Department of Commerce and Labor---Bureau of the Census---C. M. D. North, Director", and printed at the Government Printing Office in Washington in 1908, in which are given on the "Heads of Families at the First Census of the United States taken in the year 1790---Maine!" In it are tabulated under the towns and counties of their residence, the names of all heads of families living in what is now the State of Maine in 1790, the only additional details afforded being the number of members which their families contained, divided into four classes and arranged in four columns opposite the name of the family's head under the four general headings of "Free White Males of 16 years and upward, including heads of families"---"Free White Males under 16 years"---"Free White Females, including heads of families"---and "Slaves"---of which last there were none within the limits of the present State of Maine at that time! In 1790, the present towns of Bearport, "Barnesport", Frankfort, Prospect, Stockton, Spring and Bearport were all included in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", which had been incorporated as the 70th town on June 25, 1789, and extended from the present Bangor to Belfast!

The following extracts from the First Census are set down here for future reference:-

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

There were in 1790, 24 heads of families in the present State of Maine named Crocket, Crockett, and Crockit, the division being 14 Crockets, 6 Crocketts, and 4 Crockits. They were distributed as follows:-

Benjamin Crocket,	Shapleigh Town, York County,	"1"	"1"	"3"
Daniel Crocket,	Bucktown Plantation, Cumb'd Co.,	1	2	2
Ephraim Crocket,	Gorham and Scarborough Towns,	"1	1	1
James Crocket,	" " Cumberland Co.,	1	1	1
Jonathan Crocket,	" " "	1	3	5
Joshua Crocket, Jr.,	" " "	1	1	-
Joshua Crocket, Jr.,	" " "	3	2	4
Joshua Crocket, Senior,	" " "	1	-	1
Palatiah Crocket,	" " "	1	1	1
Peter Crocket,	" " "	1	3	3
Samuel Crocket,	" " "	1	-	1
Samuel Crocket, Jr.,	" " "	1	5	4
Richard Crocket,	Cape Elizabeth Town, C'bd Co.,	1	1	5
Simon Crocket,	Falmouth Town, Cumberland Co.,	1	-	2
<u>DANIEL CROCKETT,</u>	WINDHAM TOWN, CUMBERLAND CO.,	1	1	3
George Crockett,	" " "	1	3	7
Isaac Crockett,	Vinalhaven Town, Hancock Co.,	2	5	2
Josiah Crockett,	Deer Isle Town, Hancock County,	2	2	2
Robinson Crockett,	" " "	1	3	3
Samuel Crockett,	Cape Elizabeth Town, C'bd Co.,	1	-	2
John Crockit,	Thomaston Town, Lincoln County,	1	-	2
Jonathan Crockit,	" " "	2	3	3
Nathaniel Crockit,	" " "	1	-	1
Nathaniel Crockit, Jr.,	" " "	2	4	7

I have assumed that the Daniel Crockett of Windham whose family consisted of "1", "1", and "3" was my great-great-grand-father, and that the "1 free white male under 16 years" included therein was my great-grandfather Daniel Crockett---whom the Trevett Family Record shows to have been born in Windham in July, 1775, who married Anna Trundy for his first wife and the widow Sarah (Staples) Trevett for his second, who used to visit Grandfather Crockett's and spin his "V'y'ge to the North" yarn when Mother was a girl, who died at George Crockett's December 6, 1869, and who rests beside his first wife in the old cemetery at Prospect Marsh Village! The George Crockett of Windham is evidently the one whom A. J. Huston, the bookseller of Portland,



There were in 1790, 84 heads of families in the present State of Maine named Crockett, Crockett, and Crockett, the division being 14 Crocketts, 6 Crocketts, and 4 Crocketts. They were distributed as follows:-

"3"	"1"	"1"	Benjamin Crockett, Ellsworth Town, York County,
2	2	1	Daniel Crockett, Ellsworth Plantation, York Co.,
1	1	1	William Crockett, Gorham and Scarborough Towns, "
1	1	1	James Crockett, Cumberland Co.,
5	3	1	Jonathan Crockett, "
-	1	1	Joshua Crockett, Jr., "
4	3	3	Joshua Crockett, Jr., "
1	-	1	Joshua Crockett, Senior, "
1	1	1	William Crockett, "
3	3	1	Peter Crockett, "
1	-	1	Samuel Crockett, "
4	5	1	Samuel Crockett, Jr., "
5	1	1	Richard Crockett, Cape Elizabeth Town, Old Co.,
2	-	1	Simon Crockett, Ellsworth Town, Cumberland Co.,
3	1	1	DANIEL CROCKETT, WILKINSON TOWN, CUMBERLAND CO.,
7	3	1	George Crockett, "
2	5	2	Isaac Crockett, Winthrop Town, Hancock Co.,
3	2	2	Deer Isle Town, Hancock County, "
3	1	1	Joshua Crockett, "
2	-	1	Samuel Crockett, Cape Elizabeth Town, Old Co.,
2	-	1	John Crockett, Thomaston Town, Lincoln County,
3	3	2	" "
1	-	1	" "
7	4	2	" "

I have assumed that the Daniel Crockett of Winthrop whose family consisted of "1", "1", and "3" was my great-grand-father, and that the "1" free white male under 16 years" included therein was my great-grandfather Daniel Crockett--when the first Family Record shows to have been born in Winthrop in July, 1775, who married Anna Trundy for his first wife and the widow Sarah (Staples) Trundy for his second, who used to visit Grandfather Crockett's and again his "y"age to the North" town when Father was a girl, who died at George Crockett's December 6, 1860, and who rests beside his first wife in the old cemetery at Prospect Sarah Village! The George Crockett of Winthrop is evidently the one whom A. J. Weston, the bookseller of Portland

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

recently wrote me was mentioned in the History of Windham.

Elmer E. Crockett, the present Postmaster at Stonington, Deer Isle, with whom I have been in correspondence, is a great-great-grandson of the Captain Robinson Crockett who was living at Deer Isle in 1790, having come there from Falmouth, now Portland, five years before, his brother Josiah having made a similar migration in 1768, and both remaining residents of Deer Isle up to the times of their deaths!

---

In 1790, there were but three heads of families named Trundy in all of what now constitutes the State of Maine and no one of those lived in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" or "Isleborough Town, Hancock County" --- although there were four heads of families named Dodge in the last-mentioned town, one of whom, Rathburn Dodge, was probably the one referred to as "Rethman" on page 144 and had a family at that time of "1", "1", and "1". As previously stated, the three Trundys were:-

Samuel Trundy,	Deer Isle Town, Hancock County	"3"	"1"	"7"
Jno. Trundy,	Buxton Town, York County,	"1"	---	"1"
George Trundy,	Cape Elizabeth Town, C'd Co.,	"3"	"1"	"3"

I have already, on page 144, expressed the opinion that Great-Grandmother Anna (Trundy) Crockett was one of the numerous daughters of Samuel Trundy of Deer Isle, an opinion which is seemingly strengthened by the extract from Mrs. Littlefield's letter quoted on page 304!

---

Although Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland was living at Cape Jellison in what was then "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" as a protege of Captain Robert Hichborn in the year when the First Census was taken, I cannot locate him therein unless he may have been living with William Hichborn, whose family con-



WILLIAM TRUNDY THE FIRST OWNER

recently wrote me was mentioned in the history of Windham.  
William T. Crockett, the present Postmaster at Stonington,  
Deer Isle, with whom I have been in correspondence, is a great-grandson of the Captain Robinson Crockett who was living  
at Deer Isle in 1790, having come there from Falmouth, now Bo  
land, five years before, his brother Josiah having made a simi  
migration in 1785, and both remaining residents of Deer Isle  
to the times of their deaths!

In 1790, there were but three heads of families named  
Trundy in all of what now constitutes the State of Maine and  
no one of those lived in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County," or  
"Isleboro' Town, Hancock County" --- although there were lo  
heads of families named Dodge in the last-mentioned town, one  
of whom, Nathaniel Dodge, was probably the one referred to as  
"Refman" on page 144 and had a family at that time of "1",  
and "1". As previously stated, the three Trundys were:-

- Samuel Trundy, Deer Isle Town, Hancock County "3" "1"
- John Trundy, Buxton Town, York County, "1" ---
- George Trundy, Cape Elizabeth Town, Old Co., "3" "1"

I have already, on page 144, expressed the opinion that  
Great-Grandfather Anne (Trundy) Crockett was one of the number  
our daughters of Samuel Trundy of Deer Isle, an opinion which  
is seemingly strengthened by the extract from Mrs. Littlefield's  
letter quoted on page 304!

Although Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland was living at  
Cape Elizabeth in what was then "Frankfort Town, Hancock County  
Honorable  
as a protégé of Captain Robert Nichol in the year when the  
first census was taken, I cannot locate him therein unless he  
may have been living with William Nichol, whose family con-

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

sisted solely of "2 Free White Males of 16 years and upward, including Heads of Families" --- from which I infer that he was either a widower with one son over sixteen years of age or that possibly he was a brother of Hon. Robert Hichborn with whom Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland was living and that the latter, being in his sixteenth year and probably more matured (matured) by experience than most boys at that age, had been enrolled as already sixteen! Hon. Robert Hichborn was a man of importance in the City of Boston and that he had not yet taken up his official residence at Cape Jellison in 1790 is shown by the fact that he does not appear as a resident of "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in the First Census --- although he died and was buried in the Cape Jellison Cemetery as "A Member of the Boston Tea Party" one or two decades later as related on page 161 and referred to again on page 207!

Besides the William Hichborn above mentioned, the only person named Hichborn shown by the First Census to have been living within the confines of the present State of Maine in 1790 was Robert Hichborn, Junior, who appears as a resident of "Conduskeeg Plantation, Hancock County" and whose "family" consisted of himself alone, the description being "1", "--", and "--"! "Conduskeeg Plantation" was of course the present Bangor which, although given its present name for the music bearing the same appellation by the Reverend Seth Noble when it was incorporated as the 73rd town on February 25, 1791, still preserves the name "Kenduskeag" with great care! A study of History might show that this Robert Hichborn, Jr., was a son of the Hon. Robert Hichborn who brought Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland to Cape Jellison from Boston in (about) the year 1785, who was a member

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

sisted solely of "2 Free White Males of 16 years and upward, including Heads of Families" --- from which I infer that he was either a widower with one son over sixteen years of age or that possibly he was a brother of Hon. Robert Nicholson with whom Great-Grandfather Edward Kneland was living and that the latter, being in his sixteenth year and probably more matured (matured) by experience than most boys at that age, had been enrolled as already sixteen! Hon. Robert Nicholson was a man of importance in the City of Boston and that he had not yet taken up his official residence at Cape Treliss in 1790 is shown by the fact that he does not appear as a resident of "Treliss Town, Hancock County" in the First Census --- although he did and was buried in the Cape Treliss Cemetery as "A Member of the Boston Tea Party" one or two decades later as related on page 161 and referred to again on page 207!

Besides the William Nicholson above mentioned, the only person named Nicholson shown by the First Census to have been living within the confines of the present State of Maine in 1790 was Robert Nicholson, Junior, who appears as a resident of "Conduskeeg Plantation, Hancock County" and whose "family" consisted of himself alone, the description being "1", "1", and "1"! "Conduskeeg Plantation" was of course the present Bangor which although given its present name for the music bearing the same appellation by the Reverend Nathaniel Wells when it was incorporated as the 73rd town on February 25, 1791, still preserves the name "Conduskeeg" with great care! A study of History might show that this Robert Nicholson, Jr., was a son of the Hon. Robert Nicholson who brought Great-Grandfather Edward Kneland to Cape Treliss from Boston in (about) the year 1785, who was a member



EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

of "The Boston Tea Party", who rests in the old cemetery on  
 and  
 "The Cape" -(as do Great-Grandfather ad Grandfather Kneeland  
 and many other members of our family)-, and whose name seemed  
 to them so good a one to "tie to" that her father and mother,  
 aided and abetted by her Grandma, bestowed it upon Miss Frances  
 Hichborn Kneeland, a young lady not yet old enough to appreciate  
 the responsibilities which it entails!

---

The only head of a family named Kneeland shown by the First  
 Census to have been living within the present State of Maine in  
 1790 was David Kneeland of Otisfield Plantation, Cumberland  
 County, with a family consisting of "2", "3", and "2"!

---

\*\*\*

The First Census does not show a single head of family as  
 living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790, from which  
 I gather that Grandmother Harriet Hichborn (Rendell) Kneeland's  
 father, Thomas Rendell, did not move to Cape Jellison from Thom-  
 aston until after that date! Grandmother Kneeland's grandfath-  
 er, John Rendell, lived at Owl's Head, near Rockland, which lat-  
 ter city The Maine Register says was "Originally a part of Thom-  
 aston. Set off and incorporated July 28, 1848, under the name  
 of East Thomaston. Name changed, 1850." John Rendell had  
 come to the American Colonies from a small town near London,  
 England, in (about) 1750, "settling first in Salem, then in  
 Bristol, Mass., and later, after losing most of his property  
 through the medium of "accommodation" paper (all of which he re-  
 deemed, however), on what is known as Owl's Head, near Rockland,  
 Me., where he purchased a 400 acre tract of land. During the

---

\*\*\*named Rendell, Randell, or Randall

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

of "The Boston Tea Party", who rests in the old cemetery on  
 "The Cape" - (as do Great-Grandfather and Grandfather Kneeland  
 and many other members of our family)-, and whose name seemed  
 to them so good a one to "tie to" that her father and mother,  
 aided and abetted by her Grandpa, bestowed it upon Miss Frances  
 Nicholson Kneeland, a young lady not yet old enough to appreciate  
 the responsibilities which it entails!

The only head of a family named Kneeland shown by the First  
 Census to have been living within the present State of Maine in  
 1790 was David Kneeland of Otisfield Plantation, Cumberland  
 County, with a family consisting of "2", "3", and "2"!

\*\*\*

The First Census does not show a single head of family as  
 living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790, from which  
 I gather that Grandmother Harriet Nicholson (Rendell) Kneeland's  
 father, Thomas Rendell, did not move to Cape Jellison from Thom-  
 aston until after that date! Grandmother Kneeland's grandfath-  
 er, John Rendell, lived at Owl's Head, near Rockland, which was  
 for city The Maine Register says was "originally a part of Thom-  
 aston. Set off and incorporated July 28, 1848, under the name  
 of East Thomaston. Name changed, 1850." John Rendell had  
 come to the American Colonies from a small town near London,  
 England, in (about) 1750, "settling first in Salem, then in  
 Bristol, Mass., and later, after losing most of his property  
 through the medium of "speculation" paper (all of which he re-  
 deemed, however), on what is known as Owl's Head, near Rockland  
 Me., where he purchased a 400 acre tract of land. During the

\*\*\* named Rendell, Rendell, or Rendall



EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

Revolution he was taken from his bed at night by an English press-gang and taken on board a British man-of-war to act as pilot, he being well acquainted with the adjacent waters. He never returned. The British claimed that he was lost overboard off Monhegan and drowned. It was the general belief, however, that upon his refusing to take the vessel where the English commander wished most to intimidate the inhabitants, he was thrown overboard. His granddaughter, although a mere child at the time well remembered the visit of the "redcoats" to Castine and Cape Jellison during the war of 1812-14, and took great delight in relating the circumstances to her grandchildren up to the time of her death on April 10, 1896."

The preceding quotation from Paragraph 508, Page 120, of "Seven Centuries in the Kneeland Family" (The Kneeland Genealogy), the author of which said of me on Page 125 while I was still a resident of Boston that he "has rendered most efficient work there for this book" scarcely needed to be enclosed in quotation marks as I wrote the original myself. What is more to the point is that the facts contained therein, to which reference is also made on Page 193, were related to me by Grandmother Kneeland herself---I can remember now how her eyes used to twinkle during the recital of these and other items of family history of which she was proud!

According to the First Census, there were two heads of families named Rendell living in "Thomaston Town, Lincoln County" in 1790, the latter of whom was (presumably) my Great-Grandfather Thomas Rendell:-

James Rendell,	Thomaston Town, Lincoln County	"1"	"1"	"3"
Thomas Rendell,	"	"2"	---	"4"

As Grandmother Harriet Hichborn (Rendell) Kneeland was born

Revolution he was taken from his bed at night by an English  
 press-gang and taken on board a British man-of-war to act as  
 pilot, he being well acquainted with the adjacent waters. He  
 never returned. "The British claimed that he was lost overboard  
 off Monhegan and drowned. It was the general belief, however,  
 that upon his returning to take the vessel where the English com-  
 mander wished most to intimidate the inhabitants, he was thrown  
 overboard. His granddaughters, although a mere child at the time  
 well remembered the visit of the "redcoats" to Castine and Ogun-  
 Telleus during the war of 1812-14, and took great delight in  
 relating the circumstances to her granddaughters up to the time  
 of her death on April 10, 1886."

"The preceding quotation from Paragraph 508, Page 130, of  
 "Seven Centuries in the Kneeland Family" (The Kneeland Geneal-  
 ogy), the author of which said of me on Page 132 while I was  
 still a resident of Boston that he "has rendered most efficient  
 work there for this book" scarcely needed to be enclosed in  
 quotation marks as I wrote the original myself. What is more  
 to the point is that the facts contained therein, to which ref-  
 erences is also made on Page 132, were related to me by my grand-  
 mother Kneeland herself--I can remember now how her eyes used  
 to twinkle during the recital of these and other items of fam-  
 ily history of which she was proud!

According to the First Census, there were two beds of fam-  
 ily named Rendell living in "Thomaston Town, Lincoln County"  
 in 1790, the latter of whom was (presumably) my great-grandfather  
 or Thomas Rendell:-

Thomas Rendell, Thomaston Town, Lincoln County, "1" "3"  
 Thomas Rendell, " " "2" "4"  
 As Grandfather Daniel Eldredge (Rendell) Kneeland was born

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

on May 18, 1807, it is evident that her father removed from Thomaston to Cape Jellison at some time during the preceding seventeen years! If, however, Thomas Rendell already had one son over sixteen years of age in 1790, it becomes apparent that Grandmother Kneeland must have been a daughter by a second wife and as Mother does not think such was the case it would seem that the "Free White Male of 16 years and upward" included in Thomas Rendell's family in addition to himself was some relative or other outsider and not a son! Apparently he already had three young daughters!

---

There were no heads of families named Heagan or Jellison living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790! There were no Heagans in the State for that matter---although there were several Jellisons!

---

There were in the present State of Maine in 1790, twelve heads of families named Junkins, as follows:-

Robert Junkins,	Berwick Town, York County	"2"	"2"	"3"
Sarah Junkins,	Pepperellborough Town, York County,	3	1	6
William Junkins,	Waterborough Town, York County,	1	1	1
Eunice Junkins,	York Town, York County,	1	2	4
Alexander Junkins,	" "	2	2	6
Hepsibath Junkins,	" "	2	---	3
James Junkins,	" "	2	3	4
Joseph Junkins,	" "	1	---	1
Daniel Junkins,	" "	1	---	2
Daniel Junkins, Jr.,	" "	2	1	6
Jonathan Junkins,	" "	1	1	2
Eliphalet Junkins,	" "	1	1	6

The Daniel Junkins, Jr., who resided at York, was probably Bertha's (my wife's) great-grandfather---her Grandfather was Daniel Junkins of South Berwick and later, East Lebanon, Maine, ---but the data prepared by her mother on the subject is locked up in Brooklyn! In addition to the members of the families

# EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

on May 18, 1807, it is evident that her father removed from  
 Thomaston to Cape Jellison at some time during the preceding  
 seventeen years! If, however, Thomas Rendell already had one  
 son over sixteen years of age in 1790, it becomes apparent that  
 Grandmother Knobel must have been a daughter by a second wife  
 and as Mother does not think such was the case it would seem  
 that the "Three White Males of 16 years and upward" included in  
 Thomas Rendell's family in addition to himself was some relative  
 or other outsider and not a son! Apparently he already had  
 three young daughters!

There were no heads of families named Hagan or Jellison  
 living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790! There were  
 no Hagens in the State for that matter---although there were  
 several Jellisons!

There were in the present State of Maine in 1790, twelve  
 heads of families named Jinkins, as follows:-

Robert Jinkins,	Berwick Town, York County,	"5"	"8"	"7"
Sarah Jinkins,	Poppendulough Town, York County,	3	1	6
William Jinkins,	Waterborough Town, York County,	1	1	1
Emilio Jinkins,	York Town, York County,	1	2	4
Alexander Jinkins,	" "	2	2	6
Hephast Jinkins,	" "	2	1	3
James Jinkins,	" "	2	3	4
Joseph Jinkins,	" "	1	1	1
Daniel Jinkins,	" "	1	1	2
Daniel Jinkins, Jr.,	" "	2	1	6
Jonathan Jinkins,	" "	1	1	2
Elizabeth Jinkins,	" "	1	1	6

The Daniel Jinkins, Jr., who resided at York, was probably  
 Berta's (my wife's) great-grandfather---her Grandfather was  
 Daniel Jinkins of South Berwick and later, West Lebanon, Maine,  
 ---but the data prepared by her mother on the subject is lacking  
 up in Brooklyn! In addition to the members of the families



EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

of the above "Heads of Families" there was living in the family of Robert Junkins of Berwick someone who was not a member of his family but who is described only by the figure "1" under the heading "All other free persons" which should be added to the "four general headings" described on Page 342 and somewhat ~~upsets~~ upsets my hypothesis regarding Great-Grandfather Edward Kneeland and William Hichborn as outlined on Pages 344-5---I am writing this from notes made from the First Census and not from the copy of the Census itself, which explains how I have overlooked the fact that there were five ruled columns opposite the names of the Heads of Families until now!

---

There were living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", when the First Census was taken in 1790 four heads of families named Staples, viz:- John, Miles, William, and Jotham Staples!

John Staples's family	consisted of	"1",	"4",	and	"3".
Miles Staples's	"	"	"3",	"-",	"3".
William Staples's	"	"	"1",	"3",	"1".
Jotham Staples's	"	"	"1",	"2",	"5".

---

Chever Kendall of "Barrettstown Town, Hancock County" was the only head of family of that name within the limits of the present State of Maine in 1790 who spelled his name with two "l's" but there were three others who spelled it with only one "l"---according to the enumerators! Chever Kendall's family consisted of "1", "1", and "3"!

---

There was but one Porter living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", in 1790---or rather but one head of family of that name! That was Robert Porter who, rightly or wrongly, I have assumed was the father of the Robert and Ephraim Porter who liv-



# EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST GENUS

of the above "Heads of Families" there was living in the family of Robert Junkins of Bowwick someone who was not a member of his family but who is described only by the figure "1" under the heading "All other free persons" which should be added to the "four general headings" described on Page 343 and somewhat upset by hypothesis regarding Great-Grandfather Edward Spooner and William Nicholson as outlined on Pages 344-5. . . I am writing this from notes made from the First Genus and not from the copy of the Genus itself, which explains how I have overlooked the fact that there were five ruled columns opposite the names of the Heads of Families until now!

There were living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", when the First Genus was taken in 1790 four heads of families named Staples, viz:-- John, Miles, William, and John Staples!

John Staples's family consisted of "1", "4", and "5".	"	"	"	"	"
Miles Staples's	"	"	"	"	"
William Staples's	"	"	"	"	"
John Staples's	"	"	"	"	"

Oliver Wendell of "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" was the only head of family of that name within the limits of the present State of Maine in 1790 who spelled his name with two "i's" but there were three others who spelled it with only one "i"---according to the enumerators! Oliver Wendell's family consisted of "1", "1", and "5"!

There was but one Barber living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", in 1790---or rather but one head of family of that name! That was Robert Barber who, rightly or wrongly, I have assumed was the father of the Robert and Ephraim Barber who live

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

ed on the Felker place and the home place here, respectively--- People married young in those days! Of course it may be that the Robert Porter mentioned in this First Census was Ephraim's brother Robert (Hira's father) but as Hira Porter probably was not born until the first or second decade of the nineteenth century and as the Robert Porter mentioned in the First Census already had a family of "1", "4", and "2" in 1790, it seems more likely that he was the father of Ephraim Porter and his brother Robert and that they were included in the figure "4" as given in the census enumeration! Fred Porter told Mother and myself on June 16, 1907, that his grandfather Ephraim Porter and Ephraim's brother Robert were the original Porters in the "Porter District"! If he was right, then the Robert Porter mentioned in the First Census (assuming him to have been the father of these two) evidently did not live on either the Felker or the home place here on "The Pinnacle", but did live in some other part of the old Town of Frankfort---which was long in Hancock County! Fred may have been wrong at that and the Robert Porter of the First Census, taken 127 years ago, may have lived right here on "The Pinnacle"! Who knows?

---

There was no one named Smart living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790! The present William Dana Smart (the W. D. Jr. of my boyhood) informs me that his grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Knights Smart, came here from New Hampshire shortly after they were married and that, as his grandmother was born in 1791 (?), the date of their arrival here was probably around 1810! Ephraim Knights Smart was killed at his sawmill in back of what is now the Allan Colcord place in

EXTRACT FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

ed on the Falker place and the home place here, respectively. People married young in those days! Of course it may be that the Robert Porter mentioned in this First Census was Ephraim's brother Robert (Mina's father) but as Mrs Porter probably was not born until the first or second decade of the nineteenth century and as the Robert Porter mentioned in the First Census already had a family of "1", "4", and "5" in 1790, it seems more likely that he was the father of Ephraim Porter and his brother Robert and that they were included in the figure "4" as given in the census enumeration! Fred Porter told Mather and myself on June 13, 1907, that his grandfather Ephraim Porter and Ephraim's brother Robert were the original Porters in the "Porter District"! If he was right, then the Robert Porter mentioned in the First Census (assuming him to have been the father of these two) evidently did not live on either the Falker or the home place here on "The Pinnacles", but did live in some other part of the old Town of Frankfort--which was long in Hancock County! Fred may have been wrong at that and the Robert Porter of the First Census, taken 127 years ago, may have lived right here on "The Pinnacles"! Who knows?

There was no one named Smart living in "Frankfort Town, Hancock County" in 1790! The present William Denis Smart (the W. D. Jr. of my boyhood) informs me that his grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Knight Smart, came here from New Hampshire shortly after they were married and that, as his grandfather was born in 1751 (?), the date of their arrival here was probably around 1810! Ephraim Knight Smart was killed at his sawmill in back of what is now the Allen Colcord place in

EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

(about) 1832. His large family, which then lived in a house well in from the Mount Ephraim road and near the mill in which he met his death, later resided in the house now owned and occupied by Timothy Porter---about half-way from here to the village! William Dana Smart, Senior, the present William D's father, who died of pneumonia in 1896, bought the place where Mr. Smart now lives in (about) 1845, having been aided in doing so by money loaned by his brother Ephraim, and himself erected the buildings which now stand thereon!

---

In 1790, there was but one head of family named Carr in all "Frankfort Town, Hancock County"! His family was composed of "1", "2", and "1", and his name was William Carr! I have assumed that this was the Carr who formerly lived where Webster K. Staples does now---before the place became the home of Job Larrabee and famous to succeeding generations as the scene of "Job's Serenade"!

---

There were in "Isleborough Town, Hancock County" six heads of families named Coombs, one of whom was Fields Coombs---for whom Fields S. Pendleton's father evidently was named---and also twelve heads of families named Pendleton! I am still speaking of the First Census of 1790!

---

Returning to the "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", of 1790, there was no one in town named Bowen at that time but there were a half dozen heads of families named Grant, among them Gooding and Andrew---names which appear to have been handed down to their descendants as Aunt Ruth Crockett married an Andrew Grant



EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

(about 1838. His large family, which then lived in a house well in from the Mount Ephraim road and near the mill in which he met his death, later resided in the house now owned and occupied by Timothy Porter---about half-way from here to the village! William Dana Grant, Senior, the present William D's father, who died of pneumonia in 1898, bought the place where Mr. Grant now lives in (about 1845, having been aided in doing so by money loaned by his brother Ephraim, and himself erected the buildings which now stand thereon!

In 1790, there was but one head of family named Cary in all "Frankfort Town, Hancock County"! His family was composed of "1", "2", and "3", and his name was William Cary! I have assumed that this was the Cary who formerly lived above Webster's. Staples does now---before the place became the home of Job Lathrop and famous for succeeding generations as the scene of "Job's Gernade"!

There were in "Lathrop's Town, Hancock County" six heads of families named Coombs, one of whom was Field's Coombs---for whom Field's Coombs' father evidently was named---and also twelve heads of families named Pendleton! I am still speaking of the First Census of 1790!

Returning to the "Frankfort Town, Hancock County", of 1790 there was no one in town named Bowen at that time but there were a half dozen heads of families named Grant, among them Benjamin and Andrew---names which appear to have been handed down to their descendants as Aunt Ruth Crockett carried an Andrew Grant



EXTRACTS FROM THE FIRST CENSUS

who was the son of an Andrew Grant---the present City Treasurer of Lowell, Mass., still bears the name as Andrew Grant Stiles! Mother also used to know a Gooding Grant---he had a store at Prospect Marsh Village for many years---who was probably the son or grandson of the one given in the First Census!

Pendletons, Nichols's, and Nickersons were not as numerous in 1790 as they have since become --- In that year there were but two heads of families of each of these names within the far-flung boundaries of "Frankfort Town" although, among the 169 families comprising its population, there were represented practically all the names which we look upon as those of old-time families hereabouts today!

---

Searsport,  
Maine,  
4/1/1917.

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

"The Pinnacle",

Searsport, 6/16/07.

Fred W. Porter called here this afternoon, and in response to inquiries from Mother and myself, gave us the following facts

The original Porters in the "Porter District" were---  
Robert Porter, whose house stood on the cliff-like ledge in what we now call the "Felker Pasture", and some two hundred yards south of the NO. 7 - (Porter District)- Schoolhouse,  
 and

Ephraim Porter, whose house stood on the site of the one in which Father and Mother have lived since we moved here on November 1st, 1876, when I was just past six years of age.

The "ell" of the house in which we now live - (when the rest of the "we" are here)- was, or is supposed to have been, Ephraim Porter's original house, though it has been renovated on sundry occasions. The old "main house" occupied the site of the present one and is supposed to have been of the same dimensions.

Ephraim Porter, Sr., had five children, viz:- Ephraim, Jr., Wilmoth, Ira, Miriam and Sarah Jane. I don't know the order of their birth. Fred W. Porter - (our informant)- was the son of Wilmoth Porter and was born in the old "main house" alluded to above in November, 1839, and lived there until he was four years of age, up to which time his father - (Wilmoth)- occupied the old "main house" and his Uncle Ira - (Wilmoth's brother)- the "ell".

At about this time Ephraim Porter and his sons - (Ephraim, Junior, Wilmoth, and Ira)- bought an additional one hundred acres of land lying in the valley and on the slope to the west,



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

south-west and northwest of Ephraim's (original) holdings, this new acquisition being covered with the primeval forest.

Ephraim, Sr., -(and Ephraim, Jr., (?))- built a house where Nathaniel Larrabee was twice burned out and where Fred Small now lives in buildings erected -(about 1896)- by Gove Hammons or his sons. Here Ephraim, Junior, went to live. Wilmoth built the house in which he lived for many years before moving to the village and which is now occupied by Edmund Kennard Blake and family----the house in the valley, nearly west of ours and on the knoll some one hundred and fifty yards north-east of the "Big Rock" in the brook (where I learned to swim) just below the confluence of the brooks from McClure's Pond and Bowen's Pond, or swamp, the latter having its source somewhere to the north-west of the Pike Hill on land formerly belonging to either the Cunningham or West place but now owned and occupied by the Ames brothers, William and Edmund. -(Note:- This is an error. This brook has its source on either the old Towle or Albert Matthews place, both of which are now owned by Captain Charles Gilkey. FE.K. 9/5/16)-

Ira remained on what to them was the "old place" and on which Father and Mother now live. Ira continued to live here until Father bought the place from his (Ira's) son-in-law, Melvin M. Whittum, in 1876, but in the meantime -(probably prior to 1850)- he had sold the old "main house" to "old man" Wallace -(father of the John and Isaac of my day)- and replaced it with the "main house" of my time, in which Father and Mother live at this writing. This house is often laughingly said to be made of "the best lumber which the State of Maine afforded", -(Ira's)- the inference being that because of his connection with the





PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

saw-mills owned by his father, brothers and himself, and which were located in the valley to the west, he did not fail to avail himself of the opportunities which he enjoyed of selecting the best from large quantities of lumber, all of which was good.

"Old man" Wallace moved the old "main house" to the village and located it at a spot near the shore and just west of what is now called "Mosman's Field", now used as a ball-ground, etc., Here it stood for some years until, one Fourth of July, the boys burned it up.

To go back to the Porters:-

Ephraim Porter, Sr., and his three sons, built two saw-mills---one on the big brook -(Note:- In the old days this stream was called "Half-way Creek", presumably because of its being half-way <sup>between</sup> ~~from~~ Prospect Marsh Village and Belfast when they were adjoining towns. It is so referred to in Whittum's deed to Father for his present farm. F. E. K. 9/5/16)- almost directly west of Small's and under which I have often fished as a very small boy, and the other on the McClure Brook, about a quarter of a mile above the "Big Rock", the wooden work of the dam of which and whose flume I also remember to have seen. -(Note:- It was in order to insure a sufficient flow of water for this latter mill (or both of them) during dry weather that the Porters built the dam which remains at the foot of McClure's Pond to this day, and by means of which the surface of the pond could be raised several feet. When it was necessary to use this additional supply of water it was Fred Porter's duty to go up through the woods, morning and night, to open and close the gate which regulated the flow. On these occasions he took his gun, thereby making a partial diversion,



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

at least, of one of the labors of the day. The privilege at this point now belongs to the Merrills---or Trundys (?)--- who own the mill on Opeechee Stream at Searsport Village, now being operated by "Ferd" Trundy and his son Storey---Mother tells me that "Ferd's" real name is Alfred Emery Trundy, that he was named for his cousin, Alfred Emery Nickerson, the latter's mother-old Emery's wife-having been Abigail Eames, a sister to the "old Jake" Eames of my boyhood and of Levi Trundy's wife--"Ferd's" mother. F. E. K. 9/5/16)-

In these two mills they (the Porters) proceeded to manufacture not only the lumber cut from the one hundred acre tract referred to above, but that of others. At this time there were six saw-mills on the brook between McClure's Pond and the Bay---the two above mentioned; one on the Mark Colcord place (where Colcord's son was killed and from grief over which Mark, Senior, became insane); one in back of the old Mahoney (Ashley Mitchell) place; the one now standing where Main Street crosses Opeechee Stream and owned by the Merrills -- or Trundy's (?); and one which stood near Steamboat Avenue and just above the old breakwater. This last is the one in which Hira Porter became interested after trading places with Michael Felker and the remains of which were sent up in smoke by "the boys" one "Night before the Fourth" some ten years since.

When Ephraim, Sr., (or Jr.?) built the house on the spot where Small lives now there was no road up through the valley and he had to come up the Mount Ephraim Road -(which Father ~~is~~ tells me was laid out about one hundred and ten years ago)- . Job Larrabee doesn't seem to have been<sup>o</sup> particularly obliging as a neighbor and on one occasion bought a strip of land west of





PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

the Mount Ephraim Road and built a fence from the road to the brook and across the road used by Ephraim. "One cold, dark night", a gang of men tore down the fence and threw every individual piece thereof into the stream, so the effect of Job's labors was lost.

At another time the men in the district were at work on the road. Job and Wilmoth Porter got into a row. Wilmoth was sitting astride of Job when the latter managed to pull Wilmoth's head down and bit a hole through his ear. Ira came up and batted Job over the head. When Job got up he went home, saying there were "too many Porters for him". Fred W. says this is one of his earliest recollections, seeing his father come to the house where we now live to doctor his ear, the sight of the blood having impressed it upon his youthful mind.

Robert Porter had a son named Hira who was a cousin to Wilmoth, therefore Robert and Ephraim, Sr., were brothers. Hira had his father's place, evidently, and erected the buildings which were burned in April, 1899, just before Father bought what we call the "Felker Farm", and which adjoins the place bought of Whittum (in two parcels) on the north. Sometime in the early fifties (probably about 1854) Hira Porter "swapped" places with Michel Felker, who at that time was living on what is now known as Steamboat Avenue at Searsport Village and working at his trade as a ship-carpenter. After moving~~x~~ to the village Hira Porter became interested in the saw-mill next the Bay, as before mentioned, while Mr. Felker took up his residence on what we now call the "Felker Place" and continued to reside there until the time of his death in 1897. Some few years previous he had, however, deeded the place to his son,



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

Herbert H., by whom the deed to Father was made, though the transaction really was Felker to George A. Bowen, and Bowen to Kneeland.

THE STAPLES PLACE. As far as I can learn, the first settler on what is now known as the Staples Place was a man named Carr---father of "old" Henry Carr who lived at the village the latter part of the last century (say in 1890, about) and who was reared there. Carr seems to have sold direct to Job Larabee, who lived there many years and reared a large family. Somewhat late in life Job took unto himself a second wife (this marriage furnished the theme for Jim Blake's "Job's Serenade") but the venture not proving a success and having cost Job a  
\*\*\* pretty penny financially, the place passed in to the hands of Job's brother-in-law, Levi Trundy, ("Ferd's" father) by whom it was deeded to my uncle, Nelson Panno Staples, when he bought it about (or just prior to) the year 1875. Mother says they -(the Staples's)- moved over here in May, 1875, just after Kitty was born. I know Uncle Nelson was living there when we moved from Grandfather Kneeland's old place -(now owned by Levi George)- to what was known as the Piper Place, and later as the Steele Place, in December, 1875, as I remember his driving us across the Gould Meadow in the old green pung. Uncle Nelson died in June, 1905, a short time after I got home from Mexico ~~that~~ that year, but it is still the "Staples Place", as his son, Webster K., lives there at this writing.

F. E. K. 6/16/07

The above (or the original thereof) with the exception of the remarks inserted as "Notes", ~~was written~~ and a few immaterial words which I have added in making this copy was written on

\*\*\*Did it? W.D. Smart told me in February, 1917, that Job's 2nd wife had more property than he did---in Lowell, Mass.! F.E.K.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED  
DATE 08-07-2001 BY SP-6 BJS/BJS

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED  
DATE 08-07-2001 BY SP-6 BJS/BJS

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

June 16, 1907, the day on which Fred Porter gave Mother and myself the information regarding the Porters, etc. The "Note" at the bottom of Page 3 referring to the dam at the foot of McClure's Pond, as well as the addition which I am going to copy below on this page, was written in November, 1915, while I was in Searsport, and was sent to Kit to copy in time for her to incorporate it in the copies which she made last Fall.

F. E. K. 9/5/16.

THE STAPLES PLACE --- (continued)

One of the many evidences of Job's handiwork which may still be seen on the Staples Place are the remains of the dam which he built at the foot of his meadow for the purpose of "devilling" his great and good friend, Gilman Piper, who lived on what during the last generation has been known as the Steele Place, where he carried on the business of manufacturing various articles of furniture, such as tables, bed-steads, and cabinets; also steering-gear and tree-nail-plugs used in the ship-building of that day, in the old mill which still stands, and on the surface of whose mill-pond Fred Whittum and I used to put to sea on a raft in the summer of 1876---always taking care, however, not to drift into the range of vision commanded by Mother from the pantry window.

It was Job's custom when he felt particularly well-disposed towards his friend Gilman, to hie himself at the beginning of a busy day to the dam at the foot of his meadow and close the gate. This done, the flow of water would be shut off for hours, until the entire basin now represented by the meadow, had been overflowed. As it is not only true that "the mill will never grind again with the water that has passed" but that it can't grind (or turn) with the water that doesn't come, it





PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

is presumed that on such occasions Gilman ground his teeth in more or less impotent rage. It must have been pleasant to have a kind-hearted neighbor shut off one's water supply in the morning, not forgetting to re-open the sluice-gate at night so as to be ready to repeat the process next day. Whether these performances of Job's had anything to do with "Uncle" Gilman's occasional sprees I know not, but it does not seem unlikely. With the exception of the gate, the woodwork of this dam was still intact when I was a small boy. The foot-log still remains (1915).

Local tradition says that in an effort to prove to Job that "one good turn deserves another", Gilman arranged to buy from Ira Porter a triangular piece of land across which Job was accustomed to drive to the Mount Ephraim Road, in order to prevent his crossing it, but the transfer never was completed.

As I write this last (in November, 1915) Mother informs me that the legs of the extension dining-table, standing under the looking-glass in the kitchen, were turned by Gilman Piper in his mill, and that the table was made, or put together<sup>1</sup>, by Tyler Crockett, from whom Father bought it in 1869. Mother also has a small stand which was made in Gilman Piper's mill.

-(This is the end of the addition referred to at the top of )-  
 (the previous page. FEB 9/5/16 )

---

While I am on the general subject of the Staples Place, with its reference to Job Larrabee, I am going to include so much of "Job's Serenade" as the present William D. Smart could remember when he tried to recall it for me in either the Spring or Fall of 1915. Under date of March 16, 1874, Father's Diary

the country was in a state of confusion, and the people were in a state of distress. The government was unable to maintain order, and the people were in a state of anarchy. The country was in a state of chaos, and the people were in a state of despair. The government was unable to maintain order, and the people were in a state of anarchy. The country was in a state of chaos, and the people were in a state of despair.

The country was in a state of confusion, and the people were in a state of distress. The government was unable to maintain order, and the people were in a state of anarchy. The country was in a state of chaos, and the people were in a state of despair. The government was unable to maintain order, and the people were in a state of anarchy. The country was in a state of chaos, and the people were in a state of despair.

The country was in a state of confusion, and the people were in a state of distress. The government was unable to maintain order, and the people were in a state of anarchy. The country was in a state of chaos, and the people were in a state of despair. The government was unable to maintain order, and the people were in a state of anarchy. The country was in a state of chaos, and the people were in a state of despair.

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

says:- "Serenaders met at Job Larrabee's tonight---Met with cool reception, with costs of about \$100.00". I assume that Father probably wrote this on the evening of the next day, after the Justice of the Peace whom the boys used to irreverently refer to as "Fish-belly" Sawyer had "taxed" Mark Ward and the other prime movers in the festivities what he considered a fair price for their sport. Both James Blake and "Old Man" Wallace burst into song over the event. George Bowen says that of the two efforts Wallace's carried the more "punch". I have tried to obtain Wallace's version for the purpose of preserving it for an admiring posterity, but without success. I remember hearing Jim Felker recite it and that one verse ended with --- "Job thought Hell loose had broken!" Blake's effusion, or as much of it as Mr. Smart could remember, was as follows:-

JOB LARRABEE'S SERENADE

By James Blake

---

Job Larrabee was a widower  
 But tired of single life  
 Married life he did prefer  
 And sought again another wife

Sought, and seeking he did find  
 A woman pleasing to his mind  
 She gave to him her heart and hand  
 And has become his wife  
 Bound are they fast in wedlock's bands  
 To journey on through life

Some youths they heard  
 The trick that he had played---  
 Together they did congregate  
 Him for to serenade

With thundering trumpet and tooting horns  
 The music to his ear was borne  
 It seemed as if the Demon's legions  
 Had burst the very gates of hell  
 And left the sulphurous regions

-(See next page)-

The first of these is the fact that the  
 government has been unable to secure  
 the necessary funds to carry out its  
 policy of non-interference. This is  
 due to the fact that the government  
 has been unable to secure the necessary  
 funds to carry out its policy of non-  
 interference. This is due to the fact  
 that the government has been unable  
 to secure the necessary funds to carry  
 out its policy of non-interference.

The second of these is the fact that  
 the government has been unable to  
 secure the necessary funds to carry  
 out its policy of non-interference.



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTESJOB LARRABEE'S SERENADE--cont'd

Job heard the noise and saw the crowd  
And wildly gazed about

-(Mr. Smart couldn't remember the  
balance of this verse)-

Next day Job sought the aid  
Of both constable and lawyer  
And all who did him serenade  
Were brought before Judge Sawyer  
And each condemned was by the Court  
Dearly to pay for that night's sport

---

-(When Mr. Smart dictated the above to me he mentioned the )-  
(fact that Mark Ward, at least, who then answered to the gen- )  
(eral description of "a gay young blade", was wholly unabash- )  
(ed when haled to Court and, expecting to be fined, exhibit- )  
(ed the "roll" with which he had provided himself for the )  
(purpose of satisfying the anticipated decree of the Court. )  
(It was probably due to this circumstance that Judge Sawyer )  
( "taxed" those who were found guilty of participating in the )  
( "send-off" to Job and his bride somewhat heavily--when the )  
(character of their offense is considered. F.E.K. 9/5/16. )

---

-(Two verses of "old Man" Wallace's version appear below. {)-  
( F.E.K. 4/1/1917. )

Come all ye wild raiders  
And bold serenaders  
And list to the story I tell  
How twenty-two in number  
Woke Job from his slumber---  
His thoughts to the regions of hell

But one wretch more vile  
Than the rest  
With power and vengeance swore  
The words of damnation  
Brought each to his station  
In front of Job Larrabee's door

(-Two verses of "Old Man" Wallace's version appear below.)

E.M.W. 1914.

Come all ye wild riders  
 And hold yourselves  
 And list to the story I tell  
 Now twenty-two in number  
 Were led from the chamber--  
 His strength to the region of hell  
 But one was left here alive  
 That the rest  
 With power and vengeance aware  
 The words of lamentation  
 Brought each to his station  
 The front of the chamber's door

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

"The Pinnacle",

Searsport, Sept/3, 1916.

The following information regarding the Kane's Pond - West Neighborhood section of Porter District was furnished me today by George Andrew Bowen, while he was calling on us.

George's great-grandfather, Samuel Cunningham, used to live at Searsport village on or near the site where now stands what is known as the Mosman House - (formerly the property of James Mosman) - which has in recent years been occupied by F. A. Nye, the undertaker, but is now vacant. He ran a cobbler's shop. A man named Kane lived a little above the head of Kane's Pond, just beyond the bottom of the gully and near the old and unused road by which we boys used to "cut across" when we went to Maple Grove Campground on foot. His farm comprised - (probably) - about one hundred acres, as it extended from the "West" Hill on the east to what in my day was Ben. Nickerson's on the west, and north to and including what was later Eleazer (?) Nickerson's --- Del's father's --- place. This man Kane and Samuel Cunningham swapped places in the same manner as they might have swapped horses --- no writings having been given. At the time of the trade George's grandfather, William Cunningham, was probably a very small boy, and as he bought a farm of his own in about 1831, before he had reached his majority, the date of the exchange between Kane and Cunningham was probably about an even hundred years ago, or in 1816.

Samuel Cunningham spent the balance of his life on what had formerly been the Kane but had now become his farm, having erected thereon a new and better set of buildings near the orchard several remaining trees of which may yet be seen. The



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

cellars of both the Kane and Cunningham houses ~~may yet be seen~~ are still visible. Here Samuel Cunningham reared his family, consisting of two boys, William and James, and two daughters, Nancy and Eliza, who married James Harriman and David Colcord respectively. The "boys" were the "Uncle" William and "Uncle" Jim of my boyhood, while Nancy is remembered as "Aunt Nancy" Harriman, who spent all of her married life where Horace Robbins now lives. David Colcord and his wife lived at Bog Hill.

After Samuel Cunningham died his widow married Peter West ---therefore Peter's son, Alvin West, was a half-brother to William and James Cunningham. Samuel Cunningham's heirs sold what had been his farm to Jonathan Ames, father of "Bob" and John Ames who later lived at Searsport village, and also of whom three daughters, Ann, Eliz-a, and Sarah, the last of ~~whom~~ is now the wife of Mial Sargent. The place passed from Ames to Clark Nichols and still remains in the family, it now being owned by his two sons, Captain Daniel Nichols and Captain Mel. Nichols, retired ship-captains of Searsport, Me., and Seattle, Washington, respectively. It was bought by Clark Nichols to serve as a wood-lot at about the same time that he, in company with Stephen and Henry Pike, bought for the timber thereon what was called the Houston Lot, which included what we now call Father's and George Bowen's "Bog Lot", and the Joshua Nickerson or Charles Curtis Lot next to it, these last two comprising a hundred acres and having been divided in the late "seventies", at the time when they were purchased by Father and George, and "Uncle Jim" Cunningham, respectively. Stephen -(Ed's father)- and Henry Pike were brothers. George thinks they were born on the old Pike place about a mile above here---that their





PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

father lived there before them he is certain as he remembers seeing "Uncle Henry" Pike's mother---a little, dried-up old woman---when he was a small boy. It would seem probable, therefore, that "Uncle Henry" and Stephen Pike's father was the original settler on what we now call the Stickney place, it now being owned by "Uncle Henry's" nephew, Edward S. Stickney.

Shortly before Samuel Cunningham's son William - (George's grandfather)- became of age he bought of a Mrs. Blaisdell, who George says owned a considerable tract of land extending up through this section, the fifty acres of land which from that time was known as the William Cunningham farm. Because of his still being a minor he had to have the deed made to his father. Here he built a barn in 1832 and a house in 1833. That he built well is attested by the fact that now, eighty-odd years after, the buildings still stand and afford a very comfortable home to Herbert H. Felker and his family, the present owners of the place, Herbert having bought it of George Bowen shortly after the buildings on the old Felker farm were burned in April, 1899. On this farm William Cunningham spent the whole of his mature life, devoting much of his time to ship-carpentering, however. Here he reared his family and here he died in the late "seventies", his widow, "Aunt Mary" Cunningham, whom I remember as a very earnest Spiritualist, having survived him about ten or a dozen years.

It was on the William Cunningham farm that George Bowen spent nearly forty of the first years of his life, until he bought the Amos Ellis place and moved to the village in 1896(?) George had been born in the house belonging to his grandmother Bowen for so many years, at the village, but his father dying

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This discovery led to a great influx of people to California, and the state became a great center of population. The second was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Nevada, and the state became a great center of population. The third was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Colorado, and the state became a great center of population.

The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Idaho, and the state became a great center of population. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Montana, and the state became a great center of population. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Wyoming, and the state became a great center of population.

The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1871. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Utah, and the state became a great center of population. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Arizona, and the state became a great center of population. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878. This discovery led to a great influx of people to New Mexico, and the state became a great center of population.

The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1880. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Texas, and the state became a great center of population. The eleventh was the discovery of gold in Oklahoma in 1889. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Oklahoma, and the state became a great center of population.

PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

going to Massachusetts to work

when he was six months old and his mother while he was yet a small boy, he was brought up by his grand-parents, for whom he in his turn cared in their declining years. His father, William, and his uncle, Andrew Bowen, for the last of whom George was named, were lost at sea from the Barque "David Nickels" on September 17 (?), 1857, when they were aged 22 and 20 years respectively. William was captain and his brother Andrew his first mate. The crew afterward said that both captain and mate fell from the bow-sprit while spearing porpoises but this explanation was looked upon as a lie-kely story, the general assumption being that there was a mutiny on board and that both captain and mate had been its victims.

The West Neighborhood was so-called for its first settler-probably the father of Enos, Joshua and Samuel West, who are the first Wests that George remembers. In addition to these three brothers there was a Peter West who lived on the place now owned and occupied by Alvin and Sarah (Porter) West's son-in-law, Warren Nickerson, who had married Samuel Cunningham's widow, and who was probably a cousin of Enos, Joshua and Samuel. Enos West lived on the place now owned and occupied by Edmund Ames; Joshua on the place across the old road from Edmund's and which is now owned by "Del" Nickerson - (David's brother--not Red-headed "Del")-; while Samuel lived on the place now owned by Will Ames.

William Cunningham's younger brother James - ("Uncle Jim")-lived for a time at Searsport village on the place now owned by Storey Trundy, but while yet a young man, bought the "Sam" West place from Samuel West. The only road into the West Neighborhood had been one leading across what is now Will Ames's pas-

from a household of slaves



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

ture -(some of the old "corduroy" may still be seen where it crossed the swampy land by the brook)- ~~xx~~ and up through the lands of Joram Nichols -(the present Daniel M.--"Mel's"--father) to the Mount Ephraim road but the present highway which leads past Herbert Felker's and -(at that time)- up over the West Hill having been opened, and "Uncle Jim" wishing to erect his dwelling near the main road---which the "Sam" West place did not now touch---he arranged an exchange with Enos West under which he received some seven and a half acres from the southern end of Enos's farm -("Uncle Jim's" "jib piece")- which bordered on the new road, transferring to him in payment therefor some fifteen acres from the northern end of his own farm---the "Sam" West place. George remembers particularly that the exchange was on a two for one basis. The new road mentioned ran straight up over the West -(now the Ames)- hill from Herbert Felker's, etc., past "Uncle Jim" Cunningham's and between the Enos and Joshua West places until it joined the east and west road which now runs from the Nickerson hill east to the four corners on the Mount Ephraim road near the site of the old Benjamin Merrithew homestead, the buildings of which were torn down a few years since. The present road in past the old Mark Ward place, where Augustus Nickerson now lives, and along the bank of Kane's Pond was built in the late "seventies" as a means of enabling the "Swanville-ites" and others visiting that benighted burg to avoid the West Hill. Although that part of the old road leading from the Enos West to the Josiah Larrabee place has been closed approximately forty years it remained in a sufficiently good state of repair so that Father has driven over it many times with the heavy cart which he used on the



PORTRAIT DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

road, since coming to live here on "The Pinnacle". My recollection is that he discontinued using it as a route home from Josiah Larrabee's because of the bridge over the "sucker" brook getting into an unsafe condition.

In conversing with us today, George said that he recently ran across the charter of the Barque "David Nickels" for the voyage on which his father and uncle lost their lives, while looking over some old papers. Among them he also found a description of Samuel Cunningham in connection with his enlistment for some military service or other---probably in the War of 1812. According to this description, Cunningham was five feet,<sup>1/2</sup>seven inches in height, was red-headed, and had a cast or other defect in one eye. -(Later: See page 15. F. E. K. )-

In connection with the name of Kane's Pond, George tells us that McClure's Pond was named for a man of that name who lived on the farm now owned by George Closson---just below Joseph Brock's. Upon my asking him how he spelled his name---if he supposed it was the man whose grave I have noticed in the Sargent Cemetery whose tombstone bears the name of McLuer---George said it was undoubtedly the same man as that was the manner in which his name was written.

While I am on the subject of the Sargent Cemetery I am going to mention the fact that I never knew that the farm formerly belonging to Hartshorn Eames and now ~~is~~ the property of his son Charles, used to be known as the Shirley Farm. One Thanksgiving -(in 1910)- "Webbie" and I went out gunning and among other things visited the spot in what used to be William Smart's pasture -(south of "Well" Wentworth's field)- where there used to be an old cemetery, but from which most, if not



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

all, of the bodies have been removed--principally to the Sargent Cemetery, which is of more recent date. The opened graves of the old cemetery may be plainly seen. From the old we drifted over to the new or Sargent Cemetery and among the names on the stones which we did not recognize was that of Shirley--Neither did we know the name of McLuer, spelled in that fashion. When we came home we asked Father if he ever knew anyone named Shirley. "Why", said he, "the Hartshorn Eames place used to be the Shirley Farm!"

F. E. K. 9/4/16.

As "Webbie" and I came down through the woods from the Brock and Closson places on the day above mentioned, following roughly but at some distance the brook from McClure's Pond, we came across on what I should think was Clif. Ward's land but may have been Joe Brock's the clearly defined foundations of what had evidently been a lumberman's camp with its attendant horse-hovel. As a tree which we roughly estimated as being from forty to seventy years old was growing in the center of the place ~~of the~~ where the camp had stood we assumed that it had probably been used by the men who cut off the original growth--the primeval forest.

F. E. K. 9/4/16.

I should have dated the above 9/3/16 as all but this last page was written yesterday afternoon---after George Bowen had gone home. When I had finished Page Number 12 and started this one I left the sheet in the machine so that I could today add anything I had over-looked. Don't think of anything more that George told me, however.

F. E. K. 9/4/16





PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

As stated on Page 8, Samuel Cunningham's daughter Eliza married David Colcord of Bog Hill. They had (at least) four daughters but only one son. The daughters were Maria, Sarah, Aurilla and Flavilla, the last two being twins. Maria married Henry Woods of Belfast. Their son, Charles D. Woods, is at the present time the head of the Agricultural Experiment Station at the University of Maine, Orono.

The only son of David and Eliza (Cunningham) Colcord was Roswell R. Colcord, who migrated to Nevada sixty years ago, and of which state he has been Governor for several years --- some years ago. The following item regarding him appeared in the Searsport Locals column of yesterday's "Republican Journal" -(the issue of Thursday, Sept. 7th, 1916):----

"Ex-Gov. Roswell R. Colcord of Carson City, Nevada, was in town Friday, his first visit for 60 years to the scenes of his boyhood days. Since leaving Searsport in 1856 he has been a resident of Nevada and was governor of the State for 8 years. He is now connected with the U. S. Mint in Carson City. He met here but few people of those he knew in the town when he left for the west".

F. E. K. 9/8/16



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

The following is a copy of a clipping from the Republican Journal which was among several which Mother had handed me to look over. It is evidently in reference to the same paper to which allusion is made on Page (12---from which it appears that either I didn't "get" George correctly or that his memory was at fault. The clipping is as follows:-

OLD-TIME PICTURE AND DOCUMENT

-(From Our Searsport Correspondent)-

We were loaned recently by George A. Bowen an old-time picture of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813, and a copy of the seaman's protection papers which Mr. Bowen found among the effects of his grandmother, Mrs. Huldah Bowen, the daughter of Jeremiah Stimpson and the granddaughter of Richard Stimpson, who was born in Peterboro, N. H., and who surveyed the first road from Belfast to Fort Pownal. Both are in a good state of preservation and had been in the possession of Mrs. Bowen for a great many years. Following is a copy of a seaman's protection papers issued at the port of Boston by Benjamin Lincoln, collector of customs in 1807:

No. 9532. I Benjamin Lincoln, Collector for the District of Boston and Charlestown, do hereby certify that Samuel Cunningham, an American Seaman, aged Twenty-seven years or thereabouts, of the Height of five Feet eleven 1/2 inches, light Complexion, Reddish Hair, dark Eyes, has a scar on his right arm, one on his right shoulder, has this day produced of me Proof, in the Manner directed by the Act, entitled, "An Act for the Relief and Protection of American Seamen" and pursuant to the said Act, I do hereby certify that the said Samuel Cunningham is a Citizen of the United States of America.

In Witness thereof, I have hereunto set My Hand and Seal of Office, this 29th Day of June in the Year of our Lord 1807.

B. Lincoln, Collector.

Mr. Cunningham came to Belfast, now Searsport, where he took up a farm on the north side of Kane's pond, where he raised a large family, and where he resided until his death. Many of

8253



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

his descendants are now living in town.

Thus ends the clipping. Father did not note the date on it  
 There is no question about Samuel Cunningham having first lived  
 at Searsport Village before he swapped places with Kane nor as  
 to its having been this man Kane for whom the pond was named.  
 As to John Sullivan's - (the Searsport correspondent's) - refer-  
 ence to "Belfast, now Searsport", it must not be forgotten that  
 the present town of Searsport is composed of what used to be  
 parts of Prospect and Belfast, having been set off and incor-  
 porated Feb. 13, 1845, and having been named in honor of David  
 Sears of Boston, one of the "original proprietors" of the lands  
 in this section, deeds signed by whom - (running to his father) -  
 are still in Father's possession, and the former owner of Sears  
 Island, which has passed out of the Seers family only during  
 the past ten or fifteen years. While I do not claim to know,  
 it has always been my understanding that what is now called  
 Searsport ~~was~~ village was formerly known as West Prospect---  
 I do know that among the inhabitants of Belfast it was referred  
 to as "Sodom". Where the dividing line was between Prospect  
 and Belfast I have never known but it does not seem unlikely  
 that it may have been what was then called "Half-way Creek",  
 -(the present Opeechee Stream)-, and assuming that it still  
 served the purposes of division to its source above McClure's  
 and Kane's ponds, the Cunningham house above Kane's Pond would  
 have been in Belfast.

The sites of the present towns of Searsport, Stockton  
 Springs and Prospect are said to have been the last great bat-  
 tle-ground of certain tribes of Eastern Indians.

F. E. K.  
 9/19/16.



PORTER DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

The Historical Notes regarding Porter District which go to make up the twenty preceding pages consist of memoranda jotted down at various times during a period extending over ten years! With respect to the references on Pages 355, 363, 371, and 372 to Half-way Creek, now more often termed Opeechee Stream from its supposed or authoritative (?) Indian name, <sup>it</sup> is pertinent to add that a reproduction of a map of the State of Maine in 1843 which has been hanging in Myron Parker's barber shop during the past winter shows that in that year the dividing line between Prospect and Belfast was this same Half-way Creek or Opeechee Stream---extending up through McClure's and Kane's ponds---the corner line of Swanville appearing to be about where are now located the "Four Corners" under the Nickerson Hill---so~~x~~ that, up to 1845, Samuel Cunningham's farm was in Belfast---apparently, at any rate!

---

I am going to note here that the so-called "Leach Field", lying to the west of the Mount Ephraim road as it passes up over Pike's Hill and now the property of Charles Curtis, receives its name from the fact that it at one time belonged to "Squire (and Deacon) Leach, a member of the first Board of Selectmen of Searsport, who for so many years distributed pretty much everything from groceries to rum to all comers at his store on the corner which still bears his name at Searsport Village and regarding whom so many entertaining stories are still told!

My impression is that the " 'Squire " died in the early "seventies"!

---

Searsport,  
Maine,  
4/1/1917.

PORTLAND DISTRICT HISTORICAL NOTES

The Historical Notes regarding Porter District which go to make up the twenty preceding pages consist of memoranda jotted down at various times during a period extending over ten years. With respect to the references on Pages 365, 366, 371, and 372 to Half-way Creek, now more often termed Opesches Stream from its supposed or authoritative (?) Indian name, it is pertinent to add that a reproduction of a map of the State of Maine in 1843 which has been hanging in Myron Parker's barber shop during the past winter shows that in that year the dividing line between Prospect and Belfast was this same Half-way Creek or Opesches Stream---extending up through McJannet's and Kane's ponds---the corner line of Winville appearing to be about where are now located the "Four Corners" under the Nickerson Mill---and that, up to 1845, Samuel Cunningham's farm was in Belfast---apparently, at any rate!

I am going to note here that the so-called "Loach Field", lying to the west of the Mount Ephraim road as it passes up over Pike's Mill and now the property of Charles Curtis, receives its name from the fact that it at one time belonged to "Daphne" (and Deacon) Leach, a member of the first Board of Selectmen of Gearport, who for so many years distributed pretty much everything from groceries to run to all corners at his store on the corner which still bears his name at Gearport Village and regarding whom so many entertaining stories are still told! My impression is that the "Daphne" died in the early

"eventide"!

Gearport,  
Maine,  
4/1/1917.

MISCELLANEOUS





MISCELLANEOUSDREAMS OF HOME

-(The following poem was of interest---particularly to Father )  
 (and Mother---as being descriptive of the old "Steve" George )  
 (place---Mother says he was a brother of Obadiah George and )  
 (was known as "Stephen D., the Highlander"! He lived on the )  
 road which runs under Hedgehog Hill and cut to the one which )  
 (still bears the name of "Jim" Brown---about half way from )  
 (the Lyman Partridge place to the "Jim" Brown Hill! "The lit )  
 (tle old red school house" is the one which used to stand on )  
 (the site of the new one in the George Settlement and was the )  
 (one in which I first attended school---as aboy of five! )  
 (Some years before their deaths, Stephen George and his wife )  
 (sold their farm and moved to Winterport, where their daugh- )  
 (ter Emma married the Captain Charles A. Crockett regarding )  
 (whom an article signed by John H. Eagleston of Winterport un- )  
 (der date of March 14, 1917, recently appeared in both the )  
 (Bangor Daily News and the Republican Journal under the cap- )  
 (tion "THE CROCKETTS OF WINTERPORT"! It is Emma(George) )  
 (Crockett who is supposed to be speaking in the poem---which )  
 (was written by her daughter, Caddie E. (Crockett) Carlton )  
 (from the many descriptions which she had heard her mother )  
 (give of her childhood's home! Mrs. Carlton has died since )  
 (the poem was written. Wilbur Crockett, who runs picture )  
 (shows at Brooks and Stockton Springs (he lives at Sandypoint) )  
 (is a son of Emma(George)Crockett and a brother of Mrs. Carlton

As the twilight shadows deepen  
 And the fire is burning low  
 Flames are dying, pictures kindling  
 In the golden afterglow  
 Pictures of a dear old homestead  
 Where my eyes first saw the day  
 Pictures of the dear old couple  
 Who have journeyed far away

There are happy-hearted brothers  
 Brothers ever kind to me  
 There the great gray rock I played on  
 In my childhood days so free  
 Nothing whispers of a parting  
 Nothing dims the sunny hours  
 In the little brook no shadow  
 Save the shade of summer flowers

O'er blue skies the clouds are floating  
 In a veil of silver fleece  
 Round the mountain top a silence  
 Resting like a crown of peace  
 On the green hills, white lambs wander  
 Through the dreamy afternoon  
 Like a strange caprice of nature--  
 Snow-flakes in the heart of June

RECEIVED

(The following poem was of interest--particularly to Father  
(and Mother---as being descriptive of the old "Steve" George  
(place---Mother says he was a brother of Canadian George and  
(was known as "Stephen J., the Highlander"! He lived on the  
(land which runs under Hogback Hill and out to the one which  
(still bears the name of "Tim" Brown---about half way from  
(the Luman Partridge place to the "Tim" Brown Hill! The 1st  
(the old red school house" is the one which used to stand on  
(the site of the new one in the George settlement and was the  
(one in which I first attended school---an echo of five!  
(Some years before their death, Stephen George and his wife  
(sold their farm and moved to "Winterport, where their daughter  
(for was married the Captain Charles A. Crockett regarding  
(whom an article signed by John L. Johnston of "Winterport" in  
(her date of March 14, 1917, recently appeared in both the  
(Anger Daily News and the Republican Journal under the cap-  
(tion "THE GROOMS OF WINTERPORT"! It is (Mrs. George)  
(Crockett who is supposed to be speaking in the poem---which  
(was written by her daughter, Laddie L. (Crockett) Lorton  
(from the many descriptions which she had heard her mother  
(give of her childhood's home! Mrs. Lorton has died since  
(the poem was written. "Willie Crockett, who runs picture  
(shows at Brook and "Stockton Springs (he lives at Sandpoint)  
(is a son of "Anna (George) Crockett and a brother of Mrs. Lorton

As the twilight shadows deepen  
And the fire is burning low  
Flames are dying, pictures kindling  
In the golden afterglow  
Pictures of a dear old housestead  
Where my eyes first saw the day  
Pictures of the dear old couple  
Who have journeyed far away

There are happy-hearted brothers  
Brothers ever kind to me  
There the great gray rock I played on  
In my childhood days so free  
Nothing whispers of a parting  
Nothing dims the sunny hours  
In the little brook no shadow  
Save the shade of summer flowers

O'er blue skies the clouds are floating  
In a veil of silver floss  
Round the mountain top a silence  
Resting like a crown of peace  
On the green hills, white lanes wander  
Through the dreamy afternoon  
Like a strange caprice of nature--  
Snow-flakes in the heart of June

MISCELLANEOUSDREAMS OF HOME-c'l'd

Ah, the stretch of wind-swept meadows  
Dotted by the clover bloom  
Where the golden bees seem drinking  
In the wild and sweet perfume  
Round the barn a flight of swallows  
Swiftly darting to and fro  
By the bars the meek eyed cattle  
Wait as in the long ago

But the hands that cleared those meadows  
Lie upon a pulseless breast  
Past the sowing and the reaping  
Folded in their last long rest  
Mother, too, is calmly sleeping  
All life's storms for them are o'er  
But the twilight shades and embers  
Bring them back to me once more

There's the little old red school house  
Glowing neath the summer skies  
Fancy turns the sun-lit windows  
Into twinkling, kindly eyes  
I can hear the beeches sighing  
For life's springtime, past recall  
Fragrant as the sweet wild roses  
Growing on the eastern wall

Now the golden glow is fading  
And the embers turning gray  
Like a blessing on my dreaming  
Falls a moon-beam's silver ray  
Softly as that bright gleam entered  
Lo, a mist of tear-drops start--  
It was just a firelight picture  
But it passed into my heart

Caddie E. Carlton.

Winterport, Nov., 1905.

WINDYBERRY

WINDYBERRY

At the stretch of wind-swept meadows  
Dotted by the clover fields  
Where the golden bees seem drinking  
In the wild and sweet perfume  
Round the barn a flight of swallows  
Swiftly darting to and fro  
By the bars the weak-eyed cattle  
Wait as in the long ago

But the hands that cleared those meadows  
Lie upon a grassless breast  
Past the awning and the poplars  
Lodged in their last long rest  
Mother, too, is calmly sleeping  
All life's storms for them are o'er  
But the twilight shades and shadows  
Bring them back to me once more

There's the little old red school house  
Glowing north the summer skies  
Fancy turns the sun-lit windows  
Into twinkling, kindly eyes  
I can hear the beeches sighing  
For life's spirit-time, past recall  
Trembling as the sweet wild roses  
Growing on the eastern wall

Now the golden glow is fading  
And the embers turning gray  
Like a blessing on my dreaming  
Tells a story of a silver way  
Gaily as that bright beam entered  
Lo, a mist of tear-drops starts--  
It was just a twilight picture  
But it passed into my heart

October 7, 1902.

Windyberry, Nov., 1902.



MISCELLANEOUSLA PALOMA

-(This most popular song in Mexico, La Paloma-(The Dove), together with the nightmare beginning "I was standing on the corner--didn't mean no harm" and the "shy" at the speed with which the average Englishman is supposed to see the point of a joke which follow, are (to me) reminiscent of Orizaba, Torreon, and Guadalajara, Mexico, where I first learned them)

Cuando sali de la Habana, Valgame Dios  
 Nadie me vio salir, si no fui yo  
 Una hermosa Huauchinanga, que si señor  
 Que se vino tras de mi, alla voy yo

Coro---

Si a tu ventana llega una paloma  
 Tratala con cariño, que es mi persona  
 Tratala con amores, bien de mi vida  
 Y coronemela con flores, que es cosa mia  
 ¡Ay! Chinita que si! ¡Ay! Chinita que no! ¡Ay!  
 Vente conmigo, Chinita, adonde vivo yo

Cuando el curita nos echa la bendicion  
 En la Iglesia Catedral, alla voy yo  
 Yo te dare la manita, con mucho amor  
 Ante el altar de la Iglesia, que si señor  
 ---Coro:-

No te han contado, no te han contado  
 El "cuadrilatero" tan "de contado"  
 Que los Austriacos han regalado  
 Un "papelitico" certificado  
 Al amo mio, con cuatro obleas  
 Muy bien pegado, pegado!

The above are the verses as usually sung but the following is also a popular version:-

Yo soy la paloma errante, que venga aqui  
 Buscando el hermoso nido donde naci  
 Cruze muchas tierras con esquivéz  
 Pero mi hermosa Tlalpam mas linda es  
 Si tu no hubieras querido que yo viniera  
 Me hubieras hecho tiempo, tu prisionera  
 Pase por muchos paises "Nadamirita"  
 Pero mas me gusta a mi, mi paisanita!

LA PALOMA

(This most popular song in Mexico, La Paloma--(The Dove), to-  
gether with the nighttime beginning "I was standing on the  
corner--didn't mean no harm" and the "why" at the speed with  
which the average Englishman is supposed to see the point of  
a joke which follows, are (to me) reminiscent of Orlans,  
Torreón, and Guadalajara, Mexico, where I first learned them)

Quando salí de la Taberna, Valiente Dios  
Nadie me vio salir, al no fui yo  
Una hermosa muchachita, que al señor  
Que se vino tras de mí, ella voy yo

Coro--  
Si a tu ventura llega una paloma  
Trátala con cariño, que es mi persona  
Trátala con amor, bien de mi vida  
Y coronámela con flores, que es cosa mía  
¡Ay! ¡Quinta que al! ¡Ay! Quinta que al! ¡Ay!  
"Vente conmigo, Quinta, cuando vives yo

Quando el curita nos echó la bendición  
En la Iglesia Católica, ella voy yo  
Yo te dare la manita, con mucho amor  
Ante el altar de la Iglesia, que al señor  
---Coro--

No te han contado, no te han contado  
"El "conchilatoro" tan "de contado"  
Que los Astrólogos han regalado  
Un "lapellico" certificado  
Almo más, con cuatro oflas  
¡Muy bien pagado, pagado!

The above are the verses as usually sung but the following  
is also a popular version:-

Yo soy la paloma errante, que vuela aquí  
Buscando al hermano rico donde nací  
Gracias muchas tierras con esquivas  
Pero al hermano Tlalpa más linda es  
Si tu no hubieras querido que yo viniera  
Me hubieras hecho tiempo, tu puestero  
Pase por muchos países "habandista"  
Pero más me gusta a mí, mi palanquilla

MISCELLANEOUSI WAS STANDING ON THE CORNER--DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM

"Ah was standin' on de corner  
 Didn't mean no harm---dis a-mawnin'  
 When along come a p'liceman  
 An' he grabbed me by de arm---dis a-mawnin'  
 He took me down to de jail-house de'  
 To a place what Ah neber had-a-ben befo'---dis a-mawnin'

## Chorus---

No mo' will Ah buy my sweet thing poke chops  
 For to hear her lily lips go flip-flep  
 An' de reason why Ah had de trouble wid mah sweet thing  
 Was because to me dese words she did sing  
 Bye! Bye! mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad  
 Bye! Bye! mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad  
 It's no use yo cryin' 'cause yo lost yo home  
 Yo's ben a good wagon but yo done broke down---dis a-mawnin'!

Said de Jedge to me  
 What hev you-a-done?---dis a-mawnin'  
 Ben settin' in a crap game  
 A-losin' mah mon'---dis a-mawnin'  
 De Jedge an' de jury den a-said to me  
 But you killed free niggers in de first degree---  
 ---An' dere's no bail

## Chorus---

No mo' will Ah buy mah sweet thing poke chops  
 For to hear her lily lips go flip-flep  
 An' de reason why Ah had de trouble wid mah sweet thing  
 Was because to me dese words she did sing  
 Bye! Bye! mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad  
 Bye! Bye! mah honey, if you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad  
 It's no use yo cryin' 'cause yo lost yo home  
 Yo's ben a good wagon but de paint's all gone--dis a-mawnin'!"

---

-(The above always reminds me of Torreon, Mexico, where it was)-  
 (first "sprung" on me on a burning July day on which I chanc-)  
 (ed to be celebrating (?) the completion of my 34th year! )

(The above always reminds me of Torreon, Mexico, where it was  
"first" sprung" on me on a burning July day on which I cele-  
brated to be celebrating (?) the completion of my 34th year!

Yo's den a good wagon but de jail's all gone--dis a-mawmin'!  
It's no use yo cryin' 'cause yo lost yo home  
Pye! Pye! mah honey, it you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad  
Pye! Pye! mah honey, it you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad  
'as because to me dese words she did sing  
An' de reason why Ah had de trouble wid mah sweet thing  
For to hear her lily lips go flip-flop  
No no! will Ah buy mah sweet thing poke chopo  
Chorus---

...Ah' dere's no ball  
But you killed free niggers in de first degree--  
de ledge an' de jury den a-said to me  
A-latin' mah mon'--dis a-mawmin'  
Ben settin' in a crap game  
What hev you-a-done?--dis a-mawmin'  
Said de ledge to me

Yo's den a good wagon but yo done broke down--dis a-mawmin'!  
It's no use yo cryin' 'cause yo lost yo home  
Pye! Pye! mah honey, it you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad  
Pye! Pye! mah honey, it you calls it a-gone--an' it's too bad  
'as because to me dese words she did sing  
An' de reason why Ah had de trouble wid mah sweet thing  
For to hear her lily lips go flip-flop  
No no! will Ah buy mah sweet thing poke chopo  
Chorus---

To a place what Ah never had-a-ben before--dis a-mawmin'  
He took me down to de jail-house de'  
Ah' he grabbed me by de arm--dis a-mawmin'  
When along come a policeman  
Didn't mean no harm--dis a-mawmin'  
Ah was standin' on de corner

I WAS STANDING ON THE CORNER--DIDN'T MEAN NO HARM

INTERLUDE



MISCELLANEOUSWHERE'S THE POINT?

Once on a time it so befell  
 Or so it is averred  
 That in the utmost depths of hell  
 A merry laugh was heard

Thereat the ghostly crew  
 Forgot their teeth to gnash  
 And, trembling, asked each other who  
 In hell could be so rash

Up rose The Prince with dark'ning brow  
 And pointing with his staff  
 Bade one stand forth and tell him how  
 In hell he came to laugh

Then from that silent, ghostly throng  
 A voice was heard to break  
 It had a British accent strong  
 And there was no mistake

"Ow, come, I say, for doncher-know  
 I 'ad to lauhf", he cried  
 "For I just caught the point of a joke I 'eard  
 Ten years before I died!"  
 Guadalajara, Mexico.

WHIMPY

-(Bertha's mother used to hold up "Whimpy" to her as a horri- )-  
 (ble example! Now she is passing it along to her own kids! )

Whimpy! poor little Whimpy  
 Cried so hard one day  
 That his mother couldn't stand it  
 And his "nanna" ran away  
 His sister climbed the hay-mow  
 And his daddy went to town  
 And cook flew to the neighbors  
 In her shabby kitchen gown

Whimpy! poor little Whimpy  
 Never'll forget the day  
 He cried so hard his mother couldn't stand it  
 And his "nanna" ran away  
 He stood by the window watching  
 Till they all came home to tea  
 And a gladder boy than Whimpy was  
 You never need hope to see!



# INTERVIEW

## WHERE'S THE POINT?

Once on a time it no belief  
Or so it is averred  
That in the utmost depths of hell  
A merry laugh was heard

Therest the ghostly crew  
Forgot their teeth to gnash  
And, trembling, asked each other who  
In hell could be as rash

Up rose The Prince with dark'ning brow  
And pointing with his staff  
Bade one stand forth and tell him how  
In hell he came to laugh

Then from that silent, ghostly throng  
A voice was heard to speak  
It had a British accent strong  
And there was no mistake

"Ow, come, I say, for doncher-know  
I 'ad to laugh", he cried  
"For I just caught the point of a joke I 'eard  
Ten years before I died!"  
Guadalajara, Mexico.

## WHIMPY

-(Bertha's mother used to hold up "Timmy" to her as a horri-  
ble example! Now she is passing it along to her own kid)

Timmy! poor little Timmy  
Cried so hard one day  
That his mother couldn't stand it  
And his "nanna" ran away  
His sister climbed the hay-mow  
And his daddy went to town  
And took law to the neighbors  
In her shabby kitchen gown

Timmy! poor little Timmy  
Never'll forget the day  
He cried so hard his mother couldn't stand it  
And his "nanna" ran away  
He stood by the window watching  
Till they all came home to see  
And a bigger boy than Timmy was  
You never need hope to see!

MISCELLANEOUSARIZONA---4000 B. C.!

The Devil was given permission one day  
 To select a land for his own special sway  
 So he hunted around for a month or more  
 And fussed and fumed and terribly swore  
 But at last was delighted a country to view  
 Where the prickly pear and the cat-claw grew  
 With a brief survey and without further excuse  
 He stood on the banks of the Santa Cruz!

He saw there were still improvements to make  
 For he felt his own reputation at stake  
 An idea struck him; he swore by his horns  
 To make a complete vegetation of thorns  
 He studded the land with the prickly pear  
 And scattered the cacti everywhere  
 The Spanish dagger, pointed and tall  
 And last, the cholla, to out-stick them all!

He imported the Apache direct from hell  
 The size of his sweet scented ranks to swell  
 And a legion of skunks whose loud, loud smell  
 Was to perfume the country he loved so well  
 And then for his life he could not see why  
 The rivers should any more water supply  
 And he swore if they furnished another drop  
 You might take his head and horns for a mop!

He sanded the rivers till almost dry  
 And poisoned them all with alkali  
 And promised himself on their slimy brink  
 The control of all who from them should drink  
 He saw there was one more improvement to make  
 So imported the scorpion and rattlesnake  
 That all who came to this country to dwell  
 Would be sure to think it almost a hell!

He fixed the heat at one hundred and eleven  
 And banished forever the moisture of heaven  
 And remarked as he heard his furnace roar  
 The heat might reach five hundred or more  
 After fixing these things so thorny and well  
 He said "I'll be d----d if this don't beat h--l"  
 Then he flopped his wings and away he flew  
 And vanished forever in a blaze of blue!

And now, no doubt, in some corner of hell  
 He gloats o'er the work he has done so well  
 And vows that Arizona cannot be beat  
 For thorns, tarantulas, snakes and heat  
 For with his plans fulfilled so well  
 He feels assured it surpasses hell!

ARIZONA---1898 A. D.!

Now the land of the Orange, Fig, Pomegranate  
 Peach, Apricot, Apple, Nectarine and Pear!  
 Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables and Sunshine on all  
 Days and months of the year!

ARIZONA--4000 B. C. I.

The Devil was given permission one day  
To select a land for his own special way  
So he hunted around for a month or more  
And hunted and hunted and terribly swore  
But at last was delighted a country to view  
Where the prickly pear and the cat-claw grew  
With a priest survey and without further excuse  
He stood on the banks of the Santa Cruz!

He saw there were still improvements to make  
For he felt his own reputation at stake  
An idea struck him; he swore by his horns  
To make a complete vegetation of thorns  
He studied the land with the prickly pear  
And scattered the cacti everywhere  
The Spanish dagger, pointed and tall  
And last, the cholla, to out-stick them all!

He reported the Apache chief from hell  
The size of his sweet scented ranks to swell  
And a legion of skulls whose loud, loud swell  
Was to perfume the country he loved so well  
And then for his life he could not see why  
The rivers should any more water supply  
And he swore if they furnished another drop  
You might take his head and horns for a pop!

He banded the rivers till almost dry  
And poisoned them all with alkali  
And promised himself on their slimy brink  
The control of all who from them should drink  
He saw there was one more improvement to make  
So imported the scorpion and rattlesnake  
That all who came to this country to dwell  
Would be sure to think it almost hell!

He tried the heat at one hundred and eleven  
And banished forever the moisture of heaven  
And roared as he heard his furnace roar  
The heat might reach five hundred or more  
After fixing these things so thorny and well  
He said "I'll be d---d if this don't beat hell!"  
Then he flapped his wings and away he flew  
And vanished forever in a place of blue!

And now, no doubt, in some corner of hell  
He glasts o'er the work he has done so well  
And vows that Arizona cannot be beat  
For thorns, cactuses, snakes and heat  
For with his plans fulfilled so well  
He feels assured it surpasses hell!

ARIZONA--1898 A. D. I.  
Now the land of the Orange, the Pomegranate  
Peach, Apricot, Apple, Nutmeg and Pear!  
Fruit, flowers, vegetables and sunshine on all  
Days and months of the year!



MISCELLANEOUS

-(The description of Arizona on the preceding page is accord- )-  
 (ing to a version put out by The H. H. McNeill Company of )  
 (Phoenix in 1898! Two years later, the last two verses had )  
 (been revised so as to read as follows:-

And then, no doubt, in some corner of hell  
 He gloated o'er work he had done so well  
 And vowed that Arizona couldn't be beat  
 For thorns, tarantulas, snakes and heat  
 For with all his plans fulfilled so well  
 He felt assured that it simply beat hell

ARIZONA---1900 A. D.!

How time now has altered the Devil's great scheme  
 For the olden conditions have gone like a dream  
 Rich mines in the mountain, rich farms on the plain  
 Fine fruits in the orchard, in the field golden grain  
 Where the Devil's waste acres existed one day  
 The flowers and shade-trees are holding their sway--  
 And the healthiest, happiest folks on the sphere  
 The best of God's sunshine receive all the year!

THE CREATION OF NEW MEXICO

The Devil in Hell they say were chained  
 And there a thousand years remained  
 He never complained nor did he groan  
 But decided to start a little Hell of his own  
 So he asked the Lord if he had any on hand  
 Left over when He made this land  
 The Lord said "Yes, I've plenty handy  
 But I left it all down on the Rio Grande  
 In fact, Old Boy, the truck is so poor  
 I don't think it could be used as a hell any more!"

The Devil examined it closely and well  
 And concluded the country was too dry for a hell  
 But the Lord to get it off his hands  
 Promised the Devil He'd water the lands  
 As He had some water that were of no use  
 Regular bog-holes and stunk like the deuce  
 So the trade were made and the deed were given  
 And the Lord went back to His Home in Heaven  
 And the Devil said it was all he needed  
 To start a new Hell, and then he proceeded!

He scattered tarantulas along the roads  
 Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads  
 He mixed up the sand with millions of ants  
 So those who sat down needed half-scoles on their pants  
 He lengthened the horn of the Texas steer  
 And put an addition on the jack-rabbit's ear  
 He quickened the step of the bronco steed  
 And poisoned the feet of the centipede  
 He put Juajalota in all the lakes  
 And under the rocks hid rattlesnakes  
 The wild boar roams through the chapparell (sic)  
 And it's a damned poor place he's got for a hell!

REVISIONS

-(The description of Arizona on the preceding page is corrected-  
ing to a variation put out by The N. N. McNeil Company of  
Phoenix in 1888! Two years later, the last two verses had  
been revised so as to read as follows:-

And then, no doubt, in some corner of hell  
He glistened o'er work he had done as well  
And vowed that Arizona couldn't be beat  
For thorns, tarantulas, snakes and heat  
For with all his plans fulfilled so well  
He felt assured that it simply beat hell

ARIZONA--1890 A. D.!

Now time now has altered the Devil's great scheme  
For the older conditions have gone like a dream  
Rich mines in the mountain, rich farms on the plain  
Fine fruits in the orchard, in the field golden grain  
Where the Devil's waste acres existed one day  
The flowers and shade-trees are holding their sway--  
And the healthiest, happiest folk on the sphere  
The best of God's sunshine receive all the year!

THE ORIGIN OF NEW MEXICO

The Devil in hell they say were chained  
And there a thousand years remained  
He never complained nor did he grieve  
But decided to start a little hell of his own  
So he asked the Lord if he had any on hand  
Left over when he made this land  
The Lord said "Yes, I've plenty handy  
But I left it all down on the Rio Grande  
In fact, Old Boy, the truck is so poor  
I don't think it could be used as a hell any more!"

The Devil examined it closely and well  
And concluded the country was too dry for a hell  
Not the Lord to get it off his hands  
Promised the Devil he'd water the lands  
As he had some water that were of no use  
Regular bog-holes and stunk like the deuce  
So the trade were made and the deed were given  
And the Lord went back to his "home in Heaven"  
And the Devil said it was all he needed  
To start a new "hell, and then he proceeded!

He scattered tarantulas along the roads  
Put thorns on the cactus and porcs on the roads  
He mixed up the sand with millions of ants  
So those who sat down needed half-cakes on their pants  
He lengthened the horn of the Texas steer  
And put an addition on the jack-rabbit's ear  
He quickened the step of the prairie steed  
And poisoned the feet of the centipede  
He put tarantulas in all the lakes  
And under the rocks hid rattlesnakes  
The wild deer roam through the chaparral (sic)  
And it's a damned poor place he's got for a hell!



MISCELLANEOUS

- ("The Creation of New Mexico" as given on the preceding page )  
 (appeared in "Pearson's Magazine" for January, 1903 or 1904 )  
 (while I was a resident of Silver City, New Mexico, and af- )  
 (forded a great deal of amusement to old resident and visitor )  
 (alike! I would like to know how many people besides myself )  
 (sent a copy of it to Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana )  
 (who, at that time, was leading the opposition to the admis- )  
 (sion of New Mexico, with its 60 to 70% Mexican population, )  
 (to the Union as a Sovereign State---an opposition which was )  
 (successful although the Territory became a State later! The )  
 (Senator evidently politely acknowledged each individual con- )  
 (tribution of what in the aggregate must have been adelphe! )

ADIOS A LA GUAIRA!

- (While about it I am going to include here another effusion )  
 (which has in the past appealed to me as a clever and pat )  
 ("take-off" on the country of which it was written---or per- )  
 (haps I should say on the general locality and its character- )  
 (istical! H. E. Callen, private secretary to the British Min- )  
 (ister to Colombia, and myself picked up "Adios a La Guaira". )  
 (in Bogota fifteen years ago! It was said to have been writ- )  
 (ten by United States Consul Bird as he was departing from )  
 (La Guaira on leave of absence! Yo no se! )

Adios to thee, La Guaira! city of the dark-eyed gente  
 Land of mucho calor and dolce far niente  
 Home of the wailing donkey and the all-abounding flea  
 Manana! Gracias! Adios! I say adieu to thee!

Farewell! ye gloomy casas, mejor dicho, prison cells  
 Ye dirty, crooked calles, reeking with assorted smells  
 Ye dirty little coffee-shops and filthy pulperias  
 Stinking stables, dingy patios and fetid canerias-

Where beggars ride on horseback like Spanish cavaliers  
 And vagabonds perambulate like jolly gamboliers  
 Where the lavanderas wash your ropa when they feel inclined  
 And hotel waiters strut about with their shirt-tails out be-  
 hind!

Good-bye! ye Latin Greasers! Su atento servidor!  
 Que le vaya bien pues, Adios! My boat is on the shore  
 Oh, dirty people! dirty houses! despicable spot-  
 Departing I salute you in your filthiness and rot!

Steaming and streaming with boiling perspiration-  
 Seething and breathing with hurried respiration-  
 La Guaira! Adios forever! Tierra tan caliente!  
 Infernal clime of vicious rum and fiery aguardiente!

- (These last three pages call to mind a description of Texas )  
 (along similar lines (which I have not at hand) and also the )  
 (incident told of General "Phil" Sheridan who, ordered to Tex )  
 (as on strenuous duty many years ago and interviewed by an )  
 (over-zealous newspaper man just as he had returned from a )  
 (long and hard ride through the heat and dust of a Texas sum- )

UNSUBSTANTIATED

-"The Creation of New Mexico" as given on the preceding page appeared in "Pearson's Magazine" for January, 1904 or 1905 (while I was a resident of Silver City, New Mexico, and at- tached a great deal of amusement to old resident and visitor alike! I would like to know how many people besides myself sent a copy of it to Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana who, at that time, was leading the opposition to the aban- don of New Mexico, with its 60 to 70% Mexican population, to the Union as a "Overseas State"---an opposition which was successful although the Territory became a State later! The Senator evidently politely acknowledged each individual con- tribution of what in the aggregate must have been a large

ADIOS A LA GUAYRA

-"While about it I am going to include here another allusion (which has in the past appealed to me as a clever and pat "take-off" on the country of which it was written---or per- haps I should say on the general locality and its character- istics! W. H. Allen, private secretary to the British Em- bassy in Bogota fifteen years ago! It was said to have been writ- ten by United States Consul Bird as he was departing from La Guayra on leave of absence! No no no!

Adios to thee, La Guayra! city of the dark-eyed beauties  
Land of much color and dolce far niente  
Home of the white donkey and the all-sounding fies  
Farewell! Adios! I say adios to thee!

Farewell! ye gloomy canals, major diablo, prison cells  
Ye dirty, crooked alleys, reeking with assorted smells  
Ye dirty little coffee-shops and filthy pulperias  
Thinking stables, dingy patios and fetid canchales  
Here rogues ride on horseback like Spanish cavaliers  
And vagabonds perambulate like jolly gamboliers  
Where the lavanderas wash your robes when they feel inclined  
And hotel waiters strut about with their white-tails cut be- hind  
Good-bye! ye Latin dressers! In haste servants!  
Que le vaya bien pues, Adios! My best is on the shore  
Oh, dirty people! dirty houses! despicable spots  
Departing I salute you in your filthiness and rot!

Booming and steaming with boiling perspiration  
Breathing and breathing with hurried respiration  
In Guayra! Adios forever! Fare you an adios!  
Informal crime of vicious rum and fiery syndicates!

-(These last three pages call to mind a description of "Texas along similar lines (which I have not at hand) and also the incident told of General "Whil" Sheridan who, ordered to an- nounce duty many years ago and interviewed by an over-zealous newspaper man just as he had returned from a long and hard ride through the heat and dust of a Texas sum-



# MISCELLANEOUS

- {mer day, is reported to have replied to the inquiry:- "How }  
 {do you like Texas?" with the savage assertion that:- "If I }  
 {owned both hell and Texas, I would live in hell and rent }  
 {Texas!" }  
 { }

{ Note that the last lines of pages 380 and 381, which did }  
 { not come out on some of the carbon copies, are as follows:- }  
 { "And it's a damned poor place he's got for a hell!" }  
 { and }  
 { "long and hard ride through the heat and dust of a Texas sum" }

The following is a copy of part of a letter written to Mother by Aunt Mary (Crockett) Bretherick-Matthews-Gray from Mannie Eames's home in Allston, Mass., on November 9, 1909,--- (the month before Aunt Ruth Grant died under an operation in Lowell, Mass.)---and which did not come to light until after I had written the section on The Crockett Family! Note particularly what she says about Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett and his children! All authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, it becomes more and more evident to me that Great-Grandfather Crockett did at one time live at Cape Rosier and that several of his children were born there---and that Grandfather Crockett intended me to take him literally when he told me that he "was born down at Cape Rose-you-a"! Paris is 46 miles N. E. W. of Portland---or thirty-odd from Windham! Aunt Mary's letter follows "Poor Ruth! She is having a hard time and I fear she has not seen the worst of it. I am afraid she will have to have an operation and you know that is very uncertain at her time of life. I had a letter from her today and she said she could not eat anything but liquid and but little of that and had lost 20 lbs. in the last four weeks. I want to go and see her so much before I go home but I can't. I am not able. If I get home I shall do pretty well.

Now about grandfather! I am pretty sure that he was born in Paris, Maine; went to Cape Rosier when a young man and married Annie Trundy, and several of their children were born there. I think Mother said five. Aunt Ann was the oldest, then Sam, Daniel, Jonathan, Olive, Simon, Mary, David, Martha, and Jeremiah!"

Mother tells me that the Townhouse of Prospect -(and possibly(?) of Frankfort)- formerly stood on the road leading to Dogtown, Pout-town, or The Dirty Settlement, as it was variously designated, something like a quarter of a mile from the point where it leaves the road which ran past her father's house up over the Heagan Hill and down to the Turner Schoolhouse----but that it was moved to a location near "Billy" Smith's before she can remember!

MISSOURI

(not day, is reported to have replied to the inquiry:- "I do you like Texas?" with the savage assertion that:- "If I owned both hell and Texas, I would live in hell and rent Texas")  
(Note that the last lines of pages 380 and 381, which did not come out on some of the carbon copies, are as follows:- "And it's a damned poor place he's got for a hell!" and  
(Long and hard ride through the heat and dust of a Texas sun)

The following is a copy of part of a letter written to Mother by Aunt Mary (Crockett) Frederick-Matthews-Gray from Lennie James's home in Allston, Mass., on November 9, 1902,--- (the month before Aunt Ruth Grant died under an operation in Lowell, Mass.)---and which did not come to light until after I had written the section on The Crockett Family! Note particularly what she says about Great-Grandfather Daniel Crockett and his children! All authorities to the contrary notwithstanding it becomes more and more evident to me that Great-Grandfather Crockett did at one time live at Cape Roister and that several of his children were born there---and that Grandfather Crockett intended me to take him literally when he told me that he "was born down at Cape Roister-you-a"! Paris is 46 miles N. W. of Portland---or thirty-odd from Wingham! Aunt Mary's letter told "Poor Ruth! she is having a hard time and I fear she has not seen the worst of it. I am afraid she will have to have an operation and you know that is very uncertain at her time of life. I had a letter from her today and she said she could not eat anything but liquid and but little of that and had lost 20 lbs. in the last four weeks. I want to go and see her so much before I go home but I can't. I am not able. If I get home I shall do pretty well.  
Now about grandfather! I am pretty sure that he was born in Paris, Maine; went to Cape Roister when a young man and married Annie Thunby, and several of their children were born there. I think Mother said five. Aunt Ann was the oldest, then Sam, Daniel, Jonathan, Olive, Simon, Mary, David, Martha, and Torie-  
right!

Mother tells me that the "Townhouse of Prospect" (and possibly(?) of Frankfort)---formerly stood on the road leading to Dorton, Point-town, or The City Settlement, as it was variously designated, something like a quarter of a mile from the point where it leaves the road which ran past her father's house up over the Hagan Hill and down to the Turner Schoolhouse---but that it was moved to a location near "Bally" Smith's before she



New York, Sept. 7th, 1896.

Frank E. Kneeland, Esq.,  
246 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

My dear sir:-

I called on you some years ago, while looking up the Kneeland family in Boston and you then gave me much of the data now sent me by you, but I was never able to place your branch of the family until you spoke in your letter of your great grandfather having a sister Sarah and possibly brothers, Richard & John. The moment I saw that, it occurred to me that John Kneeland the Boston Printer had such a family. I turned to the records of his family and found his children to be (1) John b. June 10, 1758, (2) Mary b. Dec. 8th, 1760, (3) Samuel b. Aug. 11th, 1762 (4) Richard b. Jan. 10, 1765, (5) Henry b. Apr. 16th, 1768, (6) Sarah b. March 7th, 1773, (7) Edward b. Feb. 2nd, 1775. This comes within one day of your record and is doubtless the name of your great grandfather. He became an orphan the next year (1776.) His father had been wealthy. He was Chairman of the Board of Assessors of Boston in 1771-2-3- and a member of the board for many years previous, but they (the firm was D. & J. Kneeland) were crippled financially by the publication of the first bible published in this country which had been begun by their father Samuel Kneeland, the celebrated Government Printer of Boston. At his death, (John) did not have sufficient property for administration. That is probably why the minor children were practically farmed out. If I was to select out of the entire clan an ancestor to spring from, I would select this John Kneeland or one of his brothers. They were the children of Samuel Kneeland and Mary Alden, and she was the great grand-daughter of "John Alden and Priscilla". This means that you are descendants of the "Mayflower" through its fairest flowers. So far as I have present knowledge you are the only Bostonian Kneeland that belongs to the original Boston family of Kneelands. Kneeland street was named for John Kneeland the builder, a brother of Samuel and great Uncle of your great grandfather, Edward, the last of the direct line of John Kneelands (there were seven of them in succession) resided in Andover where Sarah (Edward's sister) lived. The beginning of the John Kneelands you will see in the sample leaves sent herewith.

This information makes it important to run your branch of the family down carefully, as some of the descendants in the fourth or fifth generation from Edward Kneeland will want to prove their ancestry back to the "Mayflower" as it entitles them to membership in practically all the ancestral societies. For this reason, I have given in the book, Samuel Kneeland's history in full and put in the official proofs connecting his wife with the original Aldens. The Clerk's records or the church records of the old town of Prospect, Me., ought to give the date of the birth and marriages of all of Edward's children. You can get some one to look that up. I wish you would take charge of getting the data of all the descendants of Edward Kneeland.

Very resp. yours,

(Signed) S. F. Kneeland.

-(This copy of a letter of more than twenty years ago is included here merely for the condensed information which it contains! F. E. K. )-



(This copy of a letter of more than twenty years ago is included here merely for the combined information which it contains! E. E. K.)

Very resp. yours,  
(Signed) E. T. Kneeland.

Kneeland. charge of getting the data of all the descendants of Edward You can get some one to look that up. I wish you would take the date of the birth and marriages of all of Edward's children church records of the old town of Prospect, Me., ought to give history in full and put in the official proofs connecting the For this reason, I have given in the book, Samuel Kneeland's them to membership in practically all the ancestral societies. prove their ancestry back to the "Meyflower" as it entitled fourth or fifth generation from Edward Kneeland will want to the family down carefully, as some of the descendants in the This information makes it important to run your branch of with.

the John Kneelands you will see in the sample leaves sent her- Dover where Sarah (Edward's sister) lived. The beginning of lands (there were seven of them in ancestral) resided in An- grandfathers, Edward, the last of the direct line of John Kneel- of Kneelands. Kneeland street was named for John Kneeland the Bostonian Kneeland that belongs to the original Boston family. So far as I have present knowledge you are the only that you are descendants of the "Meyflower" through the father Great-grand-children of "John Alden and Priscilla". This means the children of Samuel Kneeland and Mary Alden, and she was to select this John Kneeland or one of his brothers. fact out of the entire clan an ancestor to spring from. I would minor children were practically farmed out. If I was to se- client property for administration. At his death (John) did not have suffi- Winter of Boston. The first Bible published in this country which had been so of the first Bible published in this country which had been so D. E. T. Kneeland) were supplied financially by the publication of the board for many years previous, but they (the firm was of the board of Associates of Boston in 1773-3-5 and a member year (1756.) His father had been wealthy. He was Governor name of your great grandfather. He became an orphan the next This comes within one day of your record and is doubtless the Boston Winter had such a family. I turned to the records of his family and found his children to be (1) John b. June 10, 1768, (2) Mary b. Dec. 8th, 1768, (3) Samuel b. Aug. 11th, 1768, (4) Edward b. Jan. 10, 1768, (5) Henry b. Apr. 14th, 1768, (6) Sarah b. March 7th, 1773, (7) Edward b. Feb. 2nd, 1773. The moment I saw that, it occurred to me that John Kneeland the having a sister Sarah and possibly brothers, Richard & John. sent me by you, but I was never able to place your branch of I called on you some years ago, while looking up the lines

My dear Sir:-  
326 Congress St., Boston, Mass.  
Frank W. Kneeland, Med.

New York, Sept. 7th, 1896.

MISCELLANEOUSTHE WIND-UP!

Just because I cannot seem to stop talking---and incidentally because I wish to record them for reference---as a final "send-off" I am going to add the following items!

According to Father's Diary-----

There was Ice-Beating on the Bay on April 6, 1874!

Ames Staples and Annie Marden visited Father and Mother on May 24, 1874! Therefore they were married subsequent to that date! Father used his mowing-machine for the first time July 14, 1874! Harry Randell died at Seattle, Washington, August 13, 1900! Martha J. Bowen came to live with Father and Mother June 7, 1874!

According to Father and Mother---

John Brown Smart and his sister (the latter being William Kendall's mother and therefore Fred's grandmother-) lived in houses which formerly stood between the Gray farm and the Jacob Eames place! Some of Smart's children were Almony, Mary, Abigail, and Amy! They were no connection of William D. Smart!

Ira Porter's father and mother and also his first wife died here where we now live! Both Wilmoth and Ira Porter had excellent voices and were long members of the choir of the Congregational Church at the village!

According to Mother---

Ella Peaslee was the daughter of Miles Peaslee!

Luella Whitehouse was the daughter of Joel Whitehouse!

In January, 1917, Bert, Hal and I found among Mother's papers an Account Book which had belonged to our Grandfather Henry Highborn Kneeland---I am quite sure that I had never before seen his handwriting! Further remarks are indefinitely postponed!!!

April 9, 1917

MISCELLANEOUSTHE WIND-UP!

Just because I cannot seem to stop talking---and incidentally because I wish to record them for reference---as a final "send-off" I am going to add the following items!

## According to Father's Diary-----

There was Joe-Boating on the Bay on April 6, 1874!  
 Anna Staples and Annie ~~Marble~~ visited Father and Mother on May 24, 1874! Therefore they were married subsequent to that date.  
 Father used his mowing-machine for the first time July 14, 1874.  
 Harry Randall died at Seattle, Washington, August 12, 1900!  
 Martha J. Bowen came to live with Father and Mother June 7, 1874.

## According to Father and Mother----

John Brown Smart and his sister (the latter being William Kendall's mother and therefore Fred's grandmother-) lived in house which formerly stood between the Gray farm and the Jacob Barnes place! Some of Smart's children were Almy, Mary, Abigail, and Amy! They were no connection of William D. Smart!

Mrs. Porter's father and mother and also his first wife died before we were born! Both William and Mrs. Porter had excellent voices and were long members of the choir of the Congregational Church at the village!

## According to Mother----

Mrs. Pease was the daughter of Miss Pease!  
 Luella Whitehouse was the daughter of Joel Whitehouse!  
 In January, 1917, Bert, Hal and I found among Mother's papers an Account Book which had belonged to our grandfather Henry Richard Kneland---I am quite sure that I had never before seen his handwriting! Further remarks are indefinitely postponed!!

April 9, 1917



GENERAL INDEX

A	Page	C	Page
Amesbury-----	142	Clifford, Lincoln-----	273
Ames, Mrs. Grace-----	148-309-313	Closson, Mrs. Isaac C.-----	157
Abaco, The-----	201	Coat of Arms-----	322
Adios a La Guaira-----	381	Cobb, Thomas-----	195
Adventists, The Second Day-----	211	Colcord, Albion-----	205, 211
Alden, Mary-----	192	" , Allan-----	166
Allan (or Allen?), Robert-----	213	" , "Aunt Kathie"-----	205
Arizona-----	379-80	" , John-----	211
Austins, The-----	299-305	" , Gov. Roswell R.-----	370
		" , Sally (Ames)-----	160
		" , Captain William-----	162, 267
B		Collins, Patience-----	237
Bachelor, Freeman-----	167	Coombs of the First Census-----	351
" , Nelson Edward-----	167	Copperheads, The-----	273
" , Ruth (Staples)-----	167	Cousins, Mrs. Susie E.-----	189
" , Samuel-----	261	Crosby, William-----	300
Bangor Daily News-----	271	Cunningham, Orren-----	245
Bannockburn, Battle of-----	192	Cunninghams of Searsport,-----	363
Barque "Evelyn", The-----	199	Crockett Family, The-----	140-232
" "L. W. Rich", The-----	199-201	Crockett, Addie B.-----	183
Bennett, H. Madison-----	189	" , Capt. Allard-----	262, 263, 306
Berry Hiram-----	198	" , Ammon-----	306
Birthday Parties-----	158, 289	" , Amanda H.-----	187-201
Big Wind, The Night of-----	210	" , Amanda (Ford)-----	188
Blacks, The-----	191	" , Mrs. A. M.-----	146
Black, Herbert-----	191, 205, 209, 212	" , Ann-----	150
	288.	" , Anna (Trundy)-----	143, 268
Black Road, The-----	191	" , Adelbert-----	157, 183, 267
Blanket Lane-----	261	" , Almira (Ausplund)-----	298, 316
Blind Harry, The Minstrel-----	192	" , Beverly-----	317
Bowden, Frank-----	253	" , Caroline-----	170
Bowen, Carrie (Gray)-----	173	" , Capt. Charles-----	374
" , Elroy-----	223	" , Charles Robinson-----	146
" , Gertrude E.-----	173	" , Clara P.-----	185
" , George A.-----	173, 223, 229,	" , Daniel of Windham-----	142, 343
" , Joseph-----	290, 292, 365, 371	" , Daniel, Senior-----	143,
" , Martha J.-----	223, 229	" , 148, 149, 244, 250,	
" , Mildred E.-----	174	" , 268, 295, 307, 309,	
Bowens in First Census (No)-----	351	" , 343, 382	
Boston, My First Trip to-----	228	" , Daniel, Junior-----	146
Boston Tea Party, The-----	160,	" , 150, 154, 228, 244,	
	207, 345	" , 267, 288, 316, 382.	
Bowerbank, 148, 304, 314,-----	324	" , Daniel, 3rd-----	176, 267
Boyne, Battle of the-----	234	" , David-----	151, 262, 289
Brashear City, La.,-----	301	" , Colonel David-----	328
Brethericks, The-----	170, 268	" , Elijah-----	306
Brig "Charles Wesley", The-----	204	" , Eliza Ann-----	306
		" , Ellis R.-----	153, 313, 318
C		" , Elmer E.-----	145
Cape Cod-----	295	" , Elsa (Fowler)-----	189
Carlton, Caddie E.,-----	374	" , Emma-----	299
Carlo-----	229	" , Ephraim-----	189
Carr of the First Census-----	351, 358	" , Esther (Twiss)-----	181
Carter, Lemuel-----	197	" , Frank Fenno-----	183
Center Girls, The Four-----	188		
Center Schoolhouse, The Old-----	188		
Chessman, Otis-----	230		
Cholera, Asiatic-----	156		

Amesbury	148
Amen, Mrs. Grace	148-309-313
Alice, The	301
Adams & Co. Dealers	381
Advocate, The Second Day	311
Allen, Mary	193
Allen (or Allen?), Robert	313
Alfonsina	379-380
Anastasia, The	393-395
Bachelder, Freeman	167
" Nelson Howard	167
" Ruth (Staples)	167
" Samuel	361
Banker Daily News	371
Barnackburn, Battle of	193
Barnackburn, The	199
Barque "Weaver"	301
"I. W. Rich," The	301
Bennett, E. Madison	189
Berry Hiram	193
Birthday Parties	156, 389
Big Wind, The Night of	310
Black, The	191
Black, Herbert	191, 305, 309, 313
Black Road, The	191
Blanket Lane	361
Blind Harry, The Minister	193
Bowen, Frank	353
Bowen, Carrie (Gray)	173
" Kirov	393
" Gertrude W.	173
" George A., 173, 303, 309	371
" "	393, 395, 396
" Joseph	393, 395
" Martha J.	311, 317, 329
" Mildred E.	174
Howens in First Census (No)	381
Boston, My First Trip to	393
Boston Tea Party, The	189
" "	307, 345
" "	394
Bowerbank, 146, 304, 314	394
Borne, Battle of the	394
Breast City, La.	301
Brotherhood, The	170, 368
Trig "Charles Wesley," The	304
Cape Cod	395
Carlton, Saddle B.	374
Caric	395
Cart of the First Census	351, 388
Carter, Lemuel	197
Center Girls, The Four	198
Center Schoolhouse, The Old	198
Chesman, Otis	330
Children, Astoria	183
Clifford, Lincoln	37
Closter, Mrs. James C.	15
Coat of Arms	39
Cobb, Thomas	19
Colorado	305, 31
" "	19
" " " " " " " "	39
" " " " " " " "	31
" John	37
" Gov. Rowell R.	19
" Sally (Ama)	19
" Captain William	193, 36
Collins, Patricia	33
Combs of the First Census	35
Copeland, The	37
Copland, Mrs. Euclid E.	19
Croby, William	30
Cunningham, Current	34
Cunningham of Bearport	36
Crockett Family, The	140-38
Crockett, Abbie B.	18
" Capt. Alford	363, 363, 30
" "	30
" Ammon	187-30
" Amanda H.	187-30
" Amanda (Ford)	18
" Mrs. A. M.	14
" Ann	19
" Anna (Tromby)	143, 36
" Adelbert	187, 188, 36
" Almira (Annapolis)	308, 31
" Beverly	31
" Caroline	17
" Capt. Charles	37
" Charles Robinson	14
" Clara P.	18
" Daniel of Windham	143, 34
" Daniel, Benton	143
" " " " " " " "	148, 149, 344, 350
" " " " " " " "	308, 309, 307, 309
" " " " " " " "	345, 393
" Daniel, Junior	14
" " " " " " " "	150, 154, 308, 34
" " " " " " " "	307, 388, 316, 383
" David	374, 196, 36
" Colonel David	32
" Elizabeth	30
" Miss Ann	30
" Miss W.-183, 315, 31	31
" Timmer W.	14
" Miss (Fowler)	18
" Emma	39
" Ephraim	18
" Esther (Twiss)	18
" Frank Berno	18



GENERAL INDEX

C	Page	C	Page
Crockett Family, The----	140-232	Crocketts in Rockland and	
Crockett Families in Maine----	328	" -- Thomaston-----	335
Crockett, George of Windham----	142	" of Sanbornton, N.H.---	337
" , George W. of Pros-		" of First Census-----	345
" " pect, 149, 153,, 288,			
" , 313, 318		D	
" , George Langtry, M.D.,		Dark Day of 1881, The-----	228
" , 283, 298, 316, 323		Deer Isle-----	145, 300
" , Hannah Jane-----	306	Devereaux, Captain Ralph---	235
" , Heman N.--153, 313, 317		Dinah-----	216
" , Henry Trevett-----	294, 306	Dockham, George L.--	
" , Hiram H.-----	215	" --147, 249, 257, 309	
" , Horace-----	299	" , Daniel-----	250, 256
" , James H.-----	181, 267	Dodge, Rathburn-----	144
" , Jane (Heagan)---		Don-----	229
" , --159, 244, 267		Dover-----	304
" , Jennie H.-----	183	Dreams of Home-----	374-5
" , Jeremiah-----	152, 297		
" , Jonathan--		E	
" , --150, 288, 289, 295, 305		Eaton, Virgil-----	269, 270, 272
" , Jonathan, Jr.-----	305	Ellis, "Josh"-----	260
" , Jcshua--		Eustis, W. Tracy-----	242
" , --145, 290, 299, 316			
" , Josiah of Deer Is. 145		F	
" , Kingsbury B.-----	305	Farr, Henry Earle-----	187
" , Leander-----	182, 267	" , Henry H.-----	187
" , Lucy Ann-----	160	" , Jennie (Griffin)-----	187
" , Luella-----	153, 297	" , Ruth A.-----	187
" , Luther 298, 299, 306, 316		Farwell, Henry-----	240, 241
" , Maria-----	306	Father's Songs-----	1-133
" , Martha-----	152	First Census, Extracts from	341
" , Mary-----	151, 288	Ford, Mrs. Henry-----	190
" , Mary-----	170	Four Center Girls, The----	188
" , Mary-----	306	Foxcroft-----	304
" , Mehitable (Bachelder)		Francis, Minot St. Clair---	320
" , --150, 261		Frankfort Town-----	342
" , Melvina (Whitten)-----	183	Freeman, Augusta-----	245, 314
" , Olive-----146, 147, 150, 302		" , Peletiah-----	244
" , Orren C.-----	160	French, Ann (Crockett)---	
" , Orren-----	306	" , --150, 277, 278, 284, 297	
" , Paul-----	188	" , Captain Jeremiah--	
" , Phebe-----	189	" , --150, 277, 285, 298	
" , Captain Robinson-----	145		
" , Ruth R.-----	177	G	
" , Samuel--		Gaidmore, Dominick-----	255
" , --150, 261, 262, 276, 287		Gamble, -----	256
" , Samuel, 2nd-----	305	George, Delia-----	222
" , Sarah Ann-----	299, 305	" , Emma-----	374
" , Sarah J.-----	173	" , Stephen D.-----	374
" , Sarah (Parsons) 309, 318		Ginn, Harrison-----	273
" , Simeon-----	189	Gorie Brothers, The-----	228
" , Simon-----	151, 297	Granite Grange-----	135-6
" , Thomas of "Old		Grant, "Old" Andrew-----	274, 275
" , Kitterie"-----	325, 329	" , Andrew-----	177, 274, 352
Crocketts of Deer Isle, The----	333	" , Elisha-----	247, 264, 265
" of Gorham, The-----	331	" , Mary J.-----	179
Crockett, the Chairmaker,--		" , Ruth (Crockett)---	
--Daniel,-----	339	--177, 228, 382	

NOT RECORDED

[illegible]



## GENERAL INDEX

G	Page	H	Page
Grant, Ruth A.-----	178	Heagan, Richard-----	236, 238
Grants of the First Census--	351	" , Ruby-----	243
Gray, Caroline-----	173	" , Samuel-----	236, 238
" , Daniel C.-----	173	" , Samuel S.-----	234
" , Fred W.-----	173, 175	" , "Sally"-----	237, 238
" , Fred A.-----	173	" , Sarah-----	245
" , Glen Th. Latto-----	173	" , Thomas-----	235, 238
" , Jane (McLean)-----	173	" , Wellman-----	243
" , Jessie M.-----	173	Heagans of the First Census	348
" , Mary (Crockett)---	172, 382	Henry the Minstrel-----	192
" , Rachael-----	173	Hichborn, Captain Harry F.-	183
" , Robert McLean-----	173	" , Capt. Henry Albt.---	199
" , Sarah J. (Crockett)---	173, 203	" , Hon. Robert--	
" , Sarah-----	174	" , --160, 193, 207, 344	
" , William Austin--		" , Robert, Junior---	345
" , --157, 172, 173, 175, 203		" , William-----	344
" , William-----	174	Holmes, Philip S.-----	184
Griffin, Clara (Crockett)---	185	Hopkins of Troy, Me., Mr.--	
" , Captain Dennis-----	204	"	--153, 297
" , Jennie H.-----	187	Hoamer's History of Deer	
" , Joseph York-----	185	" Isle-----	189, 299, 325
Griffin's Sleighride, Jos.'--	139	Houston's Falls-----	288
		Houstons, The-----	288
		Hunt, Mrs. Everett-----	212
		I	
		Infantile Paralysis-----	207
		J	
		Jamieson, Katie-----	213
		Job's Serenade-----	361
		"John Paging It"-----	229
		Jones, Amos-----	241
		Junkins, Bertha L.-----	205
		Junkins of the First Census	348
		K	
		244 Kane's Pond-----	363
		Kazick, Charles-----	147, 251, 256
		Kendall, Fred--	218, 224, 226, 230
		" , Mary--	203, 204, 205, 223
		Kendalls of First Census---	349
		Killman, William S.-----	250
		Kneeland, Amanda (Crockett)-	
		"	--187, 244
		" , Annie P.-----	208
		" , Bertha (Junkins)---	205
		" , Edward, Senior,--	
		" , --161, 193, 207, 344, 383	
		" , Edward, Junior,--	191
		" , Frances Hichborn--	
		" , --207, 346	
		" , Frank E.-----	204
		" , Frank Elmer--	
		" , --204, 205, 229, 288	
		" , Harriet Hichborn	
		" , (Rendell) 193, 207, 214	
		" , Helen Crockett---	206

# GENERAL INDEX

	G	Page
Grant, Ruth A.	178	
Grants of the First Census	351	
Gray, Caroline	173	
" Daniel G.	173	
" Fred W.	173, 175	
" Fred A.	173	
" Glen W. Latta	173	
" Jane (McLean)	173	
" Jessie H.	173	
" Jerry (Crockett)	173, 382	
" Rachel	173	
" Robert McLean	173	
" Sarah J. (Crockett)	173, 303	
" Sarah	174	
" William Austin		
" -187, 173, 175, 303		
" William	174	
Griffin, Clara (Crockett)	185	
" Captain Dennis	304	
" Jennie H.	187	
" Joseph York	185	
Griffin's Slide, Joe.	139	
	H	
Hare, Dennis	314, 337	
Half-Way Creek	335, 373, 375	
Hamlin, General Cyrus	370, 375	
" Hon. Hannibal	370	
Harporidge, M.	145	
Harrison, Luella	133, 337	
" Terri	337	
Harrison, "Joe"	335, 336	
Harris, Lysan	317	
Hassan, Leahy, The	333-347	
Hassan, Ann	338	
" Catherine	344	
" David	338, 339	
" Ellen E.	344, 345	
" Emily	343	
" Emily (Ann)	343	
" Family, The	333-347	
" Hannah	338	
" Hannah K.	343	
" James	147, 338, 339, 344	
" -346, 350, 351		
" Jane	133, 344	
" John	336, 343	
" Kate	338	
" Lucinda	343	
" Lucy Ann (Staples)	344, 7	
" Mary Ann	343	
" Mary (Poly)	344	
" Mountair, The	338	
" Peggy	338, 339	
" "Poly"	338, 339	
" "Poly" (Holland)	338	
" "Uncle Tom"	338, 343, 345	
" "General Ben"	334, 335	
	H	
Hare, Dennis	314, 337	
Half-Way Creek	335, 373, 375	
Hamlin, General Cyrus	370, 375	
" Hon. Hannibal	370	
Harporidge, M.	145	
Harrison, Luella	133, 337	
" Terri	337	
Harrison, "Joe"	335, 336	
Harris, Lysan	317	
Hassan, Leahy, The	333-347	
Hassan, Ann	338	
" Catherine	344	
" David	338, 339	
" Ellen E.	344, 345	
" Emily	343	
" Emily (Ann)	343	
" Family, The	333-347	
" Hannah	338	
" Hannah K.	343	
" James	147, 338, 339, 344	
" -346, 350, 351		
" Jane	133, 344	
" John	336, 343	
" Kate	338	
" Lucinda	343	
" Lucy Ann (Staples)	344, 7	
" Mary Ann	343	
" Mary (Poly)	344	
" Mountair, The	338	
" Peggy	338, 339	
" "Poly"	338, 339	
" "Poly" (Holland)	338	
" "Uncle Tom"	338, 343, 345	
" "General Ben"	334, 335	



GENERAL INDEX

K		Page	M		Page
Kneeland, Henry	Hickborn--		Matthews, Mary	(Crockett)--	
"	--191,193,207,266		"	, Bretherick--	171,269
"	, Henry Wilton--		"	, Nellie Kelley	172,269
"	--205,208,228,230		"	, Ruth Grant--	171,269
"	, Herbert Albion--		Max--		229
"	--204,208,230		Mayflower, The--		192,383
"	, James--	192	Morton, Selden--		226
"	, James Henry--	190-232	Miscellaneous--		374
"	, Jane (Curtis)--	208	Mother's Poems--		134-139
"	, Captain John--	192	Mosquito Mountain--		252
"	, Josiah--	217	Mount Waldo--		252
"	, Katherine May--		Muscongus Patent, The--		154
"	--204, 208, 230				
"	, Lindley--	209	N		
"	, Mary (Staples)--	193	New Mexico, The Creation of		380
"	, Milton	196,214,215,275	New York Settlement, The--		
"	, Nellie--	218,224	"	"	--296,301,306
"	, Orrie Ellen--	218,224	Ney, Marshal--		300
"	, Phyllis Amanda--	208	Nichols, Jane (Kneeland)--		224
"	, Sarah (Hamilton)--	217	"	, Nettie--	224
"	, Eugene Milton--	230	"	, Captain Peleg--	226
Kneelands of First Census--		346	Nichols's of First Census--		352
Kneeland, Viola Beatrice--		208	Nickerson, Alfred Emery--		227
Kneland, James (of Scotland)		192	"	, David--	138
Kneeland, General S.F.--		383	Nickersons of First Census--		352
L			Norris, Mrs. John--		188
Labrador, The Voyage to--		143	"	, Sanford--	188
Larrabee, Augustus--		226	Northport Campground--		229
"	, Job--	144,224,356,9,361	Noyes, Dr. E. Lake--		145
"	, Stephen--	222	Nutter, Charles--		245
Leach, 'Squire Andrew--		373	"	, Western B. --	245,270
Linen, Brine--		235	O		
"	, Sally--	235	Odom, Captain--		317
Littlefield, Minnie E. (Warren)--			"Old Charlie"--		209,223
"	--147,278,302		"Old Nell"--		229,252
"	, Captain Simon--	201	"One Hoss Shay", The--		265
Longone, Paolo--		246	Opeechee Stream--		355,372,373
M			Original Proprietors, The--		
McCarty, Collins--		235	"	"--154,191,204,372	
McCaslin, Henry--		234	Our Peddler--		138
McClure's Pond--		368	P		
McLellan, William H.--		219	Paddy Hollow--		253,300
Mackenzie, Lydia--		146,244,246,7	Parker, Myron--		373
Maddocks, Elden B.--		184	Partridge, Elva--		197,198
Maine Genealogical Society--		142	"	, Mrs. Freeman--	138
Maple Grove Campground--		229	"	, Captain Henry--	177
Marden, Annie--		166	"	, Hervey--	163
Marr, Harold E.--		174	"	, Percy--	158
"	, " , Junior--	174	Peaslee, Ella--		188
Matthews, Amanda K.--		171	Pennie, Alec--		216
"	, Amos--	171,227,228,269	"	, "Wallie"--	216
"	, Donald--	172	"	, John--	214,215,217,222
"	, Frank H.--	171,269	Penney, Ann (Crockett) Pre'h		150
"	, George Amos--	171	"	, Herbert C.--	278,284,302
"	, George Ashley--	172	Pendletons of First Census--		351
"	, Leon Elmer--	172	Perkins, Mary Kendall--		204



[illegible]

۷۷۷

	P	Page	S	Page
Petty, Benjamin-----		237	Savery, Fred-----	137, 212
" , Patience-----		239	" , Jonathan-----	211, 219
" , Peter-----		237	Searsport (when incorpora'd)---	191
Pierce, Hayward-----		252	Sears-Thornike-Prescott----	
Pierce Company, The John----		252	" " --	154, 191, 204, 372
Pierces, The-----	150, 278, 303, 304		Seavey, Eben-----	264, 265
Pinnacle, The-----		220	" , John-----	163
Piper, Etta-----		137	Shaw, Florence C.-----	207
" , Gilman-----		234, 359	Sheridan, General "Phil"----	381
Piper Place, The-----		217, 219	Ship "R.R. Thomas", The-----	226
Porter Dist. Historical Not-----		353	Shirley Farm, The-----	368
Porter, Ephraim-----		353	Smart, William Dana-----	242, 350
" , Ira-----		220, 224, 225	Smith, Isaac-----	273
" , Nettie-----		224	"Sodom"-----	372
" , Rilla-----		224	Solomon Da-vid-----	138
" , Robert-----		349	Songs, Index to (Follows this)	
" , Robert-----		353	Spout Hill-----	143, 147, 249, 252
Porters in First Census-----		349	" " , My V'y'ge to-----	248
Portland Sunday Telegram Article			" " Spring-----	257
" " "-----		321	Staples, Mrs. Allard-----	188
Powers, Captain-----		143, 295	" , Amasa Foss-----	168
Pout-Town-----		382	" , Ames Colcord--	166, 167
Prentiss, Leslie-----		166	" , Amy Colcord-----	167
Presque Isle-----		228	" , Alfred Nelson-----	169
Prospect Marsh Cemetery-----		266, 310	" , Bertha Amanda-----	169
Prospect Town Records-----		312	" , Daniel-----	161
	R		" , Daniel Crockett--	169
Randell, Alice-----		229	" , Della-----	167
" , Harry-----		229	" , Delphine (Vassar)-	168
" , Captain Wilton T.--		228	" , Edna Young-----	168
Rearden, -----		235	" , Elmer Forest-----	169
"Redcoats", The-----		193	" , Elsie Chase-----	168
Reed, Abijah-----		147, 246, 258	" , Emma-----	169
" , Lucy (Staples) Reagan-		246	" , Emma Francis-----	169
" , Samuel-----		257, 258	" , Esther Katherine--	168
Re-imburshed, When We Got-----		231	" , Eugenia Mabel-----	169
Rendell, Harriet Hichborn-----			" , Forest Treat-----	169
" , "-----		193, 346	" , Fred Kendall-----	168
" , John-----		193, 346, 347	" , George Nelson-----	168
" , Thomas-----		346, 347	" , Georgia-----	166, 218
Rendells of First Census-----		347	" , Georgia Isabelle--	169
Ridlon, G. T., Senior---		142, 324	" , Grace Marion-----	168
Robertson, Daniel-----		245	" , Haskell Page-----	168
Robert The Bruce-----		192	" , Helen Valentine--	168
Rosier, Cape-----		146, 149	" , Isabelle E. (Card)---	169
	S		" , Janie Evelyn-----	169
Sanborn, Annette-----		245, 276	" , Jessie (Bancroft)-	169
" , Deborah-----		245, 276	" , Jotham-----	160, 166
" , Ellen-----		245, 271	" , Lilla (MillayK)---	169
" , Henry True-----			" , Lucy Ann (Crockett)-	
" , --236, 244, 245, 246, 269			" , " "-----	160, 267
" , Henry T.-----		276	" , Lucy A.-----	167
" , Sarah-----		245, 270, 276	" , Lucy Augusta-----	169
" , Sarah(Heagan)245, 6, 317			" , Malcolm Lewis-----	169
" , True-----		245, 269, 276	" , Marcia Louise-----	169
Savage, Reverend Dr. Minot J237			" , Marion-----	198
			" , Nelson Panno--	135, 160
			--	217, 226, 267, 358

# ALPHABETIC INDEX

Page		Page	
127	Bayley, Rebecca Dr. Mch 1237	327	Betty, Benjamin
128	" "	328	" "
129	" "	329	" "
130	" "	330	" "
131	" "	331	" "
132	" "	332	" "
133	" "	333	" "
134	" "	334	" "
135	" "	335	" "
136	" "	336	" "
137	" "	337	" "
138	" "	338	" "
139	" "	339	" "
140	" "	340	" "
141	" "	341	" "
142	" "	342	" "
143	" "	343	" "
144	" "	344	" "
145	" "	345	" "
146	" "	346	" "
147	" "	347	" "
148	" "	348	" "
149	" "	349	" "
150	" "	350	" "
151	" "	351	" "
152	" "	352	" "
153	" "	353	" "
154	" "	354	" "
155	" "	355	" "
156	" "	356	" "
157	" "	357	" "
158	" "	358	" "
159	" "	359	" "
160	" "	360	" "
161	" "	361	" "
162	" "	362	" "
163	" "	363	" "
164	" "	364	" "
165	" "	365	" "
166	" "	366	" "
167	" "	367	" "
168	" "	368	" "
169	" "	369	" "
170	" "	370	" "
171	" "	371	" "
172	" "	372	" "
173	" "	373	" "
174	" "	374	" "
175	" "	375	" "
176	" "	376	" "
177	" "	377	" "
178	" "	378	" "
179	" "	379	" "
180	" "	380	" "
181	" "	381	" "
182	" "	382	" "
183	" "	383	" "
184	" "	384	" "
185	" "	385	" "
186	" "	386	" "
187	" "	387	" "
188	" "	388	" "
189	" "	389	" "
190	" "	390	" "
191	" "	391	" "
192	" "	392	" "
193	" "	393	" "
194	" "	394	" "
195	" "	395	" "
196	" "	396	" "
197	" "	397	" "
198	" "	398	" "
199	" "	399	" "
200	" "	400	" "



## GENERAL INDEX

S	Page	T	Page
Staples, Newton-----	198	Trundy, Anna-----	143, 305
" , Norman Dunbar--	168, 267	" , George William----	144
" , Nellie J. (Chase)--	168	" , Levi-----	144
" , Peleg-----	161	" , William Henry-----	144
" , Purchase, The Joth--	166	Trundys, The-----	144, 304, 344
" , Ruth-----	167, 227	Twombly, Fannie A.--	295, 299, 302
" , Ruth Mildred-----	169	Tyler, Andrew-----	200
" , Russell Webster----	169		
" , Walter Pollard-----	168	V	
" , Webster Kelly--	169, 218	Vincent, Mary True(Sanborn)	246
" , William Henry	168, 234-	V'y'ge to the North, M	149, 296
" , "-----	--262		
" , Zenaide Lucy--	167, 168	W	
Staples Purchase, The Jotham	166	Waldo, Brig.Gen. Samuel----	154
Staples's of First Census----	349	Waldo Patent, The-----	154, 191
Starving Time, The-----	192	Wallace, Medora-----	246
Steele, Captain Harrison	219, 25	" , Sir William-----	192
Stiles, Alba Glazier-----	170	" , William K.-----	246
" , Alba J.-----	170	Walls, Lizzie H.-----	167
" , Andrew Grant----	170, 352	Ward, Arnold E.-----	179
" , Caroline (Crockett)-	170	" , Elbridge B.-----	179
" , Carrie M. (Marietta-		" , Frank-----	179
" , -Caroline)-----	170	" , Mary J. (Grant)--	179, 246
" , George Francis-----	170	Warren-Littlefield, Minnie E.-	
" , Nellie-(Helen Maria)	170	" , "-----	--147, 278, 302
Stinson, Samuel-----	239	Well, The Artesian-----	228
Sullivan, "Johnny"-----	222	West, Captain Wilson-----	204
" , John H.-----	323, 342	Wests, The-----	366
"Swamp Lot, The"-----	202, 210	Where's the Point-----	378
Swarte, Mrs. Thomas de----	319	Whimpy-----	378
		White, Albert H.-----	246
T		" , Carolina-----	246
Templeton, Belinda-----	169	" , Henry K.-----	245
Texas-----	381	" , H. Vincent-----	246
Townhouse, Prospect-----	382	" , James-----	246
Thomas, Captain-----	271	" , Medora (Wallace)----	246
Treat, Ezra-----	159	" , William T.-----	146, 246
Treats of Winterport, The---	178	Whitehouse, Luella-----	188
Trevett, Mrs. Angeline R.--		Whittum, Melvin M.--	
" , "-----	145, 309, 311	" , "-----	--219, 220, 224, 354
" , Family Record, The, 312		" , Mrs. Rufus-----	219
" , Farm, The-----	311	Who Is It?-----	137
" , Mary Jane-----	153, 312	Windham, Town of-----	145
" , Richard M--	146, 153, 312	Winter of 1874-5, The-----	213
" , Samuel-----	153, 312, 314		
" , Samuel Sewell--	153, 312	Y	
" , Sarah (Staples)--		Young, Freeman-----	169, 226
" , --	146, 153, 307, 312, 313	Yellow Day, The Great-----	228
Trevett, Our Visit to Mrs.--	308	Yachting Trip of 1892, Our--	230
Tribou, S. K.-----	209		

1892	Yacht Trip of 1892, Our	230
1893	Yellow Bay, The	231
1894	Young, Thomas	232
1895	Yacht Trip of 1895, Our	233
1896	Yacht Trip of 1896, Our	234
1897	Yacht Trip of 1897, Our	235
1898	Yacht Trip of 1898, Our	236
1899	Yacht Trip of 1899, Our	237
1900	Yacht Trip of 1900, Our	238
1901	Yacht Trip of 1901, Our	239
1902	Yacht Trip of 1902, Our	240
1903	Yacht Trip of 1903, Our	241
1904	Yacht Trip of 1904, Our	242
1905	Yacht Trip of 1905, Our	243
1906	Yacht Trip of 1906, Our	244
1907	Yacht Trip of 1907, Our	245
1908	Yacht Trip of 1908, Our	246
1909	Yacht Trip of 1909, Our	247
1910	Yacht Trip of 1910, Our	248
1911	Yacht Trip of 1911, Our	249
1912	Yacht Trip of 1912, Our	250
1913	Yacht Trip of 1913, Our	251
1914	Yacht Trip of 1914, Our	252
1915	Yacht Trip of 1915, Our	253
1916	Yacht Trip of 1916, Our	254
1917	Yacht Trip of 1917, Our	255
1918	Yacht Trip of 1918, Our	256
1919	Yacht Trip of 1919, Our	257
1920	Yacht Trip of 1920, Our	258
1921	Yacht Trip of 1921, Our	259
1922	Yacht Trip of 1922, Our	260
1923	Yacht Trip of 1923, Our	261
1924	Yacht Trip of 1924, Our	262
1925	Yacht Trip of 1925, Our	263
1926	Yacht Trip of 1926, Our	264
1927	Yacht Trip of 1927, Our	265
1928	Yacht Trip of 1928, Our	266
1929	Yacht Trip of 1929, Our	267
1930	Yacht Trip of 1930, Our	268
1931	Yacht Trip of 1931, Our	269
1932	Yacht Trip of 1932, Our	270
1933	Yacht Trip of 1933, Our	271
1934	Yacht Trip of 1934, Our	272
1935	Yacht Trip of 1935, Our	273
1936	Yacht Trip of 1936, Our	274
1937	Yacht Trip of 1937, Our	275
1938	Yacht Trip of 1938, Our	276
1939	Yacht Trip of 1939, Our	277
1940	Yacht Trip of 1940, Our	278
1941	Yacht Trip of 1941, Our	279
1942	Yacht Trip of 1942, Our	280
1943	Yacht Trip of 1943, Our	281
1944	Yacht Trip of 1944, Our	282
1945	Yacht Trip of 1945, Our	283
1946	Yacht Trip of 1946, Our	284
1947	Yacht Trip of 1947, Our	285
1948	Yacht Trip of 1948, Our	286
1949	Yacht Trip of 1949, Our	287
1950	Yacht Trip of 1950, Our	288
1951	Yacht Trip of 1951, Our	289
1952	Yacht Trip of 1952, Our	290
1953	Yacht Trip of 1953, Our	291
1954	Yacht Trip of 1954, Our	292
1955	Yacht Trip of 1955, Our	293
1956	Yacht Trip of 1956, Our	294
1957	Yacht Trip of 1957, Our	295
1958	Yacht Trip of 1958, Our	296
1959	Yacht Trip of 1959, Our	297
1960	Yacht Trip of 1960, Our	298
1961	Yacht Trip of 1961, Our	299
1962	Yacht Trip of 1962, Our	300
1963	Yacht Trip of 1963, Our	301
1964	Yacht Trip of 1964, Our	302
1965	Yacht Trip of 1965, Our	303
1966	Yacht Trip of 1966, Our	304
1967	Yacht Trip of 1967, Our	305
1968	Yacht Trip of 1968, Our	306
1969	Yacht Trip of 1969, Our	307
1970	Yacht Trip of 1970, Our	308
1971	Yacht Trip of 1971, Our	309
1972	Yacht Trip of 1972, Our	310
1973	Yacht Trip of 1973, Our	311
1974	Yacht Trip of 1974, Our	312
1975	Yacht Trip of 1975, Our	313
1976	Yacht Trip of 1976, Our	314
1977	Yacht Trip of 1977, Our	315
1978	Yacht Trip of 1978, Our	316
1979	Yacht Trip of 1979, Our	317
1980	Yacht Trip of 1980, Our	318
1981	Yacht Trip of 1981, Our	319
1982	Yacht Trip of 1982, Our	320
1983	Yacht Trip of 1983, Our	321
1984	Yacht Trip of 1984, Our	322
1985	Yacht Trip of 1985, Our	323
1986	Yacht Trip of 1986, Our	324
1987	Yacht Trip of 1987, Our	325
1988	Yacht Trip of 1988, Our	326
1989	Yacht Trip of 1989, Our	327
1990	Yacht Trip of 1990, Our	328
1991	Yacht Trip of 1991, Our	329
1992	Yacht Trip of 1992, Our	330
1993	Yacht Trip of 1993, Our	331
1994	Yacht Trip of 1994, Our	332
1995	Yacht Trip of 1995, Our	333
1996	Yacht Trip of 1996, Our	334
1997	Yacht Trip of 1997, Our	335
1998	Yacht Trip of 1998, Our	336
1999	Yacht Trip of 1999, Our	337
2000	Yacht Trip of 2000, Our	338



# INDEX TO SONGS

A	Page	G	Page
Andrew Batting-----	6	Goodnight-----	123
As I was going over Tipperary-8		Grandfather's Clock, My-----	91
Andrew Rose-----	12	Granite Grange-----	135-6
Anna Lee-----	65	Graves of a Household-----	60
Annie Lisle-----	66	Gray, Fanny-----	69-70
After the Ball-----	114	Griffin, Joseph-----	139
Adios a La Guaira-----	381	Gyppie (?) and Jimmie-----	132
Arizona-----	379		
Away Down South Where the War28			
		H	S
B		Happy are we Tonight, Friend61	
Babylon is Fallen-----	118	Heaven our Home-----	84-5
Banks and Braes of Clyde, Ye--7		He is Sleeping in the K&dkel106	
Battle Cry of Freedom, The---30		Hiawatha-----	113
Bingen on the Rhine-----55-6-7		Hoe Out Your Row-----	122
Blow the Man Down-----	130	Hoe Your Own Row-----	122
Break it Gently to My Mother-35		Homeward Bound-----	130
Broken Vow, The-----	67	How Cyrus Laid the Cable--44-5	
Butterfly Dude, The-----	129		
		I	
C		I Was Standin' on de Corner377	
Cable, How Cyrus Laid the--44-5		I wish I had a Barrel of R-120	
Campaign Song of 1856, A-----27		I'll Hang my Harp on a Wil-117	
Captain With the Whiskers, The43		I'm Dreaming of the Loved---83	
Chanteys, Sailors-----	130		
Charming Young Widow, The--48-9		J	
Chickadee Song, The-----	131-2	Jippie and Jimmie-----	132
Come All Ye Bold N'westmen--2-3		Jockey Hat and Feather, That-80	
Come Vote For Me, Buchanan ---27		John Anderson, My Jo, John--26	
Coast of Barbary, Cruising---5		Johnson, The Lovely Mrs.---116	
Cumberland's Crew, The-----	128-9	Just Before the Battle, Moth-35	
D		K	
Daisy Dean-----	66	Kingdom Coming-----	39
Don't you see the Black Clds.38		Kitty Clyde-----	118
Dooley, Mister-----	109-10	Kitty Maunee-----	93
Down Where the Patriot Army--29		Kitty Wells-----	72
Dreams of Home-----	374-5	Klondike Vale, The-----	106
Dying Soldier, The-----	36-7		
		L	
E		Lannigan's Ball-----	18
Evergreen Shore, The-----	59	Lee, Anna-----	65
Eva Claire-----	68	Let Him Go, Let Him Stay---81	
		Lisle, Annie-----	66
F		Little Brown Church in the-126	
Faded Coat of Blue, The-----	34	Little Low Log Cabin, The---89	
Fanny Gray-----	69-70	Little Sailor Boy, The-----	62-3
Fellow That Looks Like Me-46-47		Lord Lovell-----	24-5
Finnegan's Wake-----	20	Lorena-----	94
Flag of the Free, The-----	96	Lucy May-----	75
Fort Washington-----	40-1-2		
Forty-Nine, A Song of-----	22	M	
		McGinty, Dan-----	101
G		McSorley's Beautiful Twins-107	
Gentle Laura-----	71	Marching Through Georgia---32	
Girl of the Sewing Machine-78-9		Mary of the Glen-----	73
Girl I Left Behind Me, The---23		Mister Dooley-----	109-10
		Moses, Don't Touch It, Now---50	
		My Aunt Tucker, My Aunt Sal---7	

# INDEX TO SONGS

Goodnight.....	12
Grandfather's Clock.....	13
Gracie's Grange.....	14
Graves of a Housewife.....	15
Gray, Tanny.....	16
Gritting, Joseph.....	17
Gypsie (?) and Jimmie.....	18
Happy are we tonight, friends.....	19
Heaven our home.....	20
He is sleeping in the Kibbicki.....	21
Himself.....	22
He Out Your Bow.....	23
He Your Own Bow.....	24
Homeward Bound.....	25
How Cyrus laid the Cable.....	26
I was standing on the Corner.....	27
I wish I had a Barrel of W.....	28
I'll Hang my Hat on a Will.....	29
I'm Dreaming of the Loved.....	30
Light and Limbs.....	31
Locky Hat and Feather, That.....	32
John Anderson, My Jo, John.....	33
Johnnie, The lovely Mrs.....	34
Just Before the Battle, Mother.....	35
Kingdom Coming.....	36
Kitty Olyde.....	37
Kitty Lanner.....	38
Kitty Wells.....	39
Kindlike Vale, The.....	40
Lanngan's Ball.....	41
Lee, Anna.....	42
Let Him Go, Let Him Stay.....	43
Lisle, Annie.....	44
Little Brown Church in the.....	45
Little Low Leg Cabin, The.....	46
Little Sailor Boy, The.....	47
Lord Lovell.....	48
Lorna.....	49
Lucky Ray.....	50
Madam, Dan.....	51
MacDorie's Beautiful Twins.....	52
Marching Through Georgia.....	53
Mary of the Glen.....	54
Master Doolley.....	55
Master Doolley.....	56
Meas, Don't Touch It, W.....	57
My Aunt Mocker, My Aunt Sal.....	58

Andrew's Ball.....	59
As I was going over the.....	60
Andrew Rose.....	61
Anna Lee.....	62
Annie Lisle.....	63
After the Ball.....	64
Adios a la Quiera.....	65
Arizona.....	66
Away Down South Where the War.....	67
Babylon is Fallen.....	68
Banks and Brues of Olyde, Ye.....	69
Battle Cry of Freedom, The.....	70
Bingen on the Rhine.....	71
Blow the Fan Town.....	72
Break it gently to my Mother.....	73
Broken Vow, The.....	74
Butterfly Dode, The.....	75
Cable, How Cyrus laid the.....	76
Campaign Song of 1856, A.....	77
Captain With the Whiskers, The.....	78
Chantey, Sailors.....	79
Chantey Young Widow, The.....	80
Chickadee Song, The.....	81
Come All Ye Bold Westerners.....	82
Come Vote for Buchanan.....	83
Court of Barbary, Crullin.....	84
Cumberland's Crew, The.....	85
Daisy Dean.....	86
Don't you see the Black Bird.....	87
Dooly, Master.....	88
Down Where the Patriot Army.....	89
Dreams of Home.....	90
Dying Soldier, The.....	91
Evergreen Grove, The.....	92
Evie Claire.....	93
Faded Coat of Mine, The.....	94
Fanny Gray.....	95
Fellow That Looks Like Me.....	96
Finngan's Wake.....	97
Flag of the Tree, The.....	98
Fort Washington.....	99
Forty-Nine, A Song of.....	100
Gentle Laura.....	101
Girl of the Sewing Machine.....	102
Girl I Left Behind Me, The.....	103

# INDEX TO SONGS

	Page		Page
<b>N</b>		<b>T</b>	
Native Land, My Own-----	58	Ta-Ra-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-Ay-----	119
Nettie Moore-----	74	Tender and True, Adieu-----	87
New Mexico, The Creation of--	380	Tipperary Mountain-----	8
Nicodemus the Slave-----	42-3	There's a Fresh Little Mound	86
Not for Joe-----	104	There Was an Old Couple-----	16
		There was an Old Sailor-----	115
<b>O</b>		Tossed Upon Life's Raging B--	64
Odd Fellows Hall-----	108	Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The B--	31
O'Grady's Goat-----	105-6	'Twas Early, Early in the S--	9
Old Arm Chair, The-----	100	Twenty Years Ago-----	99
Old Gray Mare, The-----	17	Two Ships, Two Ships-----	5
Old Wooden Rocker, The-----	98		
On the Banks of the Potomac	40-2	<b>U</b>	
Our Peddler-----	138	Up in a Balloon, Boys-----	82
<b>P</b>		<b>V</b>	
Paddy's Wedding-----	19	-----	
Paloma, La-----	376		
Parliament of England, Ye--	14-5	<b>W</b>	
Paul Jones-----	4	We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd----	95
Polly-----	13	What Makes My Father Stay	102-3
Poor Little Joe-----	121	Where Has my Little Basket--	133
Pop! Goes the Weasel-----	116	When Johnny Comes Marching--	31
Pretty Phyllis Gray-----	125	Whimpy-----	378
		Where's the Point-----	378
<b>R</b>		White House, The-----	112
Renna Lee, The-----	10	White Squall, The-----	127
Reuben, Reuben, I've been th--	8	Who Is It-----	137
Rolling Stone Gathers No M--	21	Who Will Care for Mother Now	37
Romeo and Juliet-----	111	Worst Thing Ever I Done, The	123
Royal George, The Sinking of--	11		
<b>S</b>		<b>Y</b>	
Savery's Courtship, Fred----	137	Yankee Doodle-----	124-A
Sailor's Grave, The-----	90	Yellow Rose of Texas, The---	51
Sewing Machine, The Girl of	78-9	Young Charlotte-----	52-3-4
Sherman's March to the Sea---	33	Young Folks, Come Listen--	
Ship That Never Returned, The--	92	-to My Song-----	88
Silvery Tide, The-----	76-7		
Singing School, The-----	64		
Solomon David-----	138		
Song of All Songs, The-----	115		
Song of Other Days, The-----	126		
Spanish Cavalier, The-----	97		
Sword of Bunker Hill, The-----	1		



# INDEX TO SONNETS

Page

T  
Ta-Pa-Ra-Ra-Beon-de-Ay-----119  
Tender and True, Adieu-----87  
Tipperary Mountain-----8  
There's a Fresh Little Mound88  
There was an Old Couple-----16  
There was an Old Sailor-----118  
Tossed Upon Life's Raging Sea4  
Trump! Trump! Trump! The B-31  
'Twas Early, Early in the B--9  
Twenty Years Ago-----99  
Two Ships, Two Ships-----3

U  
Up in a Balloon, Boys-----62

V  
-----  
W  
We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd-----95  
What Makes My Father Stay102-3  
Where Has my Little Basket-123  
When Johnny Comes Marching-31  
Whimpy-----378  
Where's the Point-----378  
White House, The-----112  
White Squall, The-----117  
Who Is It-----137  
Who Will Care for Mother Now37  
Worst Thing Ever I Done, That3

Y  
Yankee Doodle-----124-A  
Yellow Rose of Texas, The--31  
Young Charles-----52-54  
Young John, Gene Hatten--  
-to My Song-----88

Page

W  
Native Land, My Own-----58  
Nettie Moore-----74  
New Mexico, The Creation of-380  
Nicomachus the Slave-----42-3  
Not for Joe-----104

O  
Odd Fellows Hall-----108  
O'Grady's Goat-----108-6  
Old Arm Chair, The-----100  
Old Gray Mare, The-----17  
Old Wooden Boxer, The-----98  
On the Banks of the Potomac40-2  
Our Peddler-----138

P  
Paddy's Wedding-----19  
Palace, Is-----376  
Parliament of England, Ye--14-5  
Paul Jones-----13  
Polly-----121  
Poor Little Joe-----116  
Pop! Goes the Weasel-----125  
Pretty Phyllis Gray-----125

R  
Ranna Lee, The-----10  
Reuben, Reuben, I've been th-8  
Rolling Stone Gathers No W--21  
Romeo and Juliet-----11  
Royal George, The Sinking of-11

S  
Savary's Courtship, Fred--137  
Soldier's Grave, The-----90  
Sewing Machine, The Girl of-9  
Sherman's March to the Sea--33  
Ship That Never Returned, The-92  
Silvery Tide, The-----76-7  
Singing School, The-----64  
Solomon David-----138  
Song of All Songs, The-----115  
Song of Other Days, The-----126  
Spanish Cavalier, The-----97  
Sword of Bunker Hill, The--1







OCKER

JAN 30 1975

